

WOUNDED KNEE

COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. C No. 2564

OCTOBER 4, 1946

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

CHECK 91

By direction of Mrs. Rowland Rank.

ALDWICK PLACE, BOGNOR REGIS, SUSSEX

Bognor Regis Station (S.R.) 1½ miles

Occupying an unrivalled position on the western outskirts of the town.



Beautiful Gardens laid out by Mr. Morley Horder, including brick and thatched squash court, sunken garden, hard tennis court, kitchen gardens and greenhouse, ABOUT 13 ACRES.

THE GROUNDS ARE WELL TIMBERED AND HAVE 400 FEET FRONTAGE TO THE SEA.

WITH VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION

For Sale by Auction as a whole at an early date.

Solicitors: Messrs. RICHARDS BUTLER & CO., 88, Lendenhall Street, E.C.3.

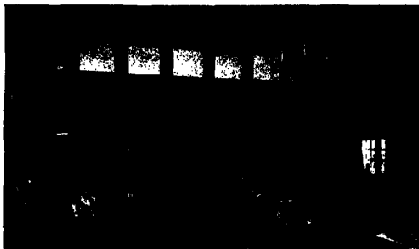
Auctioneers: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, and Messrs. TREGEAR & SONS, Aldwick Road West, Bognor Regis, Sussex.

The Residence is built regardless of expense, of brick partly rendered, with a tiled roof under the direction of the late Mr. Percy W. Meredith and is situated in a woodland setting with actual sea frontage.

The House is surrounded on three sides by a high flint wall and approached by a drive. The appointments are of the best note and quality, and the accommodation consists of 4 reception, 8 principal bed and dressing rooms, 8 bathrooms, 8 staff bedrooms and bathroom. Compact domestic offices.

All Main Services. Central Heating.

Garages. Stabling (6 loose boxes). Fitted Gymnasium. 2 Cottages each with 5 rooms with all services.



Solicitors: Messrs. COWARD CHANCE & CO., 158, Fenchurch Street, E.C.3, and Messrs. J. & W. McDONALD, Arbroath.

Auctioneers: Messrs. WALKER, FRASER & STEELE, 32, Castle Street, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY.

By direction of Prince Littler, Esq.

MID-SUSSEX, 5 MILES FROM HORSHAM

ELLIOTTS. NUTHURST. About 125 Acres.

An Attractive Residence standing in well-timbered parkland

Substantially built of red brick, very compact, and fully modernised. Hall, 4 reception rooms, 6 principal bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, domestic offices, with servants' sitting room, bathroom and 4 bedrooms. Co.'s water and electricity, modern drainage, chauffeur's house, garage, stabling, 3½ acres of well-kept gardens, kitchen garden with peachhouse and viney.

MODEL DAIRY FARM WITH 90 ACRES OF RICH PASTURE Modern Cowshed and range of Buildings built in 1939-40 and equipped and maintained regardless of expense.

Also Ballif's Cottage and old Sussex Farmhouse, fully modernised.

With Vacant Possession on completion.

For Sale by Auction in the Hanover Square Estate Room, on

October 23, at 2.30 p.m.

Solicitors: Messrs. STEADMAN, VAN PRAAG & GAYLOR, 4, Old

Burlington Street, W.1.

Auctioneers: Messrs. J. ELLMAN BROWN, Shoreham-by-Sea

and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY. Particulars 1/.



Merch 27/1
(16 Nov)

30, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

Telegrams:
"Knight, Frank & Rutley, London."



JACKSON STOPS & STAFF

8, HANOVER ST., LONDON, W.1. MAYFAIR 93107

CASTLE ST., CIRENCESTER (Tel.: 334) AND AT NORTHAMPTON, LEEDS, YEOVIL AND CHICHESTER

By direction of the *Dunlop Lady Balfour*.

GLENSHIE, PERTSHIRE

Bracelet 17 miles, Blingrove 22 miles, Kippenhead 25 miles.

The renowned sporting estate **DALMUNDALE**, in historic Glenhead.

A perfect home in a Scotch style, enclosed but with the estate entrance adjoining. The property includes: The beautifully situated modern **Guesthouse**.

DALMUNDALE LODGE, lounge hall, drawing room, dining room, sun room, bedrooms, 11 principal bedrooms, 2 secondary bedrooms, 10 bathrooms. Age cooker and electric light. Five acres of land, in first-class order, Home Farm of approximately 1,000 ACRES.

Exceptional shooting. Trout fishing. Small mountain railway giving access to moors.

And extending in all to about 1,500 ACRES.

For Sale by Auction (unless sold previously by private treaty) on Wednesday.

Auctioneers: **JACKSON STOPS & STAFF**, 15, Bond Street, Leeds (Tel. 21941).

By direction of Mr. and Mrs. D. Atkinson.

NR. FEVENESS, SUSSEX

With good views inland and seaward. 1 mile from Feveness and Western Station. **Palmer's 3 miles. 4 1/2 miles Hailsham.**

5 miles Hailsham.

FRESHOLD WITH VACANT POSSESSION

The very attractive and well-placed small Residential Farm **HARVEY HALL, WESTHAM**

with pleasing early Georgian Residence containing hall, 3 reception rooms, study, 6 principal bedrooms, drawing room, bathroom, 2 attic rooms. Main electric light, gas and water.

Small garden. Valuable orchards. Splendid cottage.

Very superior set of farm buildings, with modern cowhouse for 20, and about 20 ACRES of useful land. Also an enclosure of arable land, about 4 ACRES, and a pair of excellent cottages will be offered for SALE BY AUCTION in three lots (unless previously sold privately), at the Oldfield Hotel, Eastbourne, on Wednesday, October 23, 1946, at 3 p.m.

Particulars, plans and conditions of sale (price 1/2-) from the Joint Auctioneers: Messrs. **JACKSON STOPS & STAFF**, 8, Hanover Street, London, W.1.

STEWART & SONS, 10, Pall Mall, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex (Tel. 144).

HARRISON, 8, Devonshire Road, Bexhill-on-Sea.

By direction of Mr. Col. R. Middleton, M.V.O.

CHOBHAM PARK HOUSE, CHOBHAM, SURREY

Walking 4 1/2 miles. Bus-stops 3 miles.

A lovely **WILLIAM AND MARY HOUSE** with sympathetic later additions.

Lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, 6 principal bed and drawing rooms, nursery suite, 2 secondary and staff rooms, 4 bathrooms. Main electricity and water. Central heating. Garages and good cottage. Lovely gardens with hard tennis court and swimming pool.

Paddock.

In all about 11 1/2 ACRES

FOR SALE BY AUCTION (if not sold previously by private treaty) on TUESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1946

Auctioneers: **JACKSON STOPS & STAFF**, 8, Hanover Street, London, W.1.

By direction of J. B. S. Jardine, Esq.

THE MANOR HOUSE, COLERNE, NR. BATH

Bath 7 miles. Chippenham 7 miles.

600 ft. up with extensive views.

A WELL MODERNIZED JACOBSON MANOR

Bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3/4 reception room, 3/4 water.

Central heating. Garage. 2 bathrooms. 3/4 water.

For Sale by Auction (unless sold previously by private treaty) at 3.30 p.m. on Wednesday, Oct. 2, 1946.

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Illustrated particulars (prior 2/4) from the Joint Auctioneers: **JOLLY & SON, LTD.**, Millers Street, Bath (Tel. 2291); **JACKSON STOPS & STAFF**, Castle Street, Cirencester (Tel. 2291).

Soldiers: Messrs. **REBERT J. WARR & CO.**, 5, Maryport Street, Bath (Tel. 2291/2).

AUCTION OCTOBER 20, 1946

GATEHOUSE, COUDHURST, KENT

Gatehouse, Coudhurst, Kent.

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KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

WEST SUSSEX

2 miles from Pulborough. 13 miles from the coast.
"BOROUGH," PULBOROUGH, ABOUT 135 ACRES
 Standing 288 feet up with panoramic views over the World of Sussex



A Residential and Agricultural Property including a substantial brick and stone-built Country Residence containing entrance hall, 9 reception rooms, 14 bed and dressing rooms, nursery, bathroom, ample office, well-wooded garden. Farm Buildings for a small dairy herd. Four cottages. 15 acres of pasture, 80 acres of arable. Small area of woodland.

VACANT POSSESSION OF THE WHOLE ON COMPLETION
 On October 10, at 2.30 p.m. (unless previously sold).

For Sale by Auction in the Hanover Square Estate Rooms, on October 10, at 2.30 p.m. (unless previously sold).
 Solicitors: Messrs. KNIGHT & RUTLEY, 16, St. Andrew Street, E.C.4.
 Auctioneers: Messrs. FRAWLDER, TOMKINS & TAYLOR, 14, Bedford Square, W.C.1.
 Auctioneers: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY (Particulars 1/-)

WORCESTER THREE MILES

Adjoining a village with buses, church and post office.
 High above the River Severn with lovely views of the valley.



The stone-built Residence, which was erected by a well-known architect, is in good order throughout.

Panelled hall, 4 reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, plus flat above with 7 rooms, 3 bathrooms, kitchen with Aga, controlled central heating, main electric light, water and drainage.

Stabling, Garages, with rooms over.

Gardens of natural beauty. Tennis and croquet lawns. Well-stocked kitchen garden. High pasture land. Three small rivers in the hand.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH 16 OR 70 ACRES. Possession on completion.
 Sole Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY. (19,537)

Mayfield 2771
 (10 lines)

20. HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

By direction of S. Craze Wilkinson, Esq.

HANTS—BERKS BORDERS

Newbury 5 miles, Basingstoke 10 miles, London 55 miles.
THE MODEL STUD FARM, "STRATTONS," KINGSCLERE

An attractive Residence containing 4 reception, 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, main and own electric light point. Large green's cottage. Garages.

Forty-five excellent houses Well-fenced paddocks and woodlands.

ABOUT 147 ACRES

VACANT POSSESSION
 For Sale by Auction at the Hanover Square Estate Rooms on Wednesday, October 23, at 2.30 p.m.

Solicitors: W. T. JONES & CO., 18, John Street, W.C.1.

Auctioneers: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY. (Particulars 1/-)



DORSET

Pleasantly situated close to the sea. About 300 feet up with South Aspect and excellent views of the Purbeck Hills and the Isle of Wight. Near village. On bus route. Station 1 1/2 miles.

Attractive small Country Estate including an architect-designed Modern Residence built of Purbeck stone and brick with tiled roof in excellent order.

Approached by a drive of about 300 yards. Hall, 3 reception rooms, cocktail bar, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, central heating, main electricity, gas and water. People's Bath drain age. Garage, flower room. (Vintage. Grounds laid out at considerable expense, with lawns, two lily ponds, kitchen garden. Excellent.



In addition there are about 45 acres of grass and arable.
ABOUT 60 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD. With or without the valuable Purlings, etc. IMMEDIATE VACANT POSSESSION.
 Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY. (31,952)

Telegrams: "Galleries, Wexley, London."

Reading 4441

Regent 0283/3377

NICHOLAS

(Established 1885)

1. STATION ROAD, READING; 4, ALBANY COURT YARD, PICCADILLY, W.1

TWO WELL-KNOWN HOUSES IN THE SAME PARK



27 miles West of London with 190 ACRES (or less)

SUITABLE FOR PRIVATE OCCUPATION, SCHOOL OR INSTITUTION

House on left contains 8 reception rooms, 24 bedrooms, and 4 bathrooms.

The other has 5 reception rooms, 13 bedrooms, and 3 bathrooms.

Cottages. Racquets court. Hard courts. Fields for sports, etc.

Sole Agents: Messrs. NICHOLAS, 1, Station Road, Reading.



Telegrams: "Nicholas, Reading." "Nichenyer, Place, London."

44, ST. JAMES'S PLACE, S.W.1

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK

Regent 0911
 (8 lines)

HAMPSHIRE

EXCELLENT POSITION SURROUNDED BY AND OVERLOOKING THE NEW FOREST.
EXCELLENT FREEHOLD DOMESTIC RESIDENCE IN THE PARK PARKHILL FARM, LYNDHURST Equally suitable as a private residence, or as a school. On 5 acres. Longue hall, 4 reception, 10 bed and dressing (9 beds), 3 baths, and capital office with base boiler. On a water and electricity. Complete central heating. Modern drainage. Independent hot water system. Excellent cupboards. Stabling. Garage. Chauffeur's flat. Lodge. Model farm and 2 cottages (1st). Delightfully landscaped garden with terrace, fine old lawn, much rose garden, swimming pool, ornamental water, etc. Kitchen garden and parkland in all about 400 ACRES. Various possession of the house, garden, stabling, flat and lodge. To be offered for sale by auction (unless previously sold privately) at the London Auction Mart, 16, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4, on Tuesday, October 23 at 2.30 p.m.—Auctioneers: Messrs. JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (Tel. Regent 0911). Solicitors: Messrs. ROBERT & SONS, BELAIR PATRICK & CO., 15, New Court, Quay Street, W.C.2 (Tel.: Holborn 5074).

SUSSEX

In delightful country. Mayfield 1 mile. Tunbridge Wells 5 miles. The North Coast 20 miles

SEASIDE RESIDENCE, MAYFIELD

A secluded estate known by a stream. Excellent modern residence facing south with fine views. Long drive approach. Hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 bedrooms, small office. Company's water, own electric light (main available), central heating, modern drainage. Two cottages, garage, stabling, farm-buildings, charming old mill stream. Beautifully landscaped garden with tennis court, rose and kitchen garden, pastured and valuable woodland, pasture and arable. On all about 40 ACRES. To be offered by auction at the South Hill, Tunbridge Wells, on October 10, 1946, at 4 p.m. (unless previously sold), by Messrs. JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (Phone: Regent 0911). Solicitors: Messrs. ROBERT & SONS, MAYFIELD (Phone: Mayfield 246).





HAMPTON & SONS

6, ARLINGTON STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1

Regent 8322 (10 lines)

Telegrams: "Solentani, Piney, London"



In a favourite corner of Hampshire offering yachting and safe anchorage, golf, hunting, and trout fishing.

ST. MARGARETS, TICHFIELD

Picturesque Tudor Down House with Georgian wing containing halls, 4 reception rooms, gun room, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms and compact offices.

COMPANY'S WATER, CENTRAL AND CONSTANT HOT-WATER INSTALLATIONS, MAIN DRAINAGE.

Dry soil. Cottage. Garage. Stabling. Greenhouses.

Well-wooded pleasure garden with kitchen garden paddock and woodland in all about 10 ACRES



With vacant possession except cottage and stabling. For Sale by Auction at the Royal Hotel, Southampton, on Wednesday, October 23, 1946, at 2.30 p.m. (unless sold privately beforehand).

Solicitors: Messrs. BAILEY'S SHAW & GILBERT, 5, Hercules Street, W.1. Particulars and conditions of sale from Joint Auctioneers: Messrs. RICHARD AUSTIN & WYATT, 70, High Street, Farnham, Hants; and HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1. (Tel.: Regent 8322).

NR. GODALMING, SURREY

Occupying a delightful situation in a charming village, 1 mile from station, on bus route 7 miles from Guildford.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

THIS FINE OLD GEORGIAN RESIDENCE



With all modern comforts including central heating. L.H. 10's electricity, gas, water. Modern drainage. Hall, sun lodge, 3 reception rooms, billiards or dance room. Excellent flat. Complete offices. Eight bedrooms, 4 bathrooms. Cottage, garage, stabling, outbuildings.

Charming matured grounds, walled kitchen garden, orchard, etc.

IN ALL ABOUT 3½ ACRES
PRICE £12,000 FREEHOLD

Inspected and strongly recommended. Apply: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1. Regent 8322. S.6.509

DEVON

Delightful situation 400 feet above sea within easy reach of the coast. 7½ miles Tavistock. Including stone-built Residence with every modern comfort.



Dining hall 40 ft. x 21 ft., 2 other large reception rooms, kitchen with free cooker, staff sitting room, etc., 10 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

MAIN ELECTRICITY. COMPLETE CENTRAL HEATING. Modern motor. Garage for 2 cars. Farmhouse with 4 beds, 2 1/2 baths. Excellent farm buildings (situated head of driveway). Pleasure grounds, 80 acres of permanent pasture, ½ mile off trout fishing in the River Lyd.

74 ACRES IN ALL

PRICE FREEHOLD £17,500 or reasonable offer. Early Possession.

Recommended by the Agents: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1. Regent 8322. C.69,827

Preliminary Auction Announcement.

BEDS AND BUCKS BORDERS

Ideal situation.

WESTONING GRANGE, NEAR BEDFORD

Genuine Elizabethan Residence in great state of restoration providing parallel hall and dining room, 2 other reception rooms, compact office, 5 beds, and 2 baths. Complete electric light and water. Handy soil. Garden and useful outbuildings. Picturesque and shady garden and grounds of about 6 ACRES

WITH VACANT POSSESSION.



For Sale by Auction at the London Auction Mart, on October 30, at 2.30 p.m. (unless sold privately beforehand)

Solicitors: Messrs. FRANK & SONS, LTD., Bartholomew House, 58 West Smithfield, E.C. Auctioneers: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1. (Regent 8322.)

SUSSEX

Midway between London and the coast, ½ mile West Hoathly Station. 6 miles K. Grinstead.

AN EXCEPTIONAL AND UNIQUE SMALL ULTRA-MODERN COUNTRY RESIDENCE

550 ft. up with marvellous views over South Downs.

BULLDOGS BANK, WEST HOATHLY

Built just before the war for labour-saving and incorporating every modern convenience. Four bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 reception rooms. Squash court. Sun lodge and balconies, garage, etc.

CENTRAL HEATING, MAIN WATER, ELECTRIC LIGHT, AND DRAINAGE.

By Auction at the Haywards Hotel, Haywards Heath, on Tuesday, October 23, 1946, at 3 o'clock p.m.

Further particulars from the Auctioneers: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, London, S.W.1. Regent 8322.

ONE OF THE MOST LUXURIOUSLY EQUIPPED AND FITTED HOUSES TO BE FOUND IN THE MARKET AT THE PRESENT TIME

Situated on the favourite St. George's Hill Estate

WEYBRIDGE, SURREY

Oak floors, joinery and panelling. Central and domestic hot-water installations. (Company's services. Phone.

Main drainage. Good repair. Gravel soil.

DALJARRACK, East Weald. Containing halls, 2 reception rooms and a billiard room, sun lounge, bathroom, 11 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms and complete offices.

Garage for 4, chauffeur's flat, greenhouses, etc. Formal and other gardens, kitchen garden and woodland. Also modern Cottage Residence.

In all about 8½ ACRES (Freehold)

FOR SALE BY AUCTION as a whole or in two lots at the London Auction Mart, 155, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4, on Tuesday, November 12 next at 2.30 p.m. (unless sold privately beforehand).

Solicitors: Messrs. DRUCE & ATTLER, 55, King William Street, London, E.C.4. Particulars from the Joint Auctioneers: Messrs. NIGHTINGALL, PAGE & BENNETT, Eagle Chambers, Kingston-on-Thames (Tel.: Kingston 2365); or HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, London, S.W.1 (Tel.: Regent 8322).

BRANCH OFFICES: WIMBLEDON COMMON, S.W.19 (WIM. 5051) BISHOP'S STORTFORD (245)

5, MOUNT ST.
LONDON, W.1

CURTIS & HENSON

Greenacre 3121 (3 lines)
Established 1875

NEAR LIMPSFIELD COMMON

Attractive position. Magnificently well-planned views.



A good Modern House well equipped, in perfect order. Six bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, domestic offices include servants' sitting-room, main electric light, gas and water. Garage. Four-roomed cottage. Delightful garden.

Freehold for Sale privately or by Auction in October. Vacant Possession of House and Grounds.

SOLE AGENTS: CURTIS & HENSON, as above.

FRENESHAM, SURREY

Three miles from Farnham. London one hour.



Well-built House, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, main electric light and water, central heating, domestic hot water. Garage for 2 cars, chauffeur's room. Delightful well-landed garden.

NEARLY 3 ACRES

FREEHOLD FOR SALE, £4,000

VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION

Owner's Agents: CURTIS & HENSON, as above.

Regent
4304

OSBORN & MERCER

851, ALBEMARLE ST.,
PICCADILLY, W.1

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

NEAR MAIDENHEAD

In a secluded position close to a village green and with south aspect.

AN ATTRACTIVE BRICK-BUILT HOUSE completely remodelled and modernised at considerable expense.

Three reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, 6 bathrooms. Main electricity and water. Central Heating. Cottages, stabling, 6 garages. Well-disposed grounds including main garden, orchard, kitchen garden, pasture, etc.

The River Thames runs through the grounds which extend to ABOUT 8½ ACRES. FREEHOLD £10,000 WITH VACANT POSSESSION. Inspected by Sole Agents: Messrs. OSBORN & MERCER, (17,700)

UNDER 30 MILES N.W. OF LONDON

In a fine position 600 feet above sea level with splendid views.

An Ideal Property for a School, Institution, Country Club, etc.

Large entrance hall, 4 reception, 20 bedrooms (most having fitted basins, h.c. and c.), 6 bathrooms, splendid domestic offices with servants' hall. MAIN ELECTRICITY AND WATER. CENTRAL HEATING THROUGHOUT. TWO COTTAGES, STABLING, GARAGE, AND SMALL BRICK-BUILT HOUSE, 2½ acres of land, 2 nominal rent. Beautifully timbered grounds, lawn tennis court, walled kitchen garden, etc., in all about 30 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD.

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above.

SURREY (under 25 miles from Town)

Occupying a quiet position in the delightful Kingwood district within a few minutes' walk of the station.

AN ATTRACTIVE MODERN HOUSE

with 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom.

Companion's electric light, gas and water.

Large garden, but this has been ploughed up during the war and will have to be entirely remodelled.

PRICE FREEHOLD £6,000.

POSSESSION NEXT DECEMBER.

Inspected by Sole Agents: Messrs. OSBORN & MERCER, (17,710)

EAST SUSSEX

In an exceptional position about 450 feet above sea level and commanding magnificent views.

AN ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE

with 4 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, bathroom.

Main electricity and water.

Splendid brick-built cottage.

Matured pleasure gardens of

ABOUT 3 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD £7,000

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,600)

MERTS, NEAR BOXMOOR

Occupying a fine position about 100 ft. above sea level and commanding magnificent views over beautifully wooded country.

A DELIGHTFUL MODERN HOUSE

in excellent order and approached by a carriage drive. Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, studio or playroom, 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Companion's electricity, gas and water. Central Heating.

Garage for 3 cars. Useful outbuildings.

Delightful well-landed grounds with lawn, herbaceous borders, kitchen garden, orchard, paddock, etc., in all ABOUT 5 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD.

The owner would be willing to consider selling the house complete with furniture and all fittings.

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,700)

GUILDFORD

Situate in a quiet position about 100 ft. above sea level, near to an old village.

A Delightful XVIIth-Century Farmhouse

with a wealth of old oak and in first-rate order.

Lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, 7 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms.

Co.'s electricity, gas and water. Garage for 3 cars.

The charming old garden have been well maintained, and there are lawn, flower and kitchen gardens, orchard, etc., in all ABOUT 1½ ACRES.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH EARLY POSSESSION.

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,707)

5, MOUNT ST.,
LONDON, W.1

RALPH PAY & TAYLOR

Greenacre
1032-33

ADJACENT BEECH HILL GOLF COURSE—close to

Hedley Woods, Barnet, and Clapham. Only 10 miles by road from London. Lovely views.



BEAUTIFULLY BUILT HOUSE, PSEUDO-TUDOR, only a few years old. IDEAL FOR BUSINESS MAN with offices in London or North London. Lounge hall, 3 reception, 6 bed, 4 lovely bedrooms (green and mauve), oak beams, paneling, and woodwork. All main services, heating. Large garage. GARDENS A DISTINCTIVE FEATURE. (Excellent) views, (late) close to golf course. In all about 1½ ACRES. FREEHOLD, £6,000 or close offer. Possession on completion. Personally recommended by Joint Agents: Messrs. A. & G. UTYER (Tel.: Howard 1038 and Tottenham 1788), and RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.

SWITZERLAND OF SURREY—SOUTH OF GUILDFORD

600 feet up on an old soil. Panoramic views to distant South Downs.



A COUNTRY HOME OF SINGULAR CHARM. Designed some years ago by an eminent architect. Delivered lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 2 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Main water, electricity, central heating. (Garage, chauffeur's flat. Attractive cottage (1 room).) Really beautiful gardens on gentle slopes with a view of woodland in all about 4 ACRES. FOR SALE AT £14,500 WITH IMMEDIATE POSSESSION, the owner having just purchased another property elsewhere.

Personally inspected and very highly recommended by RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.

104, BROMPTON ROAD,
LONDON, S.W.3

BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDREY

Kennington
0768-9

GENTLEMAN'S EXCEPTIONAL FARMING ESTATE, NORFOLK. 700 ACRES of highly productive mixed lands in high state of cultivation and affording excellent shooting, with a VERY ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE OF CHARACTER, most attractively situated. Four acres, 1 bed, 2 bathrooms, main electricity. Secondary farmhouse, a series of very good brick buildings and several good cottages. All in excellent condition. An estate of importance and outstanding quality, and which can be well recommended. Within easy reach of Norwich. FOR SALE FREEHOLD, WITH EARLY POSSESSION. BENTALL, HORSLEY AND BALDREY, as above.

Just Available.

Unreservedly for sale.

SURREY

Picturesque Modern Residence, well fitted, labour saving. Bath, 6 reception, 4 bed, bath. Excellent offices. Age, etc.

MAIN SERVICES.

Nine gardens, orchard and paddock.

4½ ACRES

IMMEDIATE POSSESSION. Freehold. Sole Agents:

BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDREY, 104, Brompton Road, S.W.3 (Tel.: Ken. 0168).

HAMPSHIRE, NEAR ALTON 10 miles London, lovely position. GENTLEMAN'S RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE. Most attractive Residence of Character. Three reception, 7 bedrooms, 3 baths, staff bedroom, modern kitchen, domestic offices. Central heating, gas, water, electric light, large garden, tennis lawn. Halli's house. Four modern cottages. Excellent farm buildings. Very fine cowhouse. 800 ACRES including 40 acres woodland. THE WHOLE ESTATE FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH VACANT POSSESSION.

NEAR SALISBURY. 380 ACRES.

Gentleman's highly attractive Residential, Sporting and Agricultural Estate.

JUST AVAILABLE after 50 years' ownership, including 200 ACRES valuable woods and excellent stock land. Character Residence, 2 large reception, 6 bedrooms (3 and 4 beds), 2 bathrooms, electric light. Favourite district, 10 miles London. For sale, stock and land, with early possession.

BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDREY, 104, Brompton Road, S.W.3 (Tel.: Ken. 0168).

Telegrams
"Wood, Agents, Woods
London."

JOHN D. WOOD & CO.

23 BERKELEY SQUARE LONDON, W.1

Mayfair 6341
(10 lines)

BOXHURST, NEAR DORKING, SURREY

Dorking Town and Station under 3 miles.
Occupying a magnificent southerly situation with extensive views.



Nine bed., 2 dressing, 4 bath, billiards, and 3 reception, (central heating).
Electric light and gas.

Well laid out grounds of about 5½ ACRES, further land available.

Three-roomed cottage.

PRICE £9,000 FREEHOLD

Inspected and recommended by JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23 Berkeley Square, London, W.1 (22,702)

TUNBRIDGE WELLS (best residential part)

The house is in splendid decorative and structural order and stands high with lovely distant views.



six best bed and 3 main bedrooms, all with baths (4 and c.), 2 bath, hall and 4 reception (automatic).

ALL MAIN SERVICES.
GARAGE FOR 3 OR 4 CARS.

MODERN COTTAGE.
Lovely secluded garden of 2½ ACRES.

FREEHOLD £12,000

Inspected and strongly recommended by JOHN D. WOOD & CO. (22,761)

By direction of Mrs. E. Baxter.

THE FIELDS, WEELEY, ESSEX

CHARMING COUNTRY RESIDENCE

Just off the main London Road, about 6 miles from Clacton and Princes-on-Sea.

Panelled hall, 3 reception, billiards, 3 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bath, excellent offices. Main electric light, water and modern drainage. Lodge, garage, stabling, firebricks and other outbuildings. Kitchen garden, orchard, and land extending to about 16 ACRES.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION

October 25th, 1946
(unless sold privately)
at the Oldfellow Hall,
George Street, Colchester.

FOR SALE WITH VACANT POSSESSION OF THE MAJOR PART
Solicitor: KENNETH ELLIOTT, Esq., Lloyd's Bank Chambers, Clacton-on-Sea.
Auctioneers: GARDNER & SPURBORN, 57, Station Road, Clacton-on-Sea, or JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1.

For sale privately by order of Trustees.

One of the most modern and well-equipped houses in

ST. ANDREWS, FIFESHIRE

Convenient to the town and golf.

Three reception, billiards room, cloakroom, 9 main bed and dressing rooms (5 of these rooms have wash-basins, 1 and c.), 4 secondary bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, servants' sitting room, large attic, electric light, central heating, tennis court and garden of about 1½ ACRES.



Particulars from JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1.

Central
6344/6/7

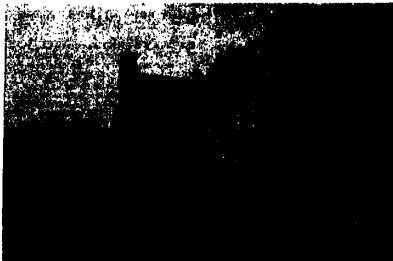
FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO.

Established 1789
AUCTIONEERS. CHARTERED SURVEYORS. LAND AGENTS.
29, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

Telegrams:
"Farebrother, London"

FISHERS HILL, HOOK HEATH, WOKING

Adjacent to three Golf Courses.



A LUTYENS HOUSE

12 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms.

Well-arranged domestic offices.

COMPANIES' ELECTRIC LIGHT AND

WATER

Modern drainage.

TWO COTTAGES.

Large for three cars.

Well-wooded grounds and kitchen garden, in all

ABOUT 12 ACRES

FREEHOLD £10,000

Further particulars from: Messrs. FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO., 29, Fleet Street, E.C.4. Central 6344.

TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.1

(Euston 7000)

MAPLE & Co., Ltd.

5, GRAFTON ST., MAYFAIR, W.1.

Regent 4085

SUSSEX nr. HAYWARDS HEATH

8½ miles station, fast train to town.

45 miles from London.

Alternative Freehold Property. Hall,

4 reception rooms, main sitting

room, 5 bed-dressing rooms, 3 bath-

rooms. Electric light, C.O.'s gas,

Water. Two garages, 2 cottages,

stabling. Delightful gardens with

fine trees, etc., parkland, etc.,

in all ABOUT 22 ACRES

Low Price for such a fine

sole Agents: MAPLE & CO., LTD.,

5, Grafton Street, W.1, and

Messrs. T. BARNARD & CO.,

Haywards Heath.

1 mile Rickmansworth Station. Electric train service Baker Street, etc.

Modern Freehold Residence

POORWORTH WOOD HOUSE

Lounge hall, double drawing room,

dining room, sun lounge, 5 bed and

dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms,

central heating. Fitted washbasins,

C.O.'s electricity. Two garages, etc.

Picturesque gardens, tennis court

etc. in all about 1½ ACRES.

To be sold by Auction on

October 22 unless sold privately.

Auctioneers: MAPLE & CO., LTD.,

5, Grafton Street, Mayfair, W.1.

MERTS. CHORLEYWOOD



25, MOUNT ST.,
GROSVENOR SQ., LONDON, W.1

WILSON & CO.

Country
1946

SUSSEX. OVERLOOKING THE SOUTH DOWNS

Convenient to Hove and South Downs
and Looe.

SUPERBLY APPOINTED COUNTRY HOUSE with fine oak panelling, parquet floors, fine bay window and luxurious bathrooms.

OCCUPYING ONE OF THE FINEST POSITIONS IN THE AREA.

11 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, fine hall and reception rooms. Large chauffeur's flat, garage and stable. Main electric light and power. Central heating.

Pasture and woodland

ABOUT 141 ACRES

Inspected and strongly recommended by Hove Agents: Wilson & Co., 25, Mount Street.

CHAMBERLAIN-BROTHERS & HARRISON

1, Imperial Square, CHELTENHAM
48, Castle Street, SHREWSBURY

Phone:
Cheltenham
508 (5 lines)

Phone:
Shrewsbury
508 (5 lines)

LICHILL MANOR, NEAR STOURPORT, WORCS. FINE OLD HOUSE with many modern conveniences, in excellent order, containing valuable paneling and fine furniture. Large house built, 3 reception, 11 bed, 3 dressing, 2 baths, 2 car, 2 bedrooms. Main electric light and water. Good garden. Old walled park. **BY ADELAIDE PRIVATELY BY AUCTION AT THE KIDDERMINSTER ON OCT. 10.** Auctioneers: CHAMBERLAIN-BROTHERS & HARRISON, Cheltenham (as above).

MONMOUTHSHIRE (near Aberystwyth), 222.00. Lovely situation facing south. Fine stone-built residence, modernized and in excellent order, 8-11 bed, 2 bath, 2 car, 2 rooms. Ample garden. Main electric light. Outbuildings, cottage, stabling and garage. Beautiful gardens, orchard and woodland. Auctioneers: CHAMBERLAIN-BROTHERS & HARRISON, Cheltenham (as above).

NEAR WORCESTER, 22.50. GEORGIAN HOUSE OF CHARACTER, perfectly modernized and equipped, 6-8 bedrooms and garden. Fanciful lounge hall, 5-6 reception (one 31 ft. x 14 ft.), model kitchen, 6 bed (5 and 3), 2 bathrooms. Garage 3 cars, etc. A beautiful property, highly recommended. Sole Agents: CHAMBERLAIN-BROTHERS & HARRISON, Cheltenham (as above).

6. DEVON, 30 ACRES, 55.00. CHARMINGLY SITUATED PROPERTY. GEORGIAN HOUSE, 6 bed. (all h. and c.), 2 bath, 3 rec. Electric light, Central heat, Garage 8-10. Stabling, 2 rooms. Old 18th-century stone barn. Auctioneers: CHAMBERLAIN-BROTHERS & HARRISON, Cheltenham (as above).

WILTSHIRE (near Malmesbury) STONE-BUILT HOUSE in desirable hunting district, 8-10 bed, 2 bath, 3 reception rooms. Main electricity and water. Central heat. Capital stabling and garage. 18 1/2 ACRES. 18 1/2 ACRES. 18 1/2 ACRES. Auctioneers: CHAMBERLAIN-BROTHERS & HARRISON, Cheltenham (as above).

NORTH COTSWOLDS, DAIRY FARM-COUNTRY HOUSE. Lovely situation. Modernized Cotswold stone house, 6-8 bedrooms, 2 bath, 2 car, 2 rooms. Building, 27 ACRES, 22.50 as going concern including furniture and stock. Leasehold (renewable) 99 years. Auctioneers: CHAMBERLAIN-BROTHERS & HARRISON, Cheltenham (as above).

SUPERIOR FARM, 6. DEVON-CORNISH BORDER. 22.50. 100 ACRES. 100 ACRES. 100 ACRES. 100 ACRES. 100 ACRES. 100 ACRES. 100 ACRES. 100 ACRES. 100 ACRES. 100 ACRES. Auctioneers: CHAMBERLAIN-BROTHERS & HARRISON, Cheltenham (as above).

THE LUTWYCHE HALL ESTATE, MUCH WYNNOCK, 5. SHROPSHIRE

IN LOVELY COUNTRY on the southern edge of the Wenlock Edge. FINE ELIZABETHAN STYLE RESIDENCE in perfect order, fully modernized. Cottages, farm and woodlands. In all about 100 ACRES. PRIVATELY OR BY AUCTION AT AN EARLY DATE—Auctioneers: CHAMBERLAIN-BROTHERS & HARRISON, Shrewsbury (as above), in conjunction with LEONARD A. DAVIES, F.R.S., Ludlow.

THE PUDLETON COURT ESTATE, LEOMINSTER, N. HEREFORDSHIRE

IN PICTUREQUE UNUSUAL COUNTRY. Impressive and splendidly equipped mansion with about 30 bedrooms, 6 bathrooms, and fine reception rooms. Beautiful grounds and parkland, several cottages, farm, outbuildings and extensive woodlands. In all nearly 500 ACRES. FOR SALE PRIVATELY OR BY AUCTION AT AN EARLY DATE—LAND AGENT: M. C. UNWELL, Esq., Rother Knoll, Leominster. Auctioneers: CHAMBERLAIN-BROTHERS & HARRISON, Shrewsbury (as above).

CLASSIFIED PROPERTIES

2/- per line. (Min. 5 lines). Box fee 1/6.

AUCTIONS

EAST SUSSEX
Favoured district between Rye and sea, high up, enclosed and with beautiful views. Gentleman's delightful small estate, about 17 ACRES, Commodious residence, 5 bed, bath, 3 rec., domestic offices (large rooms). Main electric light. Own water supply. Three cottages. Ample farm buildings. Auctioneers: KNOCKBERRY, Litchfield, Aston, October 9 or 10.

OSERING & COLYER
Rye, Sussex

NEAR THE OLD BRIDGE

ADJOINING SUNNINGDALE GOLF LINKS
The picturesque old-fashioned freehold Country Residence, "Mount Cottage", Whitlandham, situated on a hillside, approached by a private drive, and containing 5 bedrooms, 2 bath, 3 rec., 2 car, 2 rooms. Main electric light, gas, main water. Large heated garage, stabling, chauffeur's quarters. Delightful grounds, woodland, tennis court, paddock with valuable red fruitage. In all nearly 11 1/2 acres. For sale by auction at the Sunningdale Hotel, Sunningdale, on Wednesday, October 10, 1946, with vacant possession. Particulars and plan of the Auctioneers:—**MR. J. B. BAKER**
Sunningdale. Tel.: A60773.

THEYDON HALL, THEYDON BOIS
Situated in small Freehold Country Estate within 12 miles of London comprising the Residence with 6 bedrooms and 4 reception rooms having fine views over the surrounding countryside, extensive lodge, garage and 2 car, 2 rooms. In all nearly 10 1/2 acres. Auction October 14, 1946. For particulars apply to—**MR. J. B. BAKER**
140, High Rd., London, W.14, High Rd., Haringey.

FOR SALE

CAMBS. (100 Acres), 45 miles London. The Old Rectory, Rectory St., George. Three cars, 2 bed, 2 bathrooms, garage, garden and paddock. Central heat. 100 acres of 4 1/2 acres. Vacant possession. For particulars apply to—**MR. J. B. BAKER**
140, High Rd., London, W.14, High Rd., Haringey.

COTSWOLDS. In a most delightful setting, small Residential Agricultural and Sporting Estate of some 50 acres, with perfect small Cotswold residence—Rural-styled and modernized. Central heat. 100 acres of 4 1/2 acres. Vacant possession. For particulars apply to—**MR. J. B. BAKER**
140, High Rd., London, W.14, High Rd., Haringey.

FOR SALE

COUNTRY. Modern attractive Bungalow situated in wooded garden, 5-6 bed, 2 bath, 2 car, 2 rooms, central heating, garage for 5 cars. Adjacent plot, 1/2 acre. 1/2 acre. 1/2 acre. 1/2 acre. 1/2 acre. 1/2 acre. 1/2 acre. 1/2 acre. 1/2 acre. 1/2 acre. Auctioneers: W. H. HARRIS, High Wycombe, Bucks, 100, High Wycombe, Bucks.

EASTSUSSEX. In choice position near Brighton, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES. Auctioneers: W. H. HARRIS, High Wycombe, Bucks, 100, High Wycombe, Bucks.

IRELAND. For sale, medium-sized House, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES. Auctioneers: W. H. HARRIS, High Wycombe, Bucks, 100, High Wycombe, Bucks.

NORFOLK. Attractive pre-fabricated stone house, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES. Auctioneers: W. H. HARRIS, High Wycombe, Bucks, 100, High Wycombe, Bucks.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. Country Residence for sale, 40 acres of land, delightful situation, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES. Auctioneers: W. H. HARRIS, High Wycombe, Bucks, 100, High Wycombe, Bucks.

FOR SALE

SHORTLANDS, KENT. Detached Residence for sale. First reception rooms, kitchen and office, 4 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms and 2 smaller rooms. Garage. Price £2,000. 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES. Auctioneers: W. H. HARRIS, High Wycombe, Bucks, 100, High Wycombe, Bucks.

SOUTH-EAST IRELAND. For sale or rent, two beautiful Residences. VICTORIA, Five Cottages, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES. Auctioneers: W. H. HARRIS, High Wycombe, Bucks, 100, High Wycombe, Bucks.

STONEY TITWATON HALL, YORKSHIRE. Medium-sized Country Residence, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES. Auctioneers: W. H. HARRIS, High Wycombe, Bucks, 100, High Wycombe, Bucks.

THAMES VALLEY. In an old-world village, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES. Auctioneers: W. H. HARRIS, High Wycombe, Bucks, 100, High Wycombe, Bucks.

WILTSHIRE. "The Park", 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES. Auctioneers: W. H. HARRIS, High Wycombe, Bucks, 100, High Wycombe, Bucks.

WEST SUSSEX. Between Chichester and Brighton, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES. Auctioneers: W. H. HARRIS, High Wycombe, Bucks, 100, High Wycombe, Bucks.

WANTED

ANYWHERE. Can anyone help any other working in London (Irish inviolable) country? I am, and employed to live in country? For sale or rent, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES, 100 ACRES. Auctioneers: W. H. HARRIS, High Wycombe, Bucks, 100, High Wycombe, Bucks.

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All main services, power plugs in all rooms. (Central heating. Garage. Playshed and lawn house.

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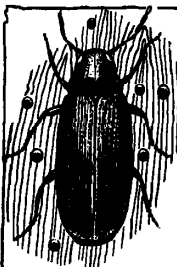
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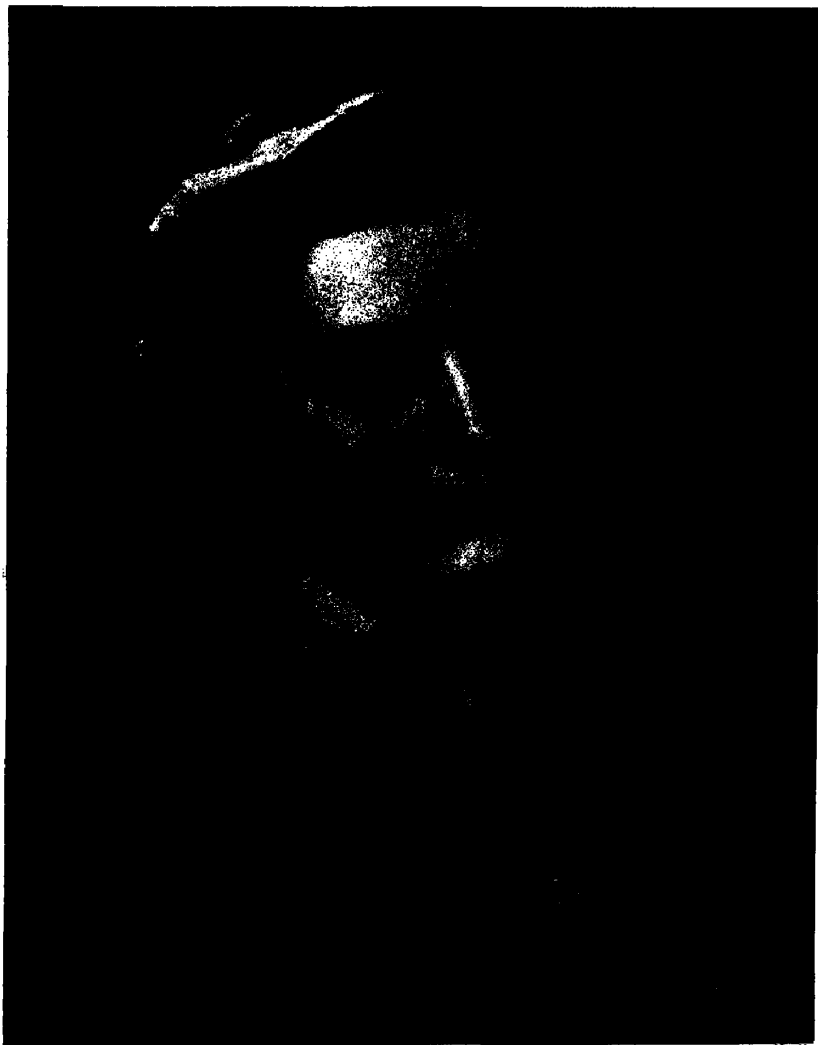
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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. C No. 2594

OCTOBER 4, 1946



Harlip

MISS ANNE VIVIA GARNETT HEYWOOD

Miss Garnett Heywood is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Garnett Heywood, of Beadles, Sandwich Bay, Kent. She is engaged to be married to Captain David Stobart, Grenadier Guards, eldest son of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. F. E. Stobart, of the White House, Woodbridge, Suffolk

COUNTRY LIFE

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THE HOUSING DRIVE

THERE is obvious indication in Mr. Bevan's announcement of his new housing drive that the "squatters'" crusade is having its effect—if not precisely that which was intended. It was the Minister of Works and not the Minister of Health who told us, in July, to expect 100,000 temporary and 100,000 permanent dwellings to be finished by the end of the year. That Mr. Bevan, at any rate, no longer hopes for; but he has undertaken a "special drive" with the assistance of the local authorities and the building industry to complete before January all houses which at present have reached roof level. Only a third—i.e., 30,000—of the municipal houses being constructed have yet reached this stage, and a great deal will depend on the situation with regard to private building at the moment, and the speed with which it can carry out Mr. Bevan's directions. The number of privately built houses at present up to the eaves is not available, but it must be a much larger proportion, to judge by past performance, than in the case of houses being erected by local authorities. It looks indeed as though Mr. Bevan would have to rely largely on the private builder's enterprise and industry to achieve anything like the result he aims at.

The Minister's announcement that a super-priority was to be granted for this work was accompanied by a statement that the Government have for a long time been concentrating on removing bottlenecks in the industry. He also stated that "the large-scale frittering away of labour and materials which ought to be used for providing houses for those in dire need has got to stop," and he announced that controls would be tightened. So far as "repairs" and "decoration" are really unnecessary everywhere will agree with this action, but more than one danger lurks in it. There is a side to the question of repairs and reconditioning which it is very easy for the doctrinaire to ignore. When it comes to providing quickly and keeping up the maximum total of reasonable accommodation, the best may easily be the enemy of the good. One has only to think of bomb-damaged houses which could have been repaired, say, for £50 on the day the bomb fell, but which to-day would cost at least £500—houses with damaged roofs whose ceilings have collapsed in turn until there is little left but the walls and a heap of debris in the basement.

Another aspect of the same need for sound repairs as better housing and reconditioning is to be found displayed in most interesting and informative detail at the New Homes for Old Exhibition, organised by the Housing Centre. There the case for "conversion" is most effectively illustrated and argued. All available figures show how great the contribution of conversion and reconditioning has already been. To diversifiable labour and materials from

such work without due consideration would be a vast mistake. The organisers of the Exhibition accept without demur the arguments that more makeshift homes are undesirable, and that by no means every house is fit for conversion. But they point out that the Silklin Committee have recommended minimum standards, and made test surveys of the type of house likely to be suitable, and have advised the Government to make a subsidy towards conversion. The Committee's estimate is that in five London boroughs alone 27,500 houses could be suitably converted. The subsidy problem has, of course, already been raised most clearly in rural areas where the assistance provided by the Housing (Rural Workers) Acts has been deliberately abandoned, and, in spite of the Hobhouse Committee, there seems little prospect of its resumption. In both cases the Government appear to be neglecting the substance for the shadow.

AUTUMN

NOT the wind only with hammers and blows
Hurls down the leaves and batters the
rose,
Nor needles of rain that pierce the earth's heart
Silence the robin, bid swallows depart.
Not the frost only that foils the flower—
Cloaked by cold darkness, aware of its hour.
It is the root remembering
The trial, and the trampling
High notes of adolescent Spring,
That brings the ruin of the year.

The wild gales whip from wider seas,
And rip the gentle summer breeze
To ribbons on the ragged moor
Grass flattens like foam-falling waves,
And trees are bowed while Autumn raves,
And rattles every door.

Yet, not only the whistle of Winter ahead
Shrills through the stubble where poppies have
bed
Still ringing song and the rose in its bed.
It is the root that spent of power
Cannot sustain the toppling tower,
Brings flame to ash and spreads the ground
With all that gathers sorrow's sound.
Life raised the crest—Time heaps the mound.

PHOEBE HESKETH.

PRESERVATION AND USE

IN the conflict between what the National Trust calls "historic interest or natural beauty" and changed present-day needs, the cause of amenity so often comes off second best that it is particularly satisfactory when large issues are settled on lines generally acceptable. The whole purpose of Town and Country Planning is, of course, to ensure that the right balance should be struck, and as that Ministry grows in power and experience, the cases where it is struck will perhaps become the rule instead of the exception. But at present it is "news" that the Glen Affric electrification scheme pleases both the technocrats and the statutory Amenities Committee, who state that neither the loch nor the glen will be affected in any way. The case of Reigate Priory, in which the town council, supported by the preservation societies, has been opposing development of part of the estate adjoining Reigate by a company, has also been happily settled. The Minister of Town and Country Planning has deplored that when, as in this case, town and park and historic mansion are "welded through centuries into a single entity," the whole should not be broken up by any building development whatever. The house, it is understood, will be used in connection with proposed playing fields. But in other cases the use of historic houses presents a difficult problem. In the National Trust Report for 1945 the idea is mooted that in the future the country should be used for the enjoyment of distinguished overseas visitors. Though the number suited by their character and situation for such use must be limited, the idea should certainly be explored. Valuable purposes would be served if the corporations of nationalised industries, for example, and the academies of arts and sciences, could each arrange with the Trust for the use of a particu-

lar country seat, instead of these fine flowers of English architecture standing intact but empty.

SCOTLAND'S FARM SURVEY

SCOTLAND likes to do things in her own way. The Department of Agriculture for Scotland did not copy the Ministry of Agriculture in making a detailed farm survey as the Domestic Book lines, setting out the conditions and short-comings on every farm. The summary for England and Wales which was recently published provides a mass of useful information and figures. Scotland in her survey did not attempt to cover more than a small part of the field. This is not surprising, because the committee system for running agriculture in the counties was never so fully developed as in England and Wales. County staffs were kept small and much of the office work was done from Edinburgh. But Scotland did carry out an agricultural survey of a kind and this has now been published. It is an attempt to throw more light on the surprising, because the permanent equipment that goes with it. This Report deals to a large extent with what might happen in the future if full encouragement were given to the improvement of the land for maximum food production. Over the whole of Scotland it is estimated that a quarter of a million acres of land unsuitable for rotational cropping could be improved. All this is interesting, but it is a pity that one form of survey was not adopted for the whole of Britain so as to give a complete picture of the condition of farms all over the country and the need for better buildings and equipment to make food production as economical as possible in the new era of high farm wages.

SCHOOL OF HORSEMANSHIP

IT might have been feared—and has often been suggested—that the mechanisation of the Army and the consequent disappearance of the Army School of Equitation at Weedon would deal a death-blow to our national standards of horsemanship and equitation. Fortunately that is not to be the case if horse lovers whose number appears to be increasing steadily and to be spread far more evenly over the community than was the case twenty or thirty years ago—will only come to the rescue. There is need both of a central authority to deal with standards of equitation for the civilian public and a national school where those standards will be maintained. So far as the latter is concerned, no better centre could be found than the St. George's School at Winkfield, near Ascot, which has been taken on a long lease by the Institute of the Horse and Pony Club, who intend to maintain there an authoritative school of horsemanship. It is undoubtedly at present the finest riding-school in England, and there civilians may attend courses before being granted an Instruction Certificate in Equitation, Training the Young Horse and Stable Management. With so many novices taking up riding to-day the success of the scheme should not be in doubt, but the School cannot be properly equipped as a national centre without a great deal of expenditure. The estimated sum required to set the School on its feet is £20,000, of which some £4,000 has already been subscribed by the Institute of the Horse. It is greatly to be hoped that the Government may be induced to take a sympathetic interest, but there can at any rate be no doubt as to the duty of all those who sympathise with the desire to improve and develop the art of riding.

THE GOLF INTERNATIONAL

THE first post-war golf international match between England and Scotland at Western Gailes was a very big success. It was a triumphant example of private enterprise, since it was unofficial and the sides could not have been more representative had they been chosen by official selection committees. England won in the end, and the match was of a comparatively small moment. The real point was in giving a chance to the young players on either side of the border to play 96-holes matches such as they must play in the Walker Cup. Several of them distinguished themselves and in White and Bell, the two young Lancastrians, on the one side, and Wilson, Williamson and Dewar on the other there is plenty of hope for the future.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

IT has always seemed to me that the spider leads a fuller and more interesting life than most insects, as the sporting element figures so largely in his existence, and, so far as I can see, unlike us poor humans, he has no reason to complain of shortage of game. It must be great fun on a warm summer's evening, when there is a good hatch of fly on, to sit comfortably in a sheltered corner watching a perfect Hardy-quality net, or web, well guyed up on sound stanchions, and stretched across the flighting zone of all the various flies, insects and mosquitoes.

Every morning now, before I rise from my bed to face another uproarious day of varied 1946 interest, jollity and over-indulgence, I watch a spider outside my bedroom window which has a web spun under the eaves of the house between the gutter and the wall. My lavatory-basin recess spider, about which I have written previously, has incidentally been evacuated from his residence owing to a new maid casting eyes to eye with me about my affairs. She thinks that they are dirty creeping insects and that in admiring them I put myself in the same class. I make it a rule not to get up until this outdoor spider has caught something which is up to the size limit, though actually I do not think he has a size limit, as the only thing I have seen him "throw back" was a wasp that he could not handle, which was doing enormous damage to his web. Directly he discovered the identity of his catch he cut away the rigging and shrouds, which were holding the wasp, with a celerity and skill suggestive of that of old-time British seamen of a clipper cutting away the ship's mizzen-mast when dismasted off Cape Horn.

ENVY the spider also because, when he views the damage done to his tackle after a visitation of this description, he does not display any consternation or annoyance. This is because he knows he can immediately repair and make good all the missing main and radiating strands on the spot with pre-war material, and he does not have to write to his tackle-maker who will probably reply "Out of stock." At the same time a spider does lose his temper very easily, and, if a purblind idiotic human should collide with a main mooring line, he will jump up and down on his web in a manner which recalls to me the actions of a very red-faced elderly angler, whom years ago I surprised in the act of stamping on his landing net.

This morning the spider was engaged in conversation with a caller, which looked as if he might be the next-door neighbour, when he had a "finite" rise from a large fly. He apparently muttered: "Excuse me a moment; I think I feel someone at the door," ran down the web swiftly, put six turns of nylon round the insect, which was one of the New Forest biting varieties, so deserved all he got, and ran back to continue the discussion. Later, I thought I detected a movement of his two front arms suggestive of that which one sees so often in fishing hotels after the day's sport, but, if this were so, I do not think the other fellow believed it, as he went off in what seemed to me an atmosphere of incredulity.

WHEN commenting in these notes recently on the grazing rights of the New Forest I mentioned that there was a restriction during the months of "fence and winter hayning" and stated that probably winter hayning meant that period in winter when hay was put down for the benefit of the deer.



Cecil Maundslay

CAREW CASTLE, PEMBROKESHIRE

A number of correspondents have written to me on the subject—one letter appeared in the Correspondence columns—and it would seem that my presumption was incorrect and that, though the word *keye*, "to save," is not known in the south of England, it is still used in Scotland and Ulster, where it means roughly saving, or enclosing, a field for winter grazing.

THE period of the fence month, I am informed, was fixed at fifteen days before and fifteen days after the nativity of St. John the Baptist. I hope that this restriction will not be revived, as, I fear, it will prove that many smallholders, in common with myself, will be a trifle vague as to the birthday of the last of the prophets. In other days, as is again the case at the present time, the local corn chandlers and grocers did not present an advertising calendar at Christmas time to all their customers, and, as the Church then controlled the community absolutely, the only dates known to the people with any degree of certainty would be those connected with religious observance. Apparently, the month of fence was regarded as being of such supreme importance that not only were all grazing rights suspended for that period, but the lords of the manors in the vicinity were called upon to assist the keepers in protecting the deer.

The winter hayning period extended from November 22 to May 4. During that time the dry grass of the Forest which the ponies are supposed to graze off to ensure a good growth of fresh grass the following spring, though incidentally they seem to prefer to feed off the verges of the neighbouring roads, was reserved for deer only. One way and another the grazing rights of the Forest cannot have been of very much value to the smallholders of feudal, Tudor and Jacobean days. At the same time, as the inhabitants on the verges of the New Forest looked to it entirely for their supply of fuel, I imagine that the "lawns" were far more extensive in those days, when obviously the furze bushes and still more persistent dwarf-gorse were not allowed to reach the size and cover the acreage that they do today.

WHILE owning up to this mistake about the meaning of winter hayning, I might mention another I made some time ago in stating that the Dublin Bay prawn is an inhabitant of Dublin Bay only, and is not to be found anywhere else. A correspondent has informed me that shortly after the 1914-18 war fishermen from south Norway discovered them and netted them in considerable numbers in the North Sea. During the recent war the Scottish fishermen from Helmsdale, who were restricted from fishing after midnight, were highly incensed at the Norwegians operating from Buckie, as they stayed out in the North Sea for days on end, and as the result sent large consignments of

high-priced Dublin Bay prawns to the Billingsgate fish market. I am sorry, therefore, to have to inform Irish readers that their country cannot claim to be the sole producer of the Dublin Bay prawn as we have been taught to believe for so many years, and am still sorrier to have to break it to them that the Norwegian fishermen's name for this good old Irish prawn is "Englishman." It is being brought home to me week after week that my education had not really started until I began to write regularly for COUNTRY LIFE.

WE are told constantly by those in authority that the main reason for the shortage of certain of our food-stuffs which come from abroad is that this country is too hard-up to buy and import anything which is not absolutely essential, and secondly because of the lack of shipping space. During the last few weeks every greengrocer's shop in this part of the world has been full of foreign peaches and melons, and on market days various stalls have them piled up by the lorry-load. The high prices charged for these two delicacies would suggest that a heavy initial cost has been passed on to the retailers by the exporters, and this must represent a very considerable amount of sterling which has gone to Holland, Denmark and France. Moreover, both fruits, particularly the melon, are most bulky, and take up an inordinate amount of shipping space, considering their actual food value.

Both the melon and the peach are in the luxury class, and the great mass of the population have managed to exist without them for generations, but while everybody in this district can acquire several melons and peaches by the dozen, if he or she desires them, they cannot obtain a number of really essential items which are obtainable abroad, and would be hard if we liked to import them. Among these one might mention aubergines, raisins and currants, which have disappeared almost entirely from our shops; dried figs and prunes, which have not been seen for months; gorgonzola and camembert cheeses, which arrive very occasionally in inadequate dribbles to disappear during the first hour after the shop's opening; and olive oil, which is nothing but a faint 1940 memory.

Now, according to an announcement on the wireless, we are importing from abroad two thousand tons of pine-apples, which is one of the very few fruits that is better in a tin than in its natural state. It is also, owing to its thin rind and knobby excrescences, about one-third or more waste and, unless it is grown on a suitable soil in a suitable climate, is a very third-class fruit. I do not know how many calories a pine-apple contains, but I am quite certain that the average farm-labourer would rather have half a pound of Dutch cheese than a dozen pine-apples.

BRITAIN CAN MAKE IT

By NOEL CARRINGTON



A SECTION OF THE DRESS FABRICS DISPLAY: P. Schorr

THE exhibition which was opened by H.M. the King last week at the Victoria and Albert Museum is not all that its title, Britain-Can-Make-It, suggests, and yet is a good deal more. "Britain Can Design" would have been closer to the mark, though perhaps less snappy as a title on the posters. For many of us its importance and significance lie in one particular characteristic, namely, that though sponsored by a Government institution it is nevertheless strictly selective. That this principle has at last been adopted for a national exhibition should have far-reaching effect on our standard of living and on British manufacture.

From John Ruskin and William Morris onwards critics have denounced the emphasis placed on quantity rather than quality by

economists and statesmen, no less than the disorderly chaos of our civilisation as a whole. First the Arts and Crafts movement and then bodies such as the Design and Industries Association have endeavoured to arouse in manufacturers, designers and the public a sense of what a well-ordered civilisation might be, beginning with everyday things and what a man makes for the use of others. All this proved a long task and most of the pioneers died before they were able to see even the beginnings of a popular acceptance of their ideas. The breakdown of the Classical tradition and the long succession of fashionable "styles"—romantic, Gothic, Tudor, antiquarian, and even modernist—had left us without standards of judgment and taste. All the same it is just as well to

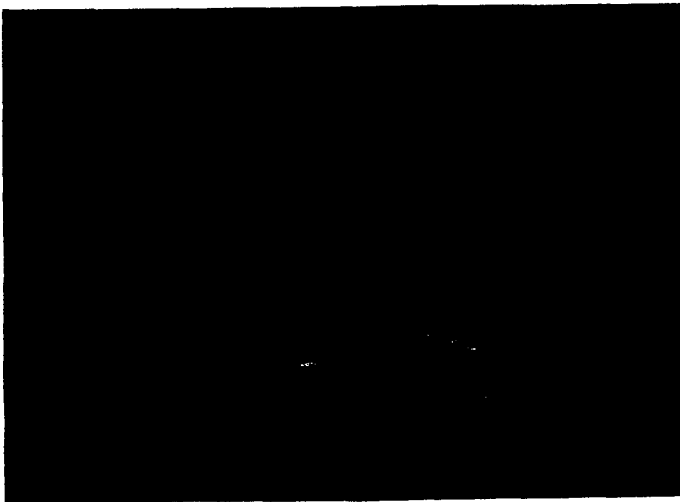
remember that the current renaissance in its origin was English, and, even if the roots which it struck on the Continent took more rapidly and produced larger fruits in the last twenty years, the essence of the movement, that is to say the reintegration of art with the fabric of life, was inherent in the life work of William Morris.

Many readers of this paper will recall an exhibition sponsored by COUNTRY LIFE in 1933, and held at Dorland Hall in Regent Street, London. It was called The Exhibition of Industrial Art, and was a comparatively modest affair. But the same principle of selection by independent and expert judges was applied at that time, and the influence of the exhibition both on public taste and on the trades involved went beyond

the hopes of the organisers. Many of our younger architect-decorators were given their first opportunity, many manufacturers encouraged to experiment further, and it is noteworthy perhaps that the then organising secretary, Mr. R. Dudley Ryder, has been chosen by the Government for the very much larger exhibition now on view at South Kensington.

The authorities at the Board of Trade must certainly have hesitated before they launched such a project when industry is still in the throes of reconversion to peace-time activity, and when the consumer is impatient at the lack of purchasable goods in the shops. It is common knowledge that manufacturers were far from enthusiastic and that failure was prophesied in many quarters. Everyone can judge for himself, but personally I think Sir Stafford Cripps and his advisers at the Council of Industrial Design are

LIVING-ROOM IN A LARGE TOWN HOUSE; R. D. Russell Dark brown and silver wallpaper (Edward Bawden); rug (Marian Pepler, Sundour, Ltd.); white corrugated flounce overmantel; radiogram cabinet in mahogany (B. Cohen and Sons); Royal Worcester tea-set



BED-SITTING-ROOM IN A BLOCK OF FLATS: *Urrula Mercer.* Pale blue-green wallpaper (Line and Sons); walnut furniture (*A. L. Debenstein; Meredew, Ltd.*); blue and white chair coverings (*H. T. Bull; Cavendish Textiles*)

justified by the results. There will be perhaps a certain amount of exasperation that all the desirable exhibits—the lovely furnishing textiles—for instance—cannot be bought immediately; but by now we should have acquired patience. The longer term policy of giving to manufacturers an objective and the public a standard of design for living is far more important. This is the moment to declare that policy, and not a year or two hence. For it is now that models are being determined, and, as has been said a thousand times, it is as easy and cheap to make a thing right as wrong, but it can be very costly to change the shape once the design is fixed.

One thing which will strike any visitor is the outstanding quality of the display throughout the galleries, and the ingenuity in using and camouflaging the ugly building in which it is housed. The organisers have mobilised a brilliant team of display experts, including those whose work for the Services won general recognition during the war, such as Mr. Milner Gray and Mr. Mischa Black of the late Ministry of Information. Perhaps in some instances the display is rather too brilliant for the products shown, but at least it has a quality of gaiety and colour which will be welcome after the photographic and statistical austerity which was recently the rule. One can also feel that the designers are aware of the feelings of the ordinary citizen and have been at pains to relate the exhibits to the times in which we live—namely the aftermath of war and a period of revolution in techniques. Credit for this must be given to the chief designer, James Gardner, lately ingenious deviser of camouflage, and the architects Basil Spence and Spencer Smith.

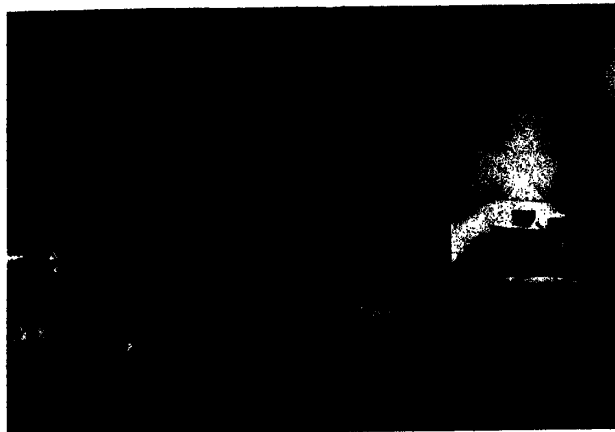
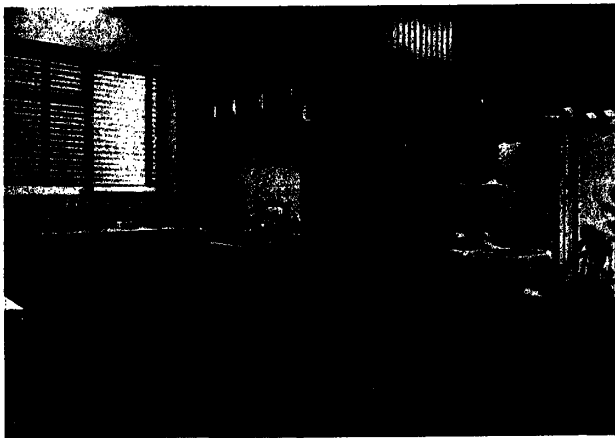
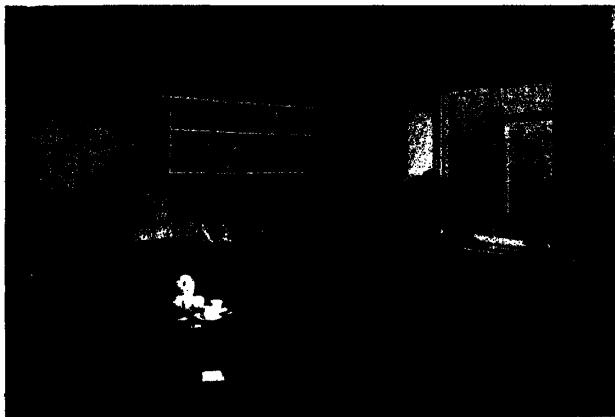
The exhibition occupies the western half of the Victoria and Albert Museum on the ground and basement floors, and is entered from Exhibition Road. The first galleries are devoted to an overture on the themes of "war to peace" (the blitzed site with aeroplane's carcass, whence things of peace are projected, is the first of the series of illustrative displays that are a feature of the circuit); and "the uses of new materials." We are then delivered into "Shop Window Street," consisting of brilliantly arranged displays of glass, pottery, hardware, silver, shoes, and so on. Passing through a display of furniture and furnishing fabrics, we presently descend to the lower galleries arranged as a sequence of furnished rooms, in which the architects and designers have very cleverly used the confined space to stage sets ranging from a secondary schoolroom, through a curate's dining-room, to a musical barrister's drawing-room. To many these rooms (each allotted to a specified family, amusingly depicted in drawings by Nicolas Bentley) will be the high spot of the exhibition.

The visitor emerges into a spectacular rotunda, the merry-go-round of fashion, where an endless succession of exquisite female forms are perched on a rotating iceberg. The whole dress section, of which this is the centre, is cleverly displayed, though one noted here, as in many other sections, that the amount of light required seems to have been under-estimated. It is often difficult to read one's catalogue, without which, and a plan of the lay-out, the visitor is lost.

From there one goes through an engaging

(Middle right) **KITCHEN AND DINING-RECESS IN A SMALL HOUSE:** *F. MacManus.* The electric cooker and refrigerator (*Moffatts, Ltd.; Electroflux*) partition the kitchen from the dining-room

(Right) **LIVING-ROOM IN AN OLD SCOTTISH STONE HOUSE:** *R. Mervyn Need.* Furniture (*Wylie and Lockhead, Glasgow; T. Justice and Sons, Dundee*); upholstery (*Donald Bros., Dundee*); rug of bright flower-pattern





FURNITURE GROUP. Chair in bent plywood (*W. T. Simpson*) : chest of drawers and dressing-table (*Ian Henderson*)



SETTEE FOR ELECTRIC SUNBATHING IN BATHROOM WITH GLASS-BRICK WINDOW (*C. Entwistle*)



(Left) TOY MODEL OF ROYAL STATE COACH & OUTRIDERS (Britains, Ltd.)

display of toys, a big improvement on those of the last lean years, and comprising many amusing novelties, and by devious routes arrives at "Designs of the Future," and the way out. Under the penultimate heading are grouped some notable models and projects—streamlined bicycles, a thermostatic bed, a wonderful touring trailer that opens out into a small country house. And so one finds oneself at the Cromwell Road portal of the Museum, passing through a display labelled "Traditional British Design," which comes as a sedative tonic at the end of two hours circulating through so much busy experiment.

This cursory tour omits a great deal of note, but it is quite impossible to take in the whole at a single visit. And within the framework is an immense deal of excellence in detail—in design of textiles, wallpapers, rugs, for instance, or glass and pottery and books. The general tendency of design is best detected in the furnished rooms, where insistence on the functional as such is notably absent. Gaiety, even richness, of colour is predominant, with standardisation employed only when it is reasonable, and makes for efficiency: in the kitchen and kitchen equipment, for example, or in the excellently designed secondary schoolroom. It is a good thing that the basic equipment of the home, particularly the working parts of the home, should be standardised, and foolish variations from the functional should be eliminated. For the living portions, for the rooms concerned with leisure hours, we need variety, colour, and individuality. There our designers have plenty of scope. I had the impression in recent visits abroad that "modernism" was now a thing of the past, and that, using contemporary techniques and material, the designers had regained the classical feeling for proportion. That is what we begin to see here, now that the ground has been cleared.

In a second article I shall hope to review some of the principal exhibits in some detail.



(Left) BULL IN GLAZED EARTHENWARE DECORATED WITH ZODIAC SIGNS. (*Arnold Machin*; Wedgwood)



A CORNER OF THE TEA LOUNGE. Mural paintings by *Hans Freibach*



PART OF NURSERY DISPLAY. In the Children's Wear, Furniture and Toy Section

Note: In the captions the designers' names are given in italics, the makers' in ordinary type.

TRAWLMER MEN OF RYE

By DENIS CLARK

WHEN war came only two trawlers were fishing from the little Sussex port of Rye. There was not a living for more. Now there are round about sixty. Some months ago there were a hundred. From Cornwall, Wales and Scotland, from Brighton, Lowestoft and Exmouth, fishermen came with their vessels, attracted by the rich harvest of plaice to be caught on the ocean shelf, six to ten miles out of Rye. All fishing had come to a halt on the Dogger Bank. Steam trawlers (foreigners mainly) no longer swept our seas clean. And great shoals of sole and plaice found their way down to be caught in the trawls of those hardy souls who dived mines and E boats and the cannon of enemy aircraft.

Steering towards Dungeness lighthouse, I can see from the *Expert's* tiny wheelhouse the trawlers which left the Strand at three o'clock of this fine morning to chug down the Rother with us into Rye's crescent bay. The *Dracoenia*, *Susanne Annette* and *Morvenna* and twenty more are bucking and rolling their heavy course, trawls down and brailing their progress. Our motion is not very different from that I knew well not so long ago in the tail of a Stirling bomber. Once again, demobbed, I am only a "sprog," learning my job from its beginning as a deckhand.

"Feelin' cranny?" Bill asks me.

"Cranny" is East Coast for seasick. I shake my head. Bill shouts to Horace, engineer and third crew member, and together they shoot the trawling gear over the side while I put the wheel hard over so that the *Expert* crosses her stern round and round in a narrow circle. When I straighten her on course again the trawl is trailing a hundred fathoms behind us. The trawl is shaped like a string bag, its mouth kept gaping wide in a ten-fathom spread by two heavy, iron-shod otter boards. The top of its mouth is held open by the head ropes, swimming buoyant on lifting corks. Its bottom sweeps the sea's floor, weighted down by the heavy, thick sixty-five foot ground-ropes, burdened with chain. Surging ahead, we are hopeful that that yawning mouth is gathering fish by the score.

Unfortunately, there are other probable catches beside prime fish. The sea-bed here is littered with wreckage of aircraft, "doodlebugs" and ships. All sorts of curious objects get caught in the trawl and, only too often, the trawl itself is trapped fast and a total loss.

It takes a good skipper to know where the fish will be found and where wrecks may best be avoided. Bill is such a one. He has fished as a trawlerman since he was quite a small boy and his father was a fisherman, too. He wears gold earrings and he is steeped in the superstitions attached to his calling. I know that whistling aboard ship is likely to bring on a gale, but I had to learn that hatch covers turned upside down are fraught with ill omen, while as for rabbits—if you mention rabbits Bill will not let you on to his trawler. I wonder if this superstition by any chance dates from the Saracen corsairs, far-ranging seamen whose Moslem law, like the Mosaic, looked on rabbits and hares as "unclean."

Bill has fished for most of his fifty-odd years. He went to Dunkirk and St. Valérie. But even Bill had to leave fishing, the craft of which he is master, in the bad times before the war. Ridiculous as it appears when you see the man devoted to his destined task, Bill had to go to London to make what living he could in a stuffy and sterile factory.

The boom days are ending in Rye and hard times threaten again. Little by little even now the fleet is decreasing. Dogger Bank fishing is dropping is cutting off the rich inflow of fish. Deep-sea steam trawlers will soon be sweeping the Channel. Even now large French vessels

with fine mesh nets (much finer than we are allowed) are poaching busily. But chief complaint of the fishermen is what they consider to be the unfair Government control of fish prices. Before the war, sole and turbot were sold for as much as two guineas a stone, mainly to a privileged market of clubs and restaurants. Now these prime, fresh inshore fish are pooled and priced with fish caught by deep-sea trawlers, whose catch is ice-packed and arrives on the market in a very different condition from that of Rye. And the price is steadily dropping, while heavy expenses for loss and replacement of gear render profits less and less possible. Bill grumbles that, if things go on the way they are heading, once again there'll be only a couple of fishing vessels at Rye.

He is pulling on his oilskin jumper, a sign that he is going to haul in the trawl. I lash the wheel and run forward to bend the trawl warp round the capstan. Fathom on fathom of stiff rope is coiled away and presently the three of

kettlemar are set on one side to be sold as the crew's perquisite—for "storker" money which will be paid out as soon as our catch is disposed of.

Pay-day is Friday and pay is allotted for each catch divided by five. Two-fifths go to owner and upkeep of vessel, one-fifth to each of the three who make up the crew. A crew may make forty to seventy pounds between them on a good single day's catch, but this amount may have to carry them through for a month or longer of stormy weather and indifferent success. One post-war fisherman out of the Merchant Navy lost five sets of gear (value about twenty-five pounds a set) in the first six weeks of his fishing. But it is not always the novice who comes off worst. Bill, after fishing for a year without losing a trawl, lost two in ten days.

It is time to haul in the last trawl, to dish out the last round of sweet, hot tea and to make for the tide-filling harbour. The afternoon tide



THE RYE TRAWLER EXPERT UNLOADING HER CATCH

us crouch at the side, bending to grip the net as the *Expert* rolls over, holding with our rubber-clad knees what we have gained as she rolls away. It is hard, rough work, but at last the "cod-end" is heaved in sight, belled out with a tight mass of fish. The capstan swings it aloft. Presently out pour its riches, a flapping, slithering deluge of plaice and sole, skate and dogfish, through which wriggles a sinister conger.

The net is straightened up. No time is lost in shooting the trawl once again. Then, back on our course, we set down to gutting fish. In this there is a definite art. Bill grips a wriggling plaice, snicks it, and throws it cleanly into its appointed box in one compact lightning movement. I can't do as well as that, though I am learning fast. Cleaning skate is the most horrid task. Their fat lips have a sulky, disdainful expression. Gulls scream about us, delighted. We are all pleased. That last haul must have been twenty stone at the very least.

Last of the catch to be dealt with is an enormous creature, all head and no body, its mouth gaping like any lion's and on its top jaw a curious decoration or lure, a long, thin, glistly fishing-rod with a luminous tassel atop. This is a female angler-fish (the male is a pigmy in comparative size). Bill calls it a kettlemar and says it makes delicate eating. At last all the fish are disposed in their various boxes. The rough-skinned, spotted huss, skate and

must be caught or we shall be forced to stay out for another twelve hours. Rye trawlers sometimes remain at sea for twenty-four or even thirty-six hours. But, as a general rule, they sail in and out on the tide. The scattered boats draw together as they make for the harbour mouth. Soon we are in and jockeying our way up the last filling Rother towards the Strand. Many boats stay at the harbour, but the rest have a comical race, bumping and scraping on sandbanks and passing and repassing each other as the channels fill up from the sea. At last we tie up at our berth and heave the heavy fish-boxes on to the jetty. Gear stowed and hatches closed down, we drive our catch down to the Rye Fishermen Society's depot, where it is weighed and a check made out and handed to Bill.

We are free men now—for ten hours. The ground still rocks under my feet.

"I'm going to bed," Horace yawns. "You doing the same?"

Yes, I am when I've eaten my dinner (it's half-past four). We roll off to our various lodgings, to meet again at the boat in the darkness of morning. It's a good life—long may it continue; but if Bill and the fishermen like him are not to be thrown out of business the Government must give an ear to the case for the Rye trawlermen. At present this industry, like many another, is being strangled in the robot grip of controls.

COLLECTORS' QUESTIONS

OXFORD UNDERGRADUATES A CENTURY AGO

RECENTLY I acquired a set of four hand-painted prints entitled *The Drag of 1848*. I am enclosing a photograph of one of these, as I should be most interested if any of your readers could let me know by whom they were executed.

Two of the prints appear to be far finer than the other two, and I am wondering if there is a reason for this, as not only the execution but also the composition is better. It occurred to me that perhaps they were not by the same artist. Possibly it is a *Drag Hunt* of Oxford undergraduates, as there is a key on the reverse of three of them, one of which reads as follows:—

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------|
| 1. C. R. Winter, Esq. | B.N.C. |
| 2. R. Honywood, Esq. | Trin. |
| 3. R. Smith, Esq. | B.N.C. |
| 4. J. Allgood, Esq. | B.N.C. |
| 5. G. Hulbert, Esq. | Trin. |
| 6. E. H. Vyse, Esq. | Ch. Ch. |
| 7. G. A. Lawrence, Esq. | Balioi |
| 8. Ld. Darley | Ch. Ch. |
| 9. E. C. Bartlett Esq. | Ch. Ch. |
| 10. Ld. Ribblesdale | Ch. Ch. |
| 11. Anise Seed | |
| 12. Honble. C. Hanbury | B.N.C. |
| 13. C. Hutchinson, Esq. | B.N.C. |

Some of the followers occur in each picture, and among other names are *The Hon. G. E. Lascelles (Merton)* and *Lord Dunsany (Ch. Ch.)*.—PHILIP S. WATKINS, 39, Shortlands Road, Shortlands, Kent.

You evidently have the set of four hand-coloured aquatints of the Oxford Drag, which was published by J. Hyman of the High Street, Oxford, in November, 1848. The "prouds before letters" were each issued with a key-plate indicating the names and colleges of the undergraduates who appear in the various incidents of the hunt. The subjects were well painted in the traditional manner of the period, but the identity of the artist has never been firmly



THE OXFORD DRAG OF 1848. AQUATINT

See Question: Oxford Undergraduates a Century Ago.

established. His personal knowledge of each member of the Drag would suggest the probability of an artist of local repute—possibly a member of the University. The varying quality of the work may indicate the employment of two artists, a circumstance not uncommonly found in sporting prints of the nineteenth century. The set is rare and quite unknown to most collectors. A set from the renowned Schwerdt collection was sold at Sotheby's in 1939 for £21.

NICHOLAS-MARIE MORIOT

I should be grateful if you could give me any information about a Sèvres tea-service in my possession. I enclose a photograph of some of the pieces. The ground work is the usual deep Sèvres blue with garlands of flowers in enamel. There are fine miniatures surrounded by turquoise on the cups, tea-pot, milk jug and sugar basin. The saucers have painted garlands of flowers and the monograms of the ladies who are depicted on the cups. Each portrait is signed by the artist, Moriot, which is written in full on

one of the cups, though on the other pieces there are just his initials. They include *Marie Antoinette, Madame Elisabeth, Madame du Barry, Madame de Montespan* and others. Each saucer has a tiny hole drilled in the foot ring. I should be much interested to know whether other such tea-services are still in existence and whether anything is known of the miniature-painter, Moriot.—MARGARET FIFE (Mrs.), Nunington Hall, York.

A tea-service of Royal Sèvres porcelain bearing similar medallion portraits by Moriot, formerly at Park Hall, Nottingham, was considered important enough to warrant a full-page advertisement in an American art magazine. In the official list of artists employed at Sèvres until about 1850 Nicholas-Marie Moriot (1788-1852) is named as an eminent painter of medallion portraits who worked at the factory from about 1820 until 1844. From 1830 he was employed chiefly as a painter of feminine portraits upon table services destined for the royal and noble houses of France. His work at Sèvres was seldom signed, but, if so, it was either with his name or with the initials A. M. He decorated some of the finest vases produced at Sèvres during the Louis Philippe period (1830-1848). Early in 1844 Moriot established a rival porcelain factory in the Sèvres district, but lack of working capital compelled him to close in 1848, when he came associated with Jacob Petit. Porcelain from the Moriot factory bore great resemblance to that of Sèvres in form, design and decoration. Moriot porcelain lacked the Sèvres mark, but bore the mark Moriot.

Moriot's Sèvres productions were copied, complete with the Sèvres mark and Moriot's signature, during the 1830s by Thomas Randall of the Madeley Pottery, Shropshire, to the order of a dealer named Baldock in London. Also, acknowledged copies were made in the Potteries during the 1840s, French artist-copiers being employed. This latter ware was marked with the factory's own symbols so that it should not be confused with Sèvres.

Genuine Sèvres of the Restoration period usually has on cups, saucers and plates a tiny glazed hole drilled in the foot ring by which the pieces were hung during the second firing in the muffle kiln. When this hole is missing there is reason to think that the piece emanated either from Moriot's own factory or from Madeley.

A MORTAR OF 1842

In your issue of March 22 you published a letter from Mr. W. J. Hamp illustrating the marks on two old mortars of 1598 and 1658. I have a still older pestle and mortar. The mortar is 6 ins. in height, 7½ ins. across the top and 5½ ins. at the base. Cut in the bronze about half



PART OF A TEA-SERVICE SIGNED BY MORIOT

See Question: Nicholas-Marie Moriot.

an inch from the top, and extending all round is the inscription:—

PETRVS VANDEN GHEIN ME FECIT
MCCCCXLII.

I know nothing about this except that it has been in my family for a very long time, but I think it may be of interest to some of your readers, who perhaps could tell me something about it.—ELIZABETH TAYLOR, Arthingworth Rectory, Market Harborough, Leicestershire.

This Flemish mortar, dated 1542, originated in the foundry of Peter van der Ghein of Louvain, a bell-founder of some repute from about 1530 until 1560. This example appears to be a well-finished specimen belonging to the period when van der Ghein was using high quality bell-metal in his mortars and employing the most skilful workers he could obtain. Mortars from the van der Ghein foundry during the 1530s were decorated merely with two plain relief bands around the waist and the words inscribed around the rim in old German lettering ran together. From about 1540 he began to cater for the more expensive English market, decorating the waists of his mortars with highly ornamental bands, narrow to begin with, wider as the years progressed; also the words around the rim were separated.

Bell-metal mortars of all sizes, 2 lb. to 5 cwt., were imported by the merchants for sale to apothecaries, smaller sizes also being sold in great numbers to private houses. England as yet possessed no grinding machinery except for corn and heavy food-stuffs. Mortars were used for powdering spices, almonds, ginger, candy, herbs, etc. Bell-metal mortars were considered as articles of some value, usually being mentioned in contemporary inventories. One writer referred to an ordinary household bell-metal mortar as being worth a "ring of fine gold." The plain, single-ended pestle, shown in our correspondent's photograph, which we have not

reproduced, is also cast from bell-metal and is in period with the mortar.

PORTRAIT FOR IDENTIFICATION

I have an old oil painting, measuring 24 ins. by 29 ins., of an artist holding a brass charcoal holder in his right hand. (This is not clear in the photograph). I shall be very grateful if any of your readers can help me to establish the subject's identity and say whether it is a self-portrait or a portrait of an artist by a friend.

In your issue of September 21, 1945, there was a reproduction of a self-portrait of a younger man which you attributed to William Aikman. The clothes are similar and it might possibly be the same person. In my painting, the head-dress is brown streaked with gold and the coat is a dull brick red.

The firm that restored this painting for me some sixteen years ago suggested that it was early English and possibly a self-portrait by Jonathan Richardson. In Bryan's Dictionary, facing page 228, there is an illustration of a self-portrait by this painter, but I can see little facial resemblance with mine.

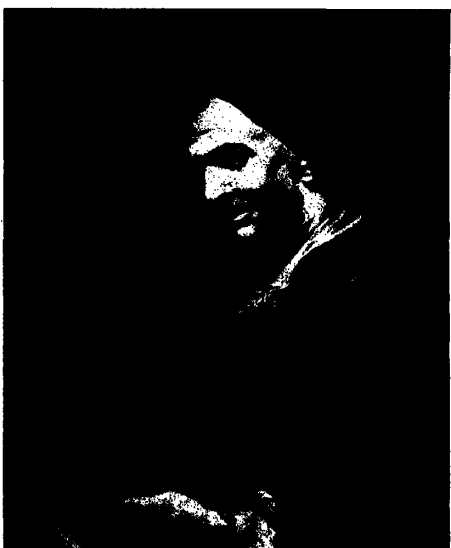
Other suggestions I have received are: (a) that it is by Alexis Grimoux; (b) that it is of Hogarth at an earlier age than the painting of this artist with a dog in the National Gallery; (c) that it is William Kent.

The face is a distinctive one and I feel that someone may be able to identify it without much difficulty.—LEONARD D. WOMERSLEY, Fryerning Green, Ingatstone, Essex.

While it is difficult to decide from a photograph whether this portrait is the work of a French or English painter, it certainly has the appearance of being a self-portrait. The sitter is not Hogarth, still less the artist. The features are not those of William Kent and the painting is too good to be by him; Kent was not much of a hand at portrait painting. There is a certain likeness to the portrait reproduced in our issue of September 21, 1945, and there identified as a self-portrait of William Aikman (1682-1731)—the nose and chin, in particular—but in this portrait the face is fuller. We shall welcome suggestions from readers.

A SHERATON DESIGN

Hunting in an old junk shop recently, I purchased a mirror, of which I enclose a photograph. The mirror, which still contains the original glass, slides up and down the



A SELF-PORTRAIT OF AN ARTIST?

See letter: Portrait for Identification.

pole, and is counter-balanced by a weight hidden in the tassel. The mirror itself can be made to tilt by a prop at the back, as shown in the drawing.

A-A are the two square brass fittings on which the mirror slides up and down. These are attached to a strip of mahogany (B-B) in which is inserted, with excellent workmanship, a mahogany tongue (D) pivoting on a pin E. The mirror is hinged at the top of B-B and provided with grooves in the wooden back. Thus the mirror can not only slide up and down but be tilted to any desired angle by using the tongue and grooves. To my mind this is a most elegant piece, and I am most curious to know to what period it belongs.—PETER E. R. LEVY, 18, Cumberland Street, Manchester, 3.

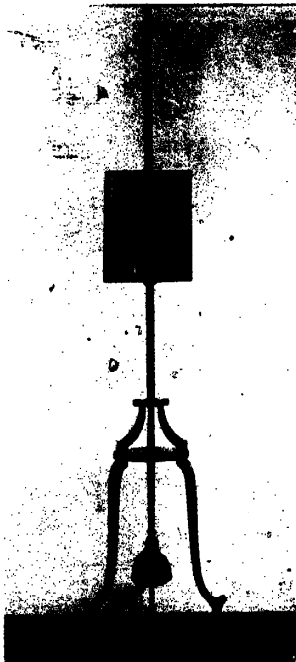
The tripod stand for this mirror closely resembles a design for a tripod fire screen illustrated in Sheraton's *Cabinet-maker's and Upholsterer's Drawing Book* (1791-94) and therefore dates from this time. In Sheraton's book the panel is always a screen, but it must have occurred to someone that the same design could be used equally well for an adjustable mirror. The weight counter-balance enclosed in a tassel is also illustrated in Sheraton's book.

COUNTRY CLOCK-MAKERS

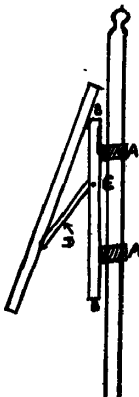
Could you give me any information about my old grandfather clock and the latest time at which it would have been made? It has an oak case and a brass dial with the inscription, "Time stayeth not," John Owen Llanrwst.—H. CRABTREE, Beach Lea, 3, Beach Avenue, Old Colwyn, North Wales.

John Owen of Llanrwst was a Welsh maker living about the middle of the eighteenth century. A record exists that he made the old town clock at Llanrwst, and in this town there is also a clock by him dated 1755. Several other clocks of this maker are known.

Questions intended for these pages should be forwarded to the Editor: COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, W.C.2, and a stamped addressed envelope enclosed for reply. In no case should originals be sent; nor can any valuation be made.



ADJUSTABLE MIRROR ON A TRIFOD
STAND. Circa 1796
See Question: A Sheraton Design.





1.—THE WIDE-SPREADING NORTH FRONT

THENFORD HOUSE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE—I

THE HOME OF MR. SPENCER SUMMERS

This fine Georgian house was built on a distinctly old-fashioned model circa 1763-65 by Michael Wodhull, last male representative of a family that were the mediæval lords of Odell in Bedfordshire. The identity of the unrecorded architect is discussed.

By ARTHUR OSWALD

THE great houses of Northamptonshire are deservedly famous and have often been illustrated and described. Burghley, Castle Ashby and Kington, Aithorp and Apethorpe, Boughton and Drayton, Easton Neston, the ruined Kirby Hall and the remnants of Holdenby House—to take only the best-known names—is to compile a catalogue of buildings celebrated alike for their architecture and for the part which their owners have played in English history. But Northamptonshire is equally rich in smaller houses, small not by present-day standards but in comparison with the giants. These are the squire's homes: Northamptonshire has been neatly described as the shire of spires and squires. These less known houses are especially numerous at the southern end of the county, in the area south-west of the line drawn by Watling Street, where Daventry lies near the northern border and Brackley by the southern. Some are old manor houses dating from times before the Civil War, others are "gentleman's seats" built in the eighteenth century, and Thenford, like Edgcote and Tusmore (just over the boundary, in Oxfordshire), is one of these latter.

The salient at the south-west tip of the county which bites into Oxfordshire has as its base the road running westward from Brackley to Banbury. It is a little to the north of this road, about midway between the two towns, that Thenford lies—its church in the hollow, the house on rising ground that enables it to be seen from the high road standing out against a wooded background. Coming from Brackley you turn right-handed down a narrow lane, dip into the hollow, and climb up the other side. A few stone cottages then appear and, on your right, old park trees screening the house, which you approach by a drive from the north-west. The wide-spreading front consisting of a centre block, crowned by a mansard roof and cupola, and pedimented wings linked to it on either side, seems to proclaim at first glance an early eighteenth century or even late seventeenth



2.—THE CENTRE FEATURE OF THE NORTH FACADE. ORANGE STONE WITH GREY LIMESTONE DRESSINGS

century building (Fig. 1). Actually the house was built in the 1780s, in what by London standards was then rather an old-fashioned style. The site was an entirely new one, on the brow of the hill, chosen for the view southward to command an open prospect down the slope to woods and water and the answering ridge beyond. Water as an element in the landscape was obtained by the damming of the rill in the valley, one of the little streams that flow southward into the Cherwell. Down by the lake and almost surrounded by trees is the church, and the old manor house stood close by. It was described by Bridges, the county historian, as "a seat of great antiquity, part of which was built in Queen Elizabeth's time." Here, for over two hundred years, lived the Wodhulls, who acquired Thenford by marriage towards the end of the fifteenth century. It was the last of them, Michael Wodhull, who built the new house on the hill.

During the Middle Ages Thenford consisted of two fees, one held of the Honour of Wallingford, the other of Wolverton in Buckinghamshire. In the Domesday survey they are represented by the hide of Robert d'Oyly, whose tenant was a certain Roger, and the hide of Maino, the lord of Wolverton. The Wolverton fee was held in the fourteenth century by the de Pabenhams, from whom it passed by an heiress to the Cheynes of Fen Ditton, Cambridgeshire. In Henry VIII's reign the Cheyne heiress married Thomas, second Baron Vaux of Harrowden, and their son in 1565 sold this manor to Fulk Wodhull, whose grandfather had become possessed of the other Thenford manor (the Wallingford fee) nearly a century earlier. The Robert d'Oyly, who figures in the Domesday entry, was the great Norman baron who built the castle at Oxford; he married Alditha, heiress of Wigod, the Saxon thane of Wallingford, Edward the Confessor's kinsman and cupbearer, and in addition to Wallingford received large grants of land in the Midlands. Early in the fifteenth century the Wallingford fee in Thenford was held by a family of the name of Langport or Lampport, from whom it passed to the Newnhams. Thomas Newnham died between 1460 and 1472, and it was his sister, Anne, who brought the manor by marriage to the Wodhulls.

As a claim to a peerage has several times been advanced by descendants of the Wodhulls—the last time in 1892—it is worth retracing our steps to discover the grounds on which it was based. The family obtained their name from Odell in Bedfordshire, variously spelt also as Wadell, Wauhull, Woodhill and Wodhull. Odell was the head of the fief granted at the Conquest to Walter Flandrensis or le Fleming, from whom the Wodhulls were descended in a direct line. To this barony was attached the liability of providing castle-guard at Rockingham. In Plantagenet times the Wauhulls, to use the earlier spelling of the name, are found paying baronial reliefs and performing baronial services; Walter de Wauhull, his son, John, and grandson, Thomas, all received baronial writs of summons either from Henry III or Edward I. But when the Wauhull peerage claim was heard in 1892, it was held that none of these writs could be certainly established as a summons to Parliament, and that most of them were definitely for military service. The pronouncement of Coke and repeated decisions of the House of Lords have made the right to a peerage to consist in summons to Parliament by writ and in sitting in Parliament by virtue of the summons. As proof was lacking that the Wauhulls had ever sat in Parliament, the claim broke down, but there can be no doubt that the lords of Odell held the rank of *barones majores*.

Fulk Wodhull, who married Anne Newnham, the Thenford heiress, succeeded to his father's lands and dignity in 1490. He was followed by his son, Nicholas, and grandson, Anthony. The latter died as a young man in 1542, leaving as his heir a daughter, who married Richard Chetwood of Pateshull. Their son, Sir Richard Chetwood, presented a petition to James I claiming the barony, but was fobbed off with the offer of a new peerage, which he refused. The claim was renewed by his descendants in 1739, 1831, 1880 and finally in 1892, when the claimant was John Chetwood-Aiken. On the death of Anthony Wodhull in 1542, Thenford did not go to his daughter but passed to his younger brother, Fulk, who was still a minor at the

of 13th- and early 14th-century date, this is a pleasant little village church interior, in which an early screen and 15th-century pews have escaped the restorers. In the east window of the north aisle some fragments of old glass remain—part of a St. Anne with the Virgin and a bishop with a crozier. An attractively painted board (Fig. 7) records the fact that the church was "repaid & beautified" in 1701 at the expense of John Tooley, lime merchant of the City of London, but the beautifications, whatever they were, have been swept away.

Michael Wodhull, the builder of the present house, was in the fifth generation from the Elizabethan Fulk, son of John Wodhull, whom he succeeded in 1754 when



3.—FROM THE NORTH-EAST. THE DESIGN WITH ITS CUPOLA HARKS BACK TO THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

time. He was the first of the family to make Thenford his home and as he lived until 1813, he held the property for over 70 years. In 1565 he rounded off his estate, as we have seen, by purchasing from Lord Vaux the other Thenford manor. It was he who rebuilt, at least in part, the old manor house by the church. The mullioned windows at the back of the laundry (Fig. 8) and of the old kitchen wing and some panelling in the room below the cupola were saved from the old building and re-used.

The arched wall tomb with the effigy of an Elizabethan in the north aisle of the church is probably that of Fulk Wodhull, although no inscription now remains (Fig. 10). Mainly

a boy of fourteen. None of his predecessors had made his mark outside the county, unless we except Fulk the third (1585-1661), who was a lawyer of the Middle Temple; they seem to have passed their lives contentedly as country squires. But Michael Wodhull made his name as a man of letters and bibliophile, and as such has found a niche in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Tall and handsome, a man of liberal, even radical views for his time—as a school-boy at Winchester he was called "the long-legged Republican"—he devoted his long life to literary pursuits and the collection of a large library of early printed books. He was an accomplished Greek scholar and translated



4.—A DISTANT VIEW OF THE HOUSE ON THE BROW OF THE HILL



5.—WISTARIA ON THE SOUTH FRONT



6.—THE LAUNDRY BLOCK AND SCREEN WALLS

the whole of Euripides into English verse; he was also the author of a very dull volume of poems.

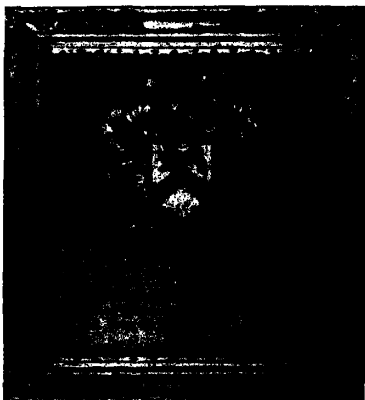
Soon after coming down from Oxford, when he was still writing and publishing odes, he decided to build himself a new house. Baker, the third and most voluminous of the county historians, gives the year of erection as "about 1765," and this date appears on a lead rain-water cistern now standing on the island of grass in front of the main entrance. It is probable, however, that this was the year when the building was completed. Unfortunately, Baker makes no mention of Wodhull's architect. Whoever he may have been, it is evident that he was out of touch with the latest architectural fashions. By the early seventeen-sixties Robert Adam's innovations had begun and even by the standards of the later Palladians—Sir William Chambers, Sir Robert Taylor and James Paine—the design is antiquated. Indeed, the centre block with its mansard roof and cupola, harks back to the late 17th-century type of house, of which Coleshill is the exemplar, while the box-like wings with their pedimented roof and lean-tos continuing the triangular motive are reminiscent of Kent.

In considering possible names and analogies with other houses in the neighbourhood, Oxford and Warwick suggest themselves as the likeliest centres to which Michael Wodhull might have gone for his architect. At Oxford he might have come across Henry Keene, who was responsible for most of the work done there in the later 'sixties. In Buckinghamshire Keene had already built the town hall at High Wycombe; he also made the alterations and additions to Hartwell House, near Aylesbury, his estimate (which was sold with the Hartwell Papers at Sotheby's in March, 1939) being dated 1761. The three-sided bays on the south front of Thenford have their counterparts at Hartwell, but what may be a tell-tale feature is the blind balustrade which appears under the sills of the three centre windows on the north front (Fig. 2). This motive, which Isaac Ware worked into the front of Chesterfield House, having borrowed it from William Kent, was used by Keene both at High Wycombe and at Hartwell House, where the windows are similarly decked out with pediments, consoles and pulvinated friezes. The Hartwell elevations also show the same double banding of the elevations with a thin course at sill level and a thicker one below.

On the other hand, Edgcote, only four or five miles away, also discloses analogies with Thenford. There William Smith (son of Francis Smith) of Warwick was engaged in 1745 when work was begun on the stables; on his death two years later, however, a William Jones (who may have been identical with the architect of that name who designed the amphitheatre at Ranelagh Gardens) succeeded him and brought the building to completion in 1753. William Smith was also joint-architect of Kirtlington in Oxfordshire, which was carried on after his death by John Sanderson. Before Thenford was built the brothers Horn, William and David, had succeeded to the Smiths' practice at Warwick, and were extensively employed in the West Midlands, notably at Kyre Park, Worcestershire, Foremark Hall, Derbyshire and in rebuilding the church at Daventry. Some of the chimneypieces at Thenford are very similar to two which were supplied by the Horns to the owner of Kyre in 1768. Where all is conjecture, the balance of probability is weighted in favour of Keene, but possibly the Horns supplied some of the woodwork for the interior.

The stone used for the walls of the house

is the local stone of rich orange hue from the middle lias beds, but grey limestone by way of contrast was reserved for the dressings. The north front forms a far-fung composition, the kitchen and laundry blocks being linked by screen walls hiding the yards. These little pavilions, clasped by neatly channelled quoins, have the squareness and primness of dolls' houses (Fig. 6). The screen walls are treated as blind arcades, again reminiscent of Kent. The façade of the main block has a quality and beauty of texture (Figs. 2 and 3) that overcome its rather obvious imperfections, which become apparent at the roof level. In the houses of the Coleshill type the lantern with its cupola is set above a hipped roof often surrounded by a balustrade and firmly based on a flat platform, but the designer of Thenford, having decided on a cupola or been told to design one, interrupted his mansard roof to accommodate it, and there it sits not altogether comfortably. Moreover, the pediment and cornice are not nearly bold enough; yet from a distance the whole effect is not unsatisfactory. Variation in the design of the windows was obtained by adding to the architraves and simple cornices of those on the ground floor a frieze and consoles for those on the floor above, the three in the centre being further embellished with the pediments and blind balustrades already noted.



7.—PAINTED BOARD RECORDING REPAIRS TO THE CHURCH IN 1701

In the pediment is a cartouche surmounted by the Wodhull crest, but the three crescents of the coat are too worn to be clearly visible.

Going round to the south front, we may note on the way the design of the chimneys. These are set on the end walls above curved gable-like features (Fig. 8). The south front, with its two projecting bays (Fig. 5) is in marked contrast to the main façade—for it is only at a distance that the top of the cupola can be seen rising above the roof (as in Fig. 4); from close at hand it is invisible and the pavilions are hidden by high walls. The treatment used on this garden side is much more in the manner of the time. A further variation in the design of windows appears, those not accented with cornices or pediments having keystones interrupting the architraves—a feature that occurs at Edgcote and on the end elevations of Kirtlington.

A fine wistaria clothes the lower part of the walls, whose rich warm stonework, facing the sun, seems to throb and glow on a bright summer's day. A semi-circular expanse of lawn spreads out in front of the house and then the ground drops sharply away into the valley. On either side, to east and west, are belts of fine old trees—great oaks, elms, horse chestnuts, beeches and conifers, too—while nearer at hand on the edge of the lawn grows a strangely contorted cedar, leaving a window through which we can take a parting glimpse of the house (Fig. 9).

In a second article the interior will be described.



8.—THE LAUNDRY BLOCK AND THE WEST END OF THE HOUSE
Showing mullioned windows from the old house re-used



9.—THROUGH THE "EYE" OF AN OLD CEDAR



10.—IN THENFORD CHURCH. THE TOMB ON THE LEFT IS PROBABLY THAT OF FULK WODHULL (DIED 1613)

FOUR BAGS OF ANTHRACITE

By ROBERT HUNTER

COOKING is undoubtedly the housewife's job, but the actual victualling may sometimes be the man's. That is why I became involved in the Battle of the Anthracite.

Not so very long ago there was a definite shortage of anthracite, not only in England but also in Eire, where I rent a cottage. It is a charming cottage, right on the shores of a mountain-locked bay, where sea-trout and salmon leap within a stone's throw of the cottage; sea-trout and salmon that are asking to be captured. But what is the good of capturing fish if you can't cook them?

The cottage possesses one of these splendid modern cookers with levers and ovens and grids and things. It needs, however, anthracite or coke to keep it alive, and these were precisely what we could not get, at least not in any appreciable quantity. We switched from cooker to primus, but the latter needs paraffin and that, too, was difficult to obtain; we tried past but it was not a success. Those sea-trout and salmon continued to pass before our very eyes, my rods and nets continued to hang unused on wall or trestle. The situation had become maddening.

I then remembered that I owned a small dump of anthracite, but it was in England and the south of England at that. We decided it was worth it. I got my sailing ticket in a matter of weeks; and over to England I went.

The anthracite was still there, just where it had been dumped when the house it belonged to had been sold. It was a smaller dump than I had expected; perhaps the stuff evaporates if it is left untended, and within a few yards of the road, for five years, I reckoned I could get four full bags of it; this was certainly worth having.

Being innocent of England and her ways I started to look round for sacks, till a kindly stranger informed me that before I could shift even a nugget of that anthracite a permit would be necessary. I approached the nearest office. I was told, could be found in the City of London.

I daresay it could be found, and it was found, but it took the whole of a time. It is kind of Londoners to tell one the way, but they should not mention so many streets the stranger has never heard of. I hit upon the building by chance and by nothing else.

It was, in point of fact, the only building still standing in a veritable sea of ruins. I wondered if the German airmen had left this particular edifice intact for subtle reasons, but dismissed the thought from my mind. It was undoubtedly chance that had brought me to the spot and chance that had left the building intact.

A painted "Enquiries" took me to a large unoccupied room, occupied by two girls and a telephone. I approached the girls, hat in hand.

"I would like to put to you a hypothetical question," I began.

"A what?"

"A hypothetical question. Supposing a man had some bags of anthracite to shift to Eire, would that be possible?"

"Shift where?"

"To Eire—England."

"How many bags?"

"Say—four."

"One moment, please." They grabbed the telephone and my hypothetical question was put to an invisible deity at the invisible end of the telephone line.

The girls turned to me and their words filled an apprehensive heart with joy. "No export licence is required." But then, as if joy was out of place in Government offices, they added: "You must go to the Ministry of Fuel and Power, Millbank."

On my reaching the Ministry (it seemed at the other end of London), a polite official asked me my business, and on hearing the word anthracite directed me to another building round the corner.

Here I came across a cheerful lift-boy who

said, "Coal for Ireland? Might be first, second, third or fourth floor. Let's try them all."

No one on the first or second floors seemed the least bit interested in either Ireland or coal, but on the third—or was it fourth?—I felt I was getting warmer. I saw a notice—"Mines."

The man I met was young and keen. I decided to fish wet fly, plunging my hook under the water rather than dap with hypothetical questions.

"I wish to send some anthracite to Eire. Please let me have a permit."

He looked quizzically at me. "Anthracite to Ireland. How many tons?"

"Hardly tons," I smiled. "Just four bags."

He smiled too. Clearly here was a lunatic; a man who amused himself by sending shovelfuls of coal round the world. But then he paused. The coal was being exported to Ireland. If one man was allowed to send four bags, perhaps everyone in England would want to send four bags. With a population of some forty-six million the sum total of bags exported would reach the 180 million mark; a very large amount.

"It is extremely doubtful if you can be granted a permit."

"But could an exception not be made in my case? Only four bags, you know."

The clerk told me that my application in writing, giving the fullest possible details in substantiation of my request. I took the next train back to my temporary abode, filled with the highest expectations. At the local station I asked the stationmaster if he or his railway would have any objection to forwarding four bags of anthracite to Ireland. The man informed that nothing would give the railway greater pleasure than to forward my four bags to Ireland. I then went off to write the letter.

It was a sad and solemn missive that I wrote. I explained how, after so many years of Service life, I needed food and how my medical advisers had told me that food must be properly cooked. I explained that it was impossible to cook food without fuel for the cooker. I swore that I would die of starvation rather than rob one British citizen of a nugget of his anthracite, but that the anthracite in question happened to be my own. I injected all the emotion at my command into the letter and a lump came to my throat as I wrote the moving words.

Within ten days I received a reply. My application had been granted. The letter was my authority, and it should be shown to the Customs officials at point of shipment. Well done, Ministry of Fuel and Power! My anthracite was as good as shipped. There remained but the question of packing.

No one seemed to know where I could get sacks. I tried the coalman, the railway, the transport people. It amazed me to find bags were so scarce. I had seen them lying about all over the place in Eire. Finally I went to a nearby farmer. The old man told me he had no sacks (though he was standing on some at the time); the young man, who was escorting a lady vet. round his calf sheds, said he might be able to help if I cared to wait.

He produced some sacks, which were so rotten that I decided to use them double. I went off in high glee with eight sacks under my arm. I had, however, forgotten about string and a packing needle.

It meant a trip to London. The people round Victoria had never heard of packing needles, but I ran one to ground in a small shop in Shaftesbury Avenue. That evening I started in on bagging the anthracite. It was hard at it when a car drove in at the gate a few yards from where I was working. I thought the driver looked in my direction rather oddly, but I was too busy with my job to pay much attention.

A few minutes later I was aware of a voice at my back which said, "Perhaps you would be good enough to let me know who you are and what you are doing here?"

I went on with my task but replied, "I'm bagging up some anthracite, for Ireland."

"How interesting," continued the voice. "I suppose the stuff belongs to you?" I turned my head at this and saw the driver of the car. "Of course it's my own. I don't bag other people's anthracite," I said.

"Well, I know nothing about it," the man went on.

"Why should you?" I curtly replied, when a thought came to me. "You're not the new owner, by any chance, are you? I heard he hadn't taken possession yet."

"Then you heard wrong. I have been here two weeks."

I apologised that I had not been up to the house, but assured him I thought it was empty. He accepted my explanation with a rather ill grace, murmuring something about the moveables admittedly not being his property, but did I call anthracite dumps moveable?

I said that I did, seeing that I was in process of moving one now: he grunted and turned away. I went on with my work, relieved to think that I lived in Eire, and was nothing more than a temporary neighbour to this rather grumpy landowner.

We had some difficulty in getting those sacks into the lorry, for the railway people had sent a weedy youth of eighteen. I thought of appealing to my new acquaintance the landowner, but decided against it. I then got hold of a friend who lived nearby. He was on sick leave after flu, but I persuaded him that I would do the work if he would simply hold the sack ears. This he agreed to do. He coughed once or twice, and looked a bit pale, but we got the bags in.

My next move was to the railway station. Flourishing my permit before the stationmaster, I said I wanted the stuff forwarded to F.D.

"Just a moment! I will ring to find the exact procedure."

I waited in this office while he rang a man called George who told him to ring W.O. It took ten minutes to get on to W.O. and the man there told him to ring C.N. and C.N. said he should ring R.L. and R.L. said he should ring W.O. On telling R.L. that he had already rung W.O., R.L., obviously hedging, asked for the exact wording of the permit, which they then decided was insufficient. The stationmaster asked to whom application should be made and was told to ring again in the afternoon.

When I went back in the afternoon the stationmaster said R.L. had told him I must go to the Export Licensing Department. I seized the telephone and told R.L. I was fed up with them; that I had been to the Export Licensing Department and the Minister of Fuel and that everything was in order. I put all the severity I could muster into my final words. "Will you now please authorise the forwarding of those four bags to F.D.?" R.L. agreed to do this.

I had to wait another day before I could get the rates out of the stationmaster. They were one hundred and one shillings and five pence per ton, booked through to destination in Eire, and the weight of the four sacks came to seven hundredweight, two quarters and eleven pounds. The stationmaster explained he was just then working it out, so I said I would do it too.

It is a long time since I did a sum of this sort. In fact I don't think I have done one since I left school, and that was a very long time ago. I just couldn't remember how many pence went to a quarter and had to appeal to the stationmaster. Reaching the answer I needed I found it was quite different from his, which he had worked out by a method of his own.

So great was the difference that we called in a third party in the shape of a chauffeur waiting for his boss to get back from London. He got a different result from each of ours, and after doing it all over again and still reaching different results, we struck an average between

the three. I forgot what it came to, but know it was a great deal more than I cared—or expected—to pay.

I wrote to the Customs at F.D. that night enclosing the permit and expressing the hopes that the anthracite would be quickly dispatched to Eire. Three weeks later I was myself a passenger on a train that took me to F.D. There I had time to call at the Customs before the ship left.

There were courteous and anxious to oblige. I was taken from Passengers' Baggage to Marine. From Marine One I went to Marine Two, but so far no Mariners had heard of a word about my anthracite. At Marine Three I met a man who remembered my letter, and with the help of a girl, he waded through a stack of buff folders till he came to one, in the middle of which he placed a finger.

"Four bags of anthracite, marked as you describe, were shipped to Waterford on the sixteenth."

"Shipped where?" I cried.

"To Waterford."

"But they were marked Cork. I marked them myself."

"The bags were shipped to Waterford. Why they were shipped to Waterford when they were marked Cork I do not know. That is for the railway people to explain."

I slept ill on board that night. What hope had I of recovering my anthracite which had gone to Waterford, when it should have gone to Cork? None! I might just as well never have troubled to ship the stuff.

On reaching my destination, I approached the agent, the man to whom the anthracite had been consigned. He was as sad as I was about it. Three telegrams had already been sent to Waterford. No doubt the stuff would come in time. In time! Ah!—but Time was made for slaves and in Eire we are free.

I went daily in to town. No. The stuff had not yet come. To-morrow perhaps. Always to-morrow. The primus stoves worked overtime, the beautiful little cooker was put on the unemployed list. Indignation became my master. The salmon continued their leaps; passing sea-trout stopped to wink at me.

Then, when I was in town one day, Eileen Downey sidled up to me. Eileen is our fishmonger and paraffin dealer. In her spare time she is bookies' clerk, vegetable hawker, sweep-stake ticket purveyor, and other things as well.

She whispered in my ear. "If 'tis anthracite that you be wanting. I could be getting you some that would be warming the very heart. 'Tis indaid lovely stuff; shines like the best polished boots."

"Very kind of you, Eileen, I'm sure, but we can't do a deal to-day."

"'Tis a pity, sorr, 'tis indaid lovely stuff."

On my way to the agent Jack Lynch approached, and then John Tobin, and Paddy Hurley. Would I be wanting any anthracite? "Grand stuff—best in the whole country."

I am not so naïve as might appear. I hastened my steps. The agent met me with the words: "The anthracite has come," and my reply was "Get it out of town."

He told me it was after being on the way. I jumped on my cycle and pedalled furiously all the way home.

They arrived three days later, my four bags of anthracite—or rather the remnants of them. There they were, lying biggledy-piggledy one on top of another, ears torn, holes in the sides, a very mockery of their former selves; thin, emaciated skeletons; that's all they were.

I was in town a few days later, Eileen Downey came up to me. "Is it sartain, sorr, you would not be wanting anthracite? There would be still a little left. 'Tis indaid lovely stuff; shines like the best polished boots."

We did a deal together. I had to pay through the nose for what I knew perfectly well to be my own anthracite. The cooker is working again. Sea-trout no longer stop to wink at me.

BLOODSTOCK NOTES

WILL THE MATCHEM LINE REVIVE?

THE success of Lady Zia Wernher's horse Precipitation as sire, as illustrated by the victories of Chamossaire in the substitute St. Leger of last year, and those of the big grey, Airborne, in the real Derby and St. Leger of this year, have raised hopes among breeders that at last the seemingly long lost tail-made line of Matchem will be revived and that once again there will be horses in England of sufficient stamina to resist all foreign competition.

Early in the present century the line, which descends from Matchem through the first triple-crown winner, West Australian; Solon; the unbeaten Barchinade; Marco and Marcoville, seemed in danger of extinction, but just then there came a horse—somewhat analogous to his son, the Precipitation of to-day—which not only revived the line but added lustre to its name. The horse was Hurry On and round his name there is a great turf romance.

At the dawn of the century there was living on the Cotswolds, in the vicinity of Cheltenham, a Mr. W. Murland. His hobby was, like that of many other Cheltonians, steeple-chasing, and he was closely associated with Bob Gore, who later became famous as the trainer of the Grand National winners Jerry M. and Covent-coat, but was then riding for Mr. Murland as an amateur, under the name of Mr. C. Hill. He earned his first bracket—under this name and in the Murland colours—on Marcus at a Cheltenham meeting.

In 1904 and in the course of his chasing activities, Bob Gore visited Lingfield and there purchased a yearling filly called Tout Suite for 105 gns., on behalf of Mr. Murland. Except that she was by the Derby winner, Sainfoin, had been bred by Prince Soltykoff, and had at his death the year previously been sold with her dam, Star (by Thurio), for 80 gns., there was nothing remarkable about her. A miserable-looking little thing that was not even big enough for Northolt—if there had been a Northolt in those days—she seemed hardly worth the cost of her fare home. Still Tout Suite travelled to the

Cotswolds; never saw a racecourse; bred two small winners to unknown sires; and in 1912 she was mated with the Cambridgeshire winner, Marcoville, whose fee was 45 sows, and a guinea for the groom. She produced a chestnut colt.

This colt, which was then as coarse and clumsy as his dam had been weedy and small, was sent to the July Sales of 1914 and was knocked down to Mr. James Buchanan, later Lord Woolavington, for 500 gns., and wended his way to Rockhampton to rest in the charge of Fred Darling.

Treated with the care and patience that is associated with this trainer's name, he never ran as a two-year-old, but, as Hurry On, came out in June, 1916, and between then and the end of the season won all his six races. These included the substitute St. Leger, the Newmarket St. Leger and the Jockey Club Cup, of £3,248.

Retired to the Lavington Park Stud under the management of Brig.-General Turner and the care of George Shaw, in 1918 he begot the Derby winner Captain Cuttle from the first mare, Bellavista, that he covered, and until he

was put away on March 11, 1936, sired the winners of 369 races, which included two One Thousand Guineas; three Derbys; two Oaks and one St. Leger, of, in all, £236,215½ in prize-money. In 1926—Coronach's year—he headed the list of the sires of winners; in 1922 and 1927 he filled the second place and in 1928 and 1929 his name occupied the third position. Not such a bad performance as a whole for a five-hundred guinea yearling.

Unfortunately none of Hurry On's sons—the best of whom were chestnuts in contradistinction to his daughters, the best of whom, with the exception of Plack, were either bays or browns—was successful as a stallion. Captain Cuttle, which was sold, so it is said, for £50,000 to go to Italy, died there from an accident before he could prove his value. Coronach, save perhaps for the French-bred mare, Corrida, never sired anything of first-class quality and Call Boy—sold privately for £80,000—was often infertile.

So just before the war, the Matchem-Weet Australian tail-made line that had been resurrected by Hurry On seemed in danger of extinction.

Then came Brown Jack's owner, Lady Zia Wernher, with a mare called Double Life, which was by Bachelor's Double, cost 600 gns. as a yearling and won the Cambridgeshire and five other races.

At the time a six-year-old with one foal to her credit, she was mated with Hurry On, which was then in his nineteenth year. The result was Precipitation, which, as a three-year-old, won five races off the reel and put the seal upon his racecourse fame by scoring in the Victor Wild Stakes, the Queen's Prize and the Ascot Gold Cup as a four-year-old.

Like all Hurry On's other good sons, a chestnut, he won altogether £18,418 in stakes and now he and his sons, Chamossaire and Airborne in particular, are the hopes of the resurrection of the staying tail-made line of Matchem. Royston.

A contemporary painting of Matchem is reproduced on page 632.



HURRY ON

MOTOR NOTES

PROBLEMS OF THE CITY MOTORIST

By J. EASON GIBSON

THE problems besetting the average motorist in a large city, particularly London, become increasingly difficult to solve. The fact is that London is rapidly becoming unable to carry the volume of traffic wishing to use the roads, and garage space is not available for cars to be kept in safety at night. Allied to these difficulties is the question how long, while motoring in London, it is possible to avoid some infringement of the traffic and parking regulations.

The Home Secretary recently announced that the total of motoring cases heard in the London courts in one month this year was 7,386, compared with 3,168 for the same month in 1945. Such an increase may be due, in some measure, to the growing number of cars on the road, but one is equally justified in wondering whether it points to a revival of the old attitude of the police towards motorists. Anyway, in London, with its inadequate parking facilities, badly signed one-way routes, and general complexity it will be little wonder if the number of petty cases does increase.

The difficulties facing the motorist wishing to find garage accommodation for his car have now reached, practically speaking, insolubility in present conditions. Owing to the very widespread war-time damage to private lock-ups in residential areas, and to the use of so many by non-motorists as furniture stores, plus the use by the Government and the L.C.C. of many large public garages, many motorists are compelled to leave their cars out in the open at night, with consequent risk of damage and pilfering.

It appears difficult to justify the retention by the authorities, under powers granted during the war, of public garages which grew through the support of the private motorist and of which he is now denied the use. Anyone who uses his car much for business in London cannot leave them unattended in certain areas not always possible to avoid, by the wanton damage to which his car is exposed if left unattended for any length of time. To return from a business call to find the car dented by some little hooligan, and then to be rebuked by the police for a parking offence, requires a degree of self-control which I, for one, lack. What is needed is a complete change in the official attitude towards motorists; it cannot be described at the moment as helpful. An alleviation of the problems could be achieved immediately if the public garages were cleared for the motorist's use, and if a drastic overhauling of the one-way traffic routes were undertaken.

Those who travel a good mileage on the roads to-day will have observed the low standard of driving apparent among many drivers. One particular fault I have noticed frequently is their inability to judge the width of their cars. It is obvious from the manner in which they motor happily along with their near-side anything from 3 ft. to 4 ft. from the kerb. The result is that on a three-way arterial road their off-side wheels are well over the line of demarcation. The whole purpose of the three-way road is to reserve the centre, or fast lane, for fast traffic. An even more worrying feature is that "the fastest car is safest in front of you."

The worrying feature of this particular fault is that most of its perpetrators appear to be blithely ignorant of their shortcomings. It is admitted that many motorists to-day regard their cars merely as a means of transport, but how much more interest they would get out of their motoring if they tried to drive better and more skilfully every time they went out, and if they took a really intelligent interest in improving their driving. In racing, when competitors habitually drive to fractions of an inch, it is a crime to baulk the faster man; how much more necessary is this attitude on the crowded main roads where there is a variable degree of skill among the drivers?

Another point I have noticed is the reclining position adopted by some drivers, usually with one hand resting negligently on the steering-wheel rim. Even if one or two individual cars tend to encourage this attitude it is obviously quite easy to rectify matters with a well-placed cushion. If guilty drivers "sat up and took notice" they would be in less danger of hearing the nurse say to them one day "Sit up and take notice."

I am reminded, by the foregoing mention of motor racing, of a point not perhaps fully realised here, although very apparent on the Continent. It is the very poor show put up this season in events on the international calendar by British entrants. Many people are apt to dismiss this matter with a shrug of the shoulders, and the comment that while it may be annoying from the sporting point of view it has no importance for them personally, the industry, or the nation.

With the exception of Britain and the U.S.A., all countries regard racing success as a criterion of the excellence or otherwise of a nation's products. A prominent newspaper in Buenos Aires recently published an article praising the technical excellence and imaginative design of Italian cars while dismissing British products as being ten years out of date with bodies like those of taxi-cabs. This opinion is likely to alter little when the only European entries for two South American races in October come from Italy.

How many people realise that of the eleven racing-car events held in Europe since the war ended, Italian cars have won ten, while the eleventh was won by a British car? And in that event the entry was mediocre as neither of the Italian teams was running. In these eleven events, apart from the single victory, British cars have obtained two sixth places.

In one of the most recent races, the Grand Prix des Nations at Geneva, the first five places were filled by Italian cars. The few individual drivers who are trying to show the flag overseas are faced with great difficulties, as there is no place in this country where they can test their cars before going abroad to compete against full-scale factory teams, backed by all the organisation behind the scenes required to ensure success.

I admit that I am an enthusiast for, and

a believer in the value of, racing, but I would be glad if some business man could convince me that this appalling show is good either for our export trade or for our prestige as a nation.

Watching the change-over from war to peace-time production is always interesting, and I was pleased to be invited recently by Messrs. Hooper and Co., Ltd., the coach-builders, to inspect their factories now changing from the production of Mosquito aircraft to the building of coachwork.

The comparison between the methods of constructing Mosquito aircraft and coachwork was most instructive. On the Mosquito the construction is of laminated wood, and I was surprised at the extent to which glue is employed. To ensure accuracy and conformity with standard, jigs are utilised extensively. On coachwork, however, practically everything is done by hand, starting with the building of the wooden frames, through the panel-beating, and right up to the final polishing.

One car which I examined closely was an example of artistry; although a large car designed to carry eight people, the lines and the perfect proportions combined to avoid giving the impression of great size.

All body-work being built by this firm now features concealed running-boards; while the windows, partition, and rear-blind are electrically operated.

A booklet recently issued by the Royal Automobile Club proposes the provision of roadside rests at well-known beauty spots in various parts of the country. The R.A.C. suggests that these should consist of a parking place, a shelter, and seats arranged to offer a view of the surrounding scenery. The funds necessary for a scheme of this nature need not be large, and the project may appeal to the Ministry of Town and Country Planning, in consultation with the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, and other interested bodies sufficiently to warrant the necessary steps being taken to provide some such amenity. Rests on similar lines have been in use for some time in the U.S.A. and have proved very popular.

The suggestion by the R.A.C. that the rests might take the form of war memorials would surely prevent the vandalism and litter that so often mar beauty spots open to the public.

A COUNTRYWOMAN'S NOTES

By EILUNED LEWIS

TO go in search of times lost, and find on the way sensations almost forgotten these many years, is one recipe for a good holiday. My own door into the pleasant past was an early morning's cub-hunting on foot with a Welsh pack. Not for many years had I risen by daylight, except for the disagreeable necessity of catching a train; but to steal out of a sleeping house on pleasant bent, with Orion shining low on the horizon, to see the sun come up behind Plynlimon and hear the first cock crow across the Bog is to taste the enviable freedom of a disembodied spirit. No one at that hour of the day could reasonably be expected to undertake any task or perform the slightest duty.

Our way led up a rutted drive between overgrown rhododendrons to the long grey line of a house as Welsh in appearance as the black cattle browsing before its closed windows. But if the face of the house lay under an enchantment of silence and slow time, the back was clamorous with running water where a stream rushed headlong past the cobbled courtyard and under an old stone bridge to lose itself in trees.

Such amber-lit, peaty water, and such peace and beauty of straight-grown oaks and ash trees as to cast a spell even on a fox-hunter at half-past six in the morning!

We were early. Hounds were still in kennel and the sound of their impatience reached us where we waited in the stable yard in company with eight or nine of this season's hound puppies not yet put out to walk, several hens, a tabby cat and a litter of hill-pigs. The appearance of the Master, in her dusty velvet cap and pink coat faded to tangerine, put an end to these gambols, but only for a time. We watched horses and hounds make their way up a muddy lane to the nearest covert, and then followed decorously with five puppies and half the litter of pigs at our heels. Cat and hens wisely stayed behind.

They were drawing a great wood of oak and beech, and from the edge of it two buzzards rose suddenly, mewing indignantly, lashed the clear air with their powerful wings, and then wheeled on their way to some unfrequented crag. They had been roused from their night's roosting and somehow it was pleasant to reflect that we

had been up and about before the buzzards. The sound of the whip's encouraging voice grows distant in the bracken wood; blue smoke rises from the cottages, and the streak of distant sea grows brighter; the postman comes down the road on his bicycle, and the youngest puppy sits back and scratches himself. For no good reason at all we feel extraordinarily happy.

WHEN so much is being said about the fate of famous ruined abbeys, it is interesting to visit all that is now left of Strata Florida, the great Cistercian House on the banks of the Teifi. Low as are the remaining walls, it is possible, thanks to the plan of the Abbey of Worcester, to trace the plan of the Abbey Church, although green turf, carefully mown, carpets the long length of the nave and harebells grow on the tombs of monks and prelates and royal princes of Deheubarth. Yet much remains to baffle the imagination—glazed tiles on the floor of the presbytery and side chapels, leaden tiles in the cloisters, the Norman archway framing the bare hills that sweep towards Radnorshire and Brecon.

THREE SHOTS — A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

I SUPPOSE it is a fact, and if so I think it a regrettable one, that for golfers of the highest class there hardly exists to-day such a thing as a three-shot hole. In the Open Championship at St. Andrews we saw Snead taking one numbered from his second shot at the first, and another for his second at the 14th. So these two "long" holes—the epithet must go ironically into inverted commas—were clearly not three-shotters for him. Incidentally I cannot believe that even Snead would have got up in two at the old long hole at Blackheath, the fourth, but that can never be proved, for the heath is now a godless wilderness. When I last walked across it it was a desert, and there was a formidable array of guns. I did find the site of the green of that particular hole, but that was about all I could find. A three-shot hole originally signified a hole needing three full shots to reach it, and that meaning, as far as long or even reasonably strong hitters are concerned, has utterly vanished; for many years there has really meant two and a bit, and now for such as Snead it means two. It may or may not be a comfort for those who are, in no conceivable sense of the words, long drivers that for them the three-shot hole remains in all its interest and beauty.

I take it that the essential quality of a three-shooter is that the player should have something definite and interesting to attempt with each of his three shots. Each shot leads up to the next and makes it easier or more difficult according to the merits of its immediate predecessor. The second shot in particular consists in manoeuvring for position for the approach, but the manoeuvre must be skillfully executed and beset by reasonable perils. The 14th hole at St. Andrews and the 11th at Worpleston have often been cited as two of the best examples, and I cannot improve on them. But I must get in a word for a hole, known to only a few and those few now distressingly venerable, which has long since ceased to exist. The other day I chanced on an account I had written of it nearly forty years ago; the hole did not exist even then, but as I re-read myself to-day I felt a genuine thrill of terror.

This hole was either the 13th or 14th on the old Athens course at Eton. How long it was in years I cannot now tell, but, with a gutty, it was unquestionably long, and it was so constituted that nobody could possibly have reached it in two. We began by driving from a tee alarmingly close to a stream overhung by willow trees so that the ball must also quickly enter the air. The second was played diagonally over the corner of a large ploughed field. If it was successfully played the ball ended on a narrow strip of turf between the plough on the left and the river on the right. If it was hooked it went into the plough, and if it sailed into the Thames. Assuming all was well—a considerable assumption—the player now turned to his left and played

Those mountain pastures and the wool they yielded were once the rich endowment of the monks whose estates stretched into five counties, and whose activities were manifold indeed when the Abbey gathered to itself the functions of Church and school, library, hospital and almshouse, hotel, wool control, and a parliament for justice. What an anti-life activity ceased with its dissolution! Where did they see, all the "displaced persons" once employed here, the shepherds and husbandmen, groomers and blacksmiths, weavers and tanners, and fishermen who brought fresh salmon to the Abbot's table? And how great a silence has fallen, for ever it seems, on these ruins.

It had rained all morning at the Sheep Dog Trials, but the crowd of mackintosh spectators in the green field stood their ground (and very soggy, wet ground it was) with unflagging interest, for this was a notable Open Championship with a first prize of £40 and a President's silver cup to the winner, while the chief actors whose names appeared in large type in the programme—Meg, Sweep, Moss, Kate, Lad, Tiger and the

rest—had come from both ends of the Principality, from Anglesey in the north to Glamorgan in the south, and one from far-off Suffolk. He was possibly the only English-speaking dog present.

By three o'clock the clouds began to move upward, dragging their grey skirts along the tops of the hills; there was even a hint of watery sunlight and cheering invitations to tea from a vice-president's wife. But the ritual in the field continues with rhythmic precision. The man in the bowler hat puts his finger to his lips and whistles; the dog flies like an arrow from his master's hand, drops, crawls and freezes into staccato. The complicated manoeuvres of snicelike, an intricate and unvaried step, penning the remaining ones are repeated again and again: *dog rampant*, *dog couchant*, *sheep errant*, *sheep mackintosh*, but so skilled are these shepherds that there is no shouting, only the whistle, a few low-spoken words and the flicker of a hand. There are moments when man, dog and sheep have the air of ballet dancers, performing an intricate figure to the sound of invisible pipes.

another brassy shot diagonally across another corner of the plough to a small green immediately beyond it. I suppose I did very occasionally get near that green in three full shots, and I am sure that I would have always compromised in advance with Providence for a six or a seven, and a river and a row of trees, and what amounted in effect to two ploughed fields—that is a "nice derangement" of hazards for one hole; and the danger of losing balls, when one had very little money to buy any more, was great. Once upon a time in a broadcast I spoke of "the devil of a shot," whereupon a stern old lady wrote and told me to remember that there

A COLLINS (TO AN IRISH HOSTESS)

Dear Jean,
From crowded bus and train
I'm in the city once again,
To reach you the much adored
Of kindness at your open door—
Your walnut table duly spread
With home-made whiskey, crusty bread;
Butler you churned with careful ease
And jam fresh from your daisy trees:
Brown eggs the hens have advertised
As "newly laid" and overheard,
With tea—and is it not a dream?
A jug no less of brimming cream
But better still the golden days
When blue hills slept in autumn haze.
When to the robins' tangled hair
Of wistful song I walked the lane.
Too soon rose from the distant sea
The Harvest Moon's full majesty,
The moon with Mona Lisa face
Pacing the sky with solemn grace;
I tried to slay awake in vain
Beneath your patchwork counterpane
For while I watched the moonlight creep
Above the floor I fell asleep.
I could not make the hours wait
Till Monday's farewell at your gate,
But like the honey-maker bee
For storing sweet is memory,
So for those days far richer I
And yours most gratefully—
Goodbye.

WINIFRED LETTS.

were ladies present. Nevertheless I make bold to say that that was the devil of a hole, and if that old lady had ever tried to play it I believe she would have forgiven and agreed with me.

Obviously that hole was qualified for the highest class, for there was something exciting to do with every shot, and that was a respect in which, I think, some famous three-shotters of old days to some extent failed. There was, for instance, the wall hole, the 12th, at Prestwick. I was fond of the wall; it was, in the words of Pyramus, a sweet and lovely wall; it was not, as it is depicted; but the accuracy which we played up to it was not a very interesting one.

There was plenty of room, and any reasonable stroke would serve. Much the same might be said of the second to the 18th at Hoylake when the old Dun bunker still existed. Of course, it was possible to slice out of bounds into the Field, it is always possible to make a bad shot, and there was always likely to be a wind, but calm weather there was no really serious problem set to the player who had hit his tee shot to the right place. It was the third that mattered. A similar criticism applies to the 5th at St. Andrews, regarded, as humble folk do still regard it, as a three-shooter, and to many another long hole; only the outstanding ones have a real point to them.

It may be that I am taking altogether too high a line in this matter, and that when we have got to take three shots to reach the green that is hard enough work in itself, and the least we can ask is that one of the shots should make no serious demands on us. In point of full shots through the green we are pampered creatures compared with our own. I think for a moment of Mr. Laing, of Blackheath, who in 1813 made a bet that in the course of the season he would drive a ball 500 feet, "he having the chance of ten strokes to accomplish it." Mr. Laing was a medal winner of the club and one of its good players. If a drive of 170 yards or so represented his highest hopes he must have had a good deal of driving to do on a course on which all or nearly all of the five holes were well over 400 yards in length. If he liked some of his drives to be not too difficult and dangerous—and there were plenty of whins on the heath in his day—I think he might be forgiven.

It is really appalling to contemplate how long a three-shot hole, in the old sense of the term, would have to be made really to test the strength of a club of 800 yards would be futile 700 would be better than none at all; but 750 would be nearer the mark and then I suppose they would often be playing their thirds with irons. Whether those holes would be good fun for the champions I doubt, and for the rest of us they would be such a nightmare that the imagination refuses to contemplate it. An old friend of mine who was "very fierce" in his ideas, used to say that a course should consist of only fourteen holes, which should in their total length be as long as the modern eighteen. Possibly he has now revised his estimate and would like to reduce the number to twelve, in order to provide an adequate test. For my own part, I am coming to regard golf as I have long regarded bicycling, namely, as an amusement only to be indulged in with the wind behind. "Give a wind," Ben Sayers was reputed to have said before a championship at Muirfield, "and I'll show you who'll be champion." Similarly I am now disposed to say, "Give me a wind and I'll show you who can reach the green in three in two." I am not so sure about the three-shot ones.

CORRESPONDENCE

FOUNTAINS ABBEY

SIR,—In sectarian controversy I am not qualified to take sides, but the realm of the beautiful belongs to many and who, having seen Dunfermline Abbey, can fail to be filled with dismay at the projected rebuilding of Fountains Abbey? I shall not quickly forget the horror with which I first beheld Dunfermline—a splendid Norman nave, its stone mellowed into dull grey, with the sham Gothic structure in a yellowish stone added to it, and the tower capped by the advertisement carved in stone round its four sides: "King Robert The Bruce." What a memorial! The interior of the building is even worse than the outward appearance. One proceeds from the Norman nave into the new church by a glazed door, and the new church is grim as only the Scottish Reformed Church knows how. The Roman Catholic Church, perhaps, would not perpetrate such horrors. But the danger to Fountains is there, as all who have seen Dunfermline must agree.—H. T. HUMPHRIES, Monkhams, Clayton Avenue, Hassocks, Sussex.

FOUNTAINS AND NEWSTAD

SIR,—I have read with interest your *Leader* article on the restoration of Fountains Abbey. Your belief, however, that the place should remain a ruin does not appear to have received much support in the *Daily Press*. It is surely more reasonable to wish to restore a beautiful thing to life than to enshrine it in death, however venerable the ruin; and unreasonable to insist that a museum piece is a more valuable spiritual possession for a people than a living institution devoted to the praise and love of God. I suggested that Hyron, speaking of Newstead Abbey, is as sound a guide in this matter as Wordsworth:

*Haply thy son, emerging, yet may shine
Toss to inviolate with meridian ray.
Hours splendid as the past may still be thine
And bless thy future as thy former day.*

—RONALD WEST, Ancell's Farm, Fleet, Hampshire.

[Whatever future Hyron had in mind for Newstead Abbey it was certainly not that of a restored monastery housing monks, who, incidentally, would have displaced his family from their home. The facade of Newstead is a classic example of a mediæval relic treated as a romantic ruin in a landscape park.—Ed.]

"ROOK" AND "CASTLE"

SIR,—In his letter in your issue of September 6, Mr. Rutter mentions that in chess an Oriental refers to the rook as a "castle." May I add as a footnote to his interesting letter that

the word "rook" is probably derived from the Arabic word *rukh* (as it might be spelt in Roman characters). The word *rukh* in Arabic means a castle.—S. HOWELL GAFFRITS, Victoria College, Cairo.

A SUFFOLK WAGON

SIR,—I send you another photograph of a Suffolk wagon head, which I was fortunate enough to find recently. It is a beautiful piece of work, carried out in the traditional design of north-east Suffolk. The head is completely filled in, decorated with rather fine butterfly chamfering and applied scrolls. It is quite the best I have seen, and is still happily at work at Parham Hall farm. May its life be long, for these expressions of craftsmanship are becoming all too rare.—ALLAN JOHNSON, *Heachamp Cottage, 21, Crown Dale, London, S.E.18.*

TO THOSE WHO FELL IN BURMA

SIR,—The inscription on the war memorial at Rangoon to those who fell in Burma, as quoted in a letter published in your issue of September 13, is similar to the inscription on the 2nd (British) Division memorial erected at Kohima, Assam. The letter, which I think expresses the same message more effectively, reads:

*When you go home,
Tell them of us and say—
For you to mourn.*

We gave our life today.

—J. T. MORSHEAD, Northfield, Albany, Guildford, Surrey.

AN ANCESTOR OF AIRBORNE

SIR,—As one of the forebears of Airborne, the winner of this year's Derby and St. Leger, Matchem has been quoted as an explanation of the success of his descendant, and a few notes regarding this great horse and his contemporary portrait may be of interest to those who study pedigree. The late Mr. Fairfax Harrison, of Washington, U.S.A., an authority on thoroughbreds and their pictures, was engaged on a catalogue of horse portraits "before Stuba," when he died in February, 1938. The writer had been in correspondence with him on the subject, and after sending him a photograph of this picture, before it was restored by Mr. R. Y. Bell, received the following extract from the manuscript of his catalogue:—

Penwin's Matchem (b.c. 1748-1781, by Cade, q.v. 1740, out of Sister-to-Mine Partner by Croft's Partner, q.v. 1723; GSR, i, 151, 205; Pick, i, 136).

This celebrated horse had a successful career on the turf 1753-58. He won the Great Subscription for five-year-olds at York (1753), the Ladies' Plate at York and Lincoln (1754), and



TRADITIONAL ORNAMENT ON A FARM WAGON IN USE IN EAST SUFFOLK
See letter: A Suffolk Wagon

four Fifties. Of the latter, the most conspicuous was at Newmarket in April, 1755, when he beat Bowles' Trojan, followed by a match with the same horse a year later for The Whip, when Matchem won again. If he showed unusual speed on the turf, it was in the stud that Matchem distinguished himself. He was advertised to cover during 19 seasons (1760-79), and Pick noted that he got 354 winners; adding that his owner cleared him on upwards of £17,000 in stallion fees, compared with the £1,000 Mr. Martindale had cleared on Regulus.

What is, however, of more importance to-day is that by his stud service Matchem became one of the "Three Musketeers"—the other being Herod and Eclipse—to whose loins are traced the pedigrees of all modern turf horses.

The painting, which is life-size (8 ft. x 11 ft.), shows a bay horse, with a conspicuous star and a white coronet on the off hind foot. He is in hand of a jockey in the Fenwick colours, who inscribes "Match em." It is not signed or dated, but attributed with much justification to W. Shaw. Originally William Fenwick's seat, Bywell Hall, Northumberland, it is now in the collection of the Northern Counties Club, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.—ALFRED BONNIN, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Northumberland.

GUM BENJAMIN

SIR,—In her letter giving an old recipe for pot-pourri in your issue of September 20, Mrs. Salmon asks what Gum Benjamin is. Gum Benjamin is an English corruption of gum *benzoin*. It forms the base of friar's balsam, a popular old-fashioned remedy for internal and external ailments. It is also an ingredient of the best quality French polishes. Any chemist will give you correspondent information about this valuable drug.—C. WASS, Holbeach, Lincolnshire.

BUZZARDS

From the Duke of Bedford.

SIR,—The last thing that I suggested in my letter (August 10) was that "the whole race of buzzards should be exterminated." In point of fact they were un molested on my estate in considerable numbers in the district—not a "wild" one—near where the damage was done.

For bird protection to be as popular and as strictly enforced as it should be, it is, however, essential that its provisions should be just and should as far as possible strike a fair balance between sometimes conflicting and equally legitimate interests.

Fences for destroying harmless birds and taking the eggs of ravs and vanishing species should be made much more severe. (The confiscation of an offending egg-robbler's entire

collection and its presentation to a public museum is an excellent plan, and I am told has proved most efficacious in Australia.) But for that very reason there should be protection for the keeper of domestic livestock, who has every bit as much right to his hobby or his business as the bird-lover. While there must be no abuse of the right of protection and any abuse should be sharply punished, the right of a person to protect his property from the exceptional "criminal" individuals that occur among normally well-behaved species should be clearly recognised, and such action will not affect the status of the species. On the contrary, the elimination of the evil-doer will prevent "crime" from spreading, with the result that a general outcry will not force the authorities to take the bird off the protected list altogether. It should be borne in mind that the real "criminal" does not usually take an occasional tame bird. He and his mate come day after day and sometimes twice a day and near their offspring on illicit food. BIDFORD, *Cairnmore, Newton Stewart, Wigtownshire.*

A SWIMMING RABBIT

SIR,—When stationed at Templemore, County Tipperary, in 1920, I was fishing the Lattersgar river near the Devil's Bit when I saw a small rabbit run into the stream just below me and swim across. Unlike your correspondent's rabbits, this one was not being chased by anything, but appeared to be making its usual unhurried way home.

May I add that when serving with the 1st Chinese Regiment at Wei Hui Wei in 1904-3, I have hunted by our bounds often took to the sea and were killed in water about a foot deep.—S. THUNDER (Lt.-Col.), *The Grange, Shalbourne, Marlborough, Wiltshire.*

CRICKET ALL-ROUNDERS

SIR,—The cricket season just ended provides another instance of the decline of the all-rounder—1,000 runs and 100 wickets—which was so marked in the years before the war. Only two players—and one of those is the Indian, V. Mankad—have achieved the double performance. The older generation of cricket followers will remember that in every normal season over 30 young all-rounders were usually half a dozen or more players who achieved the "double," and some of the leading players made it almost a habit.

Wilfred Rhodes, the England and Yorkshire player, had the "double" to his credit in 16 seasons, and although his fellow countryman, George Hirst, had only 14 such seasons, he was usually 1906 he finished with the remarkable achievement of more than 2,000 runs and over 200 wickets. It should be remembered, too, that these two

THE FAMOUS RACEHORSE, MATCHEM

See letter: An Ancestor of Airborne



players had other highly capable bowlers in the Yorkshire team with whom to compete, which lessened their chance of securing a century of wickets. The nearest approach to these amazing figures are the ten "doubles" of V. W. C. Jupp, nine by W. E. Astill, and eight each by Dr. W. G. Grace, Frank Woolley, Tate and Albert Bell.

What is the cause of the decline? The likeliest reason is that cricketers nowadays prefer to specialise in only one branch of the game, that a batsman feels that he is better qualified to score runs if he is freed from the energies expended on bowling, and it is fairly obvious to-day that some of our fast bowlers make no attempt to improve their batting powers. All the same, in days gone by the all-rounders proved a tower of strength to their side and their absence to-day is a matter for regret.—A. MILLER, 21, Manor Drive, Leeds, 6.

HOW DO YOU SLING?

Sir,—I was interested in Mr. Clarence Hill's letter, *How Do You Sling?* because as boys my brothers and I



ON THE OLD JAIL AT THEFTORD

See letter: *Linda with the Pistol*

were addicted to the practice of this art. We used either a large pocket handkerchief, or a "made-up" instrument consisting of a leather pouch and two pieces of string. One end of the sling was, of course, held tightly by giving it a turn round the middle finger, and the other loosely between the forefinger and thumb; the method of projection was as in ordinary throwing, the loose end being released at the critical moment. In this way we obtained distances up to 150 yards at least. No great degree of accuracy was achieved, but I think it would not have been more than two to one against my hitting a haystack at about 100 yards, with more practice and uniform missiles I believe a fair standard of proficiency might have resulted.

I have looked up the question in two books of reference, and both say that the sling should be "whirled rapidly in a circle"—one of them adding "round the head." No doubt scientific slinging does require this method, but I never tried it myself, as the ordinary throwing style produced results sufficiently pleasing to a boy.—C. H. WANK (Major), Bentley, Hampshire.

A ROUNDED STONE

Sir,—My father's gardener made me a sling when I was perhaps eight years old, and showed me how to use it. It consisted of a short leather strip having two strings attached, one ending in a loop, the other in a knot. The loop went over the forefinger, the knot was held between forefinger and thumb.

I recall the slinging action quite well, consisting of a revolution and a half in an overhead motion with the wrist about level with the shoulder, accuracy depending largely on the moment of letting go of the knot.

I believe I was far more successful than your correspondent, for

although I do not remember ever hitting a bird, my staple target, I certainly made them fly away, and as for range, I could clear the tide barn very easily, which was then far beyond my throwing powers.

One difficulty was finding suitable rounded stones in the Cambridgeshire chalk, and a really good specimen was worth the search accorded to a golf ball to-day.—W. L. H. TURNER, 11A, Strand Street, Sandwich, Kent.

LONDON SQUARES

Sir,—I agree entirely with Colonel Codrington that each garden and square should be considered individually, and would not trouble you with another letter, except to say that I advocate iron railings, using the old designs, and only suggested wooden ones as a possible alternative should iron ones be the same reason to be impracticable.—PETER FLEETWOOD-HENKINS, Meals Hall, Southport, Lancashire.

LINKS WITH THE PAST

Sir,—Your readers may be interested by the enclosed photograph which I recently took at Theftord. The device shown is affixed to the outside wall of the Old Jail in Old Market Street, and is an actual pair of chains and ankle irons which, I am told, were used in the jail until 1816.—P. H. LOVELL, 28, Albion Drive, Pinner, Middlesex.

UNRUFFLED COAL-TITS

Sir,—This summer a pair of coal-tits chose a most unusual nesting-place—in a hole between two stone steps on a flight which leads from the terrace down to the playing fields and other parts of the grounds.

These steps are a main route and in constant use by the boys. At the top of the steps there is a wall which is a favourite seat for loiterers, and taking-off place for model aircraft.

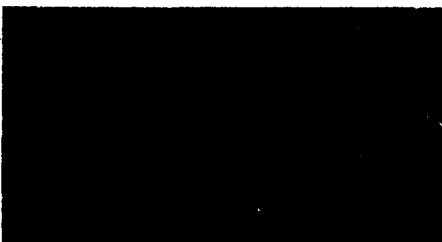
Great was the noise made by the youngsters in the nest every time a boy ran up or down! The two birds would watch for a moment's peace and then dart in with food—an almost whole-time occupation.

There was no difficulty in photographing the birds. A terrifying array of camera, stand, clamps and string left them quite unmoved, although at a range of 2 ft. In fact, one of them promptly sat on the stand and then perched on the string, very nearly photographing nothing in particular! They looked surprised at the click of the shutter.

Although a great many boys knew of the nest, the birds were unmolested, and indeed caused some entertain-



BROCKHAMPTON CHURCH, ROOFED WITH THATCH, AND DETAIL OF THE INTERIOR



OUTSIDE THE ENTRANCE TO THE NEST

See letter: *Unruffled Coal-Tit*

ment. It was astonishing how many people walked over the nest and failed to hear the noise under their feet. The family was most successfully raised, but I was unable to be there to photograph them.—A. ADAIR, Kelly College, Taunton, Devon.

A CORNCRAKE IN STAFFORDSHIRE

Sir,—I was interested to read E. M.'s letter, *Corncrakes in Sutherland*, in your issue of September 6. The corncrake appears to be spreading south again, as I heard one on the evening of July 29 this year, while walking between Stourbridge and the village of Whittington in Staffordshire. It appeared to be the only one in the district. I am rather familiar with their call, after two years spent in Northern Ireland, at the beginning of the war, where their craking was a feature of most night schemes in the summer.—C. H. GRIFF, 38, Sharnans Cross Road, Solihull, Warwickshire.

THATCH, STONE AND CONCRETE

Sir,—In his interesting article, *The Future of Thatch* (September 20), Mr. Ward says that he knows of only one 20th-century thatched church—in the Isle of Wight. There is at least one other—Brockhampton Church, Herefordshire. It was designed by the late Professor Lethaby. It is interesting to note that although the roofs were given a covering of thatch, they are constructed of concrete, which is carried on substantial ribs of masonry, as shown in the second photograph. Lethaby made no attempt to disguise his use of concrete, which was left

with marks of the shuttering on which it was built up.—CLIVE LAMBERT, London, S.W.1.

COLOUR VARIATION IN GREY SQUIRRELS

Sir,—The suggestion of a red and grey squirrel hybrid mentioned by your correspondent, Mr. T. C. D. Hassell, and your Editorial Note, raises a point which has interested me for some time.

Some years ago my boy, then aged about fourteen, brought home some young squirrels. The majority of his argument for keeping them was that they were hybrid red-grey, and must therefore be preserved in the interest of science. Of course, they were the normal grey squirrel and had a reddish tinge to the fur on the back and flanks.

They were about four inches long on arrival and grew rapidly on a basic diet of bread and milk interperated with nuts and lettuce—incidentally, they refused eggs of any sort in any form. They had the run of the house and garden and became quite tame, but all came to an untimely end, the last being shot by a neighbour in the following November.

From that time onwards the coloration of grey squirrels has always interested me, and I have taken every opportunity of observing closely any available specimens. The result of observations has been an impression that the red coloration is increasing with time, both in depth and extent—at any rate in the neighbourhood of North Hampshire. I hope I may some day be able to compare the coloration of pelts of considerable known differences in age, say ten and twenty years apart.

May it not be that environmental



See letter: *Thatch, Stone and Concrete*

conditions which have produced the red squirrel and the red fox in Britain are operating to-day on the imported grey squirrel? Is it not likely that in fifty or a hundred years' time the grey squirrel may have assumed the colouring and habits of the red squirrel—in fact, that the ordinary British squirrel will again be red, but that he will be a mutated *Sciurus cinereus* not *Sciurus vulgaris*?—L. P. CAUSTON, *Swan Ho, Church Avenue, Farnborough, Hampshire.*

A TRANSITIONAL

INN-SIGN

SIR.—At East Hamsey, on the Wantage-Oxford road, there is an inn sign painted on one side with a horse-drawn plough and on the other with a tractor-drawn plough—as my snapshot shows. Both paintings are dated 1944, and I suggest that they represent an interesting transitional stage: does anyone know of similar examples elsewhere? Incidentally, I think it is

ably exceeded by a Halifax soldier, who was father of 92. His grave is in the churchyard of Halifax parish church. The inscription reads as follows:—

John Logan, who died the 29th day of December, 1830. Age 100 years. He lived in the reign of five Kings and for 80 years of his life was actively engaged as a soldier in the service of his country. He was twice married and was the Father of 92 children, namely Eight by his first and 84 by his second wife. Respect the Soldier's dust. —ARNOLD JOWETT, 310, *Hopwood Lane, Halifax, Yorkshire.*

THE FIREMAN'S DOG

SIR.—I was interested to note in the article by David Green appearing in your issue of July 12, a reference to Joe, the fireman's dog of Oxford. As Joe is remembered by the late old Mr. Charles Archer, he must have seen his service during the '80s or '90s. I have in my possession a print by Graf & Soret dated 1834 and entitled *The London Fireman's Dog drawn from Life by William Heath*, of which I enclose a photograph. Below is the following account of him:—

"Chance,
Stop me not, but onward let me jog.
For I am the London Fireman's Dog."

"This dog is by right the property of a weaver in Spital Fields who lost him a few years ago, when going to see a fire which broke out in the neighbourhood was surprised to see his long lost dog very busy among the firemen, he claimed and chained him up, but on regaining his liberty returned to the London fire Establishment which he makes his headquarters—on a fire occurring he invariably goes round to the different stations and gives them intimation that there is a fire to be attended to. Starts with the engine and is seen scrambling amidst fire and water running from one engine to another the busiest of the busy he was particularly remarked at the late fire in Westminster from the night of the 16th until the Sunday following the above inscription is engraved on his collar which was subscribed for by the Men of the London establishment who are very proud of their canine Friend."

I note that Joe was "a powerful beast of the Alsatian type": perhaps some of your readers could hazard a guess as to Chance's pedigree after studying his picture.

There are many stories and legends of dogs riding fire appliances in earlier days before officialdom frowned on such practices, and during the London raids I knew a dog at a dockland sub-station whose owner had trained him to put out a lighted taper or match by leaping it with his paw.—C. V. BLACKSTONE, *Chief Regional Fire Officer of Wales, Craig-y-Haul, Caerleon, near Cardiff.*

OUR HOTELS

SIR.—Your Belgian correspondent's letter on the subject of hotels in this country is most interesting. I think he hits the nail on the head when he writes of the difficulty of knowing who



"I AM THE LONDON FIREMAN'S DOG"

See letter: The Fireman's Dog

is the manager. The absence of the personal touch is fatal. I believe that the ten per cent. is partly to blame. In the last year we have been in a number of hotels, both in London and the country, and have met with far more politeness in those where tipping is voluntary.

The two really comfortable "guest houses" we have been in lately have been run entirely by the owners themselves.—DOROTHY HAMILTON *DEAN, Glamorgan.*

BLACKBIRDS IN THE CLASSROOM

SIR.—In the kindergarten classroom of my pre-prep. school there is a small window which is never closed and which is situated some nine feet from the ground. On the ledge of this a pair of blackbirds built their nest this season, half inside the room and half outside, sheltered by the eaves. The hen was already sitting when term began, but far from being disturbed by the constant coming and going of the children she seemed to like it, and almost always sat facing inward with a benign expression on her face. The gramophone, which is much used, stands directly beneath the nest.

My fowl run is situated conveniently near, and the young chicks when hatched appeared to be fed largely on my precious chicken food. I saw great lumps of cooked potato being thrust into their beaks, and they thrived on it.

The children were, of course, deeply interested, and lessons were frequently interrupted when the chicks reached the age of standing up in the nest and shrieking.

When they flew, they did so in school time, and into the classroom, landing with thumps on to the tables and thence to the floor. Each one of the four had to be caught and put out of doors, but for the next two days they showed a marked preference for the coal shed, believing no doubt in

having a good roof over their heads this summer.

Within two weeks the hen was sitting again on the same nest, but on this occasion she brought off only two chicks. These also new inward, though they could just as easily have flown straight into the garden.—BARBARA GAYFORD, *Conifers, Midhurst, Sussex.*

CLUANIE BRIDGE INN

SIR.—I see that in the article by *Car Through the North-West Highlands* in your issue of August 23 the writer mentions the Cluanie Bridge Inn, the inference being that the inn is open and trading. This is not so: it was closed some years ago. In order to avoid disappointment to tourists who may have planned it as one of their visits to the area, you might like to publish this fact.—J. P. CHARLINGTON, *Cluanie Lodge, Invermoriston, Inverness-shire.*

A SHORTAGE OF SWALLOWS

SIR.—What is happening to the swifts, swallows and martins? They have been decreasing in numbers the last few years, and this year I saw only one solitary swallow. We used to have a lot of all three sorts.—ARTHUR F. HARDY, *Park House, Bishop's Walkham, Hampshire.*

[The same shortage was noted by correspondents in these pages a year ago.—Ed.]

A WHITE SWALLOW

SIR.—Motoring along the Widecombe-Two Bridges road of Dartmoor recently, we saw a snow-white swallow. Hawking with other normal birds which did not appear to resent or molest it, it passed within two yards of us. I have seen partially white blackbirds, but surely a white swallow is unusual? Is there any superstition attached to its appearance?—A. E. BALLARD, *37, Hemley Grove, Hemel Hempstead, Herts.*

[Albino hawks are recorded from time to time.—Ed.]

OLD TOASTERS

SIR.—In reply to your correspondent's letter (September 13), I wish to say that I am now convinced that the rather modern-looking brass toaster which I illustrated is indeed modern: a publisher reader wrote to tell me that she had an identical piece, bought new within the last 25 years, and bearing a patent number. I hope no one has suffered loss or inconvenience by my misleading suggestion of an early 19th-century origin. I do not know the inventor's or the manufacturer's names but think the toaster was made in Devon and Ingolness.—J. D. U. W., *Oxford.*



SIGN OF THE PLOUGH UP TO DATE

See letter: A Transitional Inn-sign

noticeably that, though oxen were largely used at plough 2000 years ago and in considerable numbers less than 100 years ago, ox-drawn ploughs rarely if ever figure on inn-signs. Again, dog-drawn carts were still widely used in Sussex and some other counties a century back, but where is there an inn-sign showing a draught dog and in what museum may one see dog carts or dogs' harness?—BYWAYMAN, *Oxford.*

WHEN DID THEY DIE?

SIR.—I send you a photograph of a curious gravestone which caught my eye recently at Fawston, near Harrogate. It states the Joseph Ridsdale died February 29, 1823, and his son William on February 30, 1802. Yet there were no such dates in the calendar!—J. A. CARPENTER, 48, *St. Catherine's Road, Harrogate, Yorkshire.* [The stone may have become worn and been re-cut by some painstaking but unreasoning stonemason who "did his best."—Ed.]

THIRTY-TWO CHILDREN

SIR.—In the letter regarding John Beresford of Penny Bentley, published in your issue of August 12, it was stated that he had 32 children. This number of children was

"FEBRUARY THE 29, 1823," AND "FEBRUARY THE 30th, 1802"

See letter: When Did They Die?



Lucky lady indeed—for seven long years Elaine's tea parties have been graced with a beautifully designed electric kettle—a G.E.C. model purchased just before the war—her pride, and the envy of her visitors. No wonder Elaine and her friends are keeping a very sharp look-out for all the good things the G.E.C. are planning to provide in the months to come. Ease, efficiency and comfort with 'everything electrical'—*ere* on the way.

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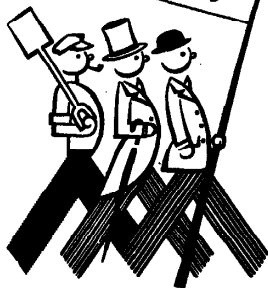


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SALAD CREAM, SANDWICH SPREAD AND PICKLES *

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BIRD'S CUSTARD AND JELLIE

NEW BOOKS

SERVANTS THROUGH THE CENTURIES

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

MISS DOROTHY MARGARET STUART, who has written a book called *The English Abigail* (Macmillan, 15s.), chooses a heart-breaking moment to give us this brief history of domestic service in Britain. The *Abigail* is an expensive luxury now, when she can be found at all, and soon her cheerful, or impertinent, or efficient, or sluttish presence will give way altogether before the electric washing machine and all the rest of our heartless modern devices. Still, since the *Abigail* has to go, as it seems to me must, let us give thanks to Faraday and the others who gave us the electric dînn just in time.

of the "toylying and slubberrynge" drudge of the thirteenth century, and there were plenty of ill-used slaves in Victorian basements.

The very word "slavery" coined at that time, shows a secret apprehension of a wide-spread and undesirable state of things; and it is one of the notorious features of Victorian domestic architecture that the comfortable family quarters were sandwiched between basements and attics that were best left unvisited. The domestic servant "problem" of to-day is primarily nothing but a case of chickens coming home to roost.

But as in all this time there was

THE ENGLISH ABIGAIL. By Dorothy Margaret Stuart (Macmillan, 15s.)

THE CLEARING HOUSE.

A John Buchan Anthology, chosen by Lady Tweedsmuir. (Hodder and Stoughton, 12s. 6d.)

THE STEEP ATLANTICK STREAM. By Robert Harting (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.)

I suppose I should not say that Miss Stuart has written a history of domestic service; she disclaims any such intention: but at all events she has picked out representative servants from here and there through the ages and told us something of their works and ways from the beginning of the thirteenth century up to Victorian days. They are from fact and fiction, and since, in domestic service as in all else, there are stages and degrees, we range from Blanch Parry, "Hand-maid to a Queen" (Elizabeth), who has a monument in St. Margaret's, Westminster, to Dick Swivel's "Marchioness" whose monument is in all our hearts.

"YOKE OF THRALDOM"

The first author from whom Miss Stuart quotes is a 13th-century friar who tells us (in John Trevisa's translation from his Latin) that "the servant-woman is ordeyned for to lerne the wyve's craft, and is put to office and werke of travayle, toylying and slubberrynge." Her food is "grosse mete and symple," and she is "kept lowe under the yoke of thraldom and of servage," and, adds Miss Stuart, "beaten with rods, scarcely suffered to rest or take breath by day or night."

From this benighted and bedraggled creature, scouring the pots of wood and metal, we move on through the years to consider *Abigails* of all sorts and conditions: and what strikes this present reader is that the age in which a domestic servant lived had less to do with her condition than the charity or lack of it that distinguished her employer. In any age here considered, I should imagine, it would be possible to find servants living in all degrees from that of brute beasts to the comfort of a being considered and treated as a fellow-human. Certainly the condition of the "Marchioness," for all that she was living in a time boasting of its humanitarian advances, was not greatly to be preferred to that

much that was dark and undesirable, there was also much that was fair, many cases of free and happy association. There was the *Verney's* admirable Luce, family friend as well as servant, willing to share all the vicissitudes of a troublesome family history with equanimity and helpfulness. It all, one must repeat, depended, like so much else, on the personal character of both *Abigail* and employer. Consider, for example, the household of Samuel Pepys, which is here portrayed at some length. How could domestic calm and efficiency be maintained in a house whose master was of Pepys's woman-hunting disposition? In the *Diary* it all has a tragicomic and appealing flavour; but one imagines that for Mrs. Pepys, as well as for Deb and the other girls, it was not altogether amusing.

We all have our favourite *Abigails* in fact and fiction, and Miss Stuart no doubt will leave many readers wishing to visit one or that had found place in her gallery. For myself, I could have wished to see there the placid face of "Tabby" Aykroyd, brooding like a wise old bird over the short and troubled lives of Patrick Brontë's nest of singers. Tabby gave thirty years of her life to them, thirty years of utterly devoted service, not a moment of which, I should guess, did she ever grudge or regret. She saw them grow, and some of them die, some go wrong and some sit in famous seats. But they were all her "bairns" to Tabby. Yes, all in all, she is my favourite *Abigail*.

A BUCHAN ANTHOLOGY

Professor Robert Murray writes a preface to *The Clearing House* (Hodder and Stoughton, 12s. 6d.), which is an anthology chosen by Lady Tweedsmuir from the works of her husband, John Buchan. In it he tells us of his first meeting with Buchan, a boy of seventeen. "John Buchan at the time seemed absorbed in literature,

both literature as romance and literature as the art of words. The two sides showed themselves in two books which he was actually then writing—without neglecting his work as a student—the collection of Essays, *Scholar Cyprian*, and the story *Don Quixote of the Moon*, which he was good enough to dedicate to me. *John Burnet of Barna*, more mature in style, must have been on the stocks about the same time."

And this at seventeen! One who knew nothing of John Buchan could hardly be blamed for assuming that a boy with such a beginning was likely to grow up into a spectated prig; and perhaps the most amazing thing about Buchan is that he did not. For all his academic and romantic industry, he became also a sportsman with gun and rod, and, further, a man of administrative affairs.

WORK DURING ILLNESS

To quote Gilbert Murray again: "One might have foreseen the great series of romances that he would write, but no one knowing that clever and sensitive boy, in love with letters and Scottish legends and the memories of the countryside, would have expected for him a career of administration in South Africa, of the management of a great publishing firm, a seat in the House of Commons and then in the House of Lords, and finally a memorable record as Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada. The stories which would have been amply enough life-work for an ordinary man of letters seem to have been to Buchan a relaxation and a pastime. Some of the best of them were written while he was ill in bed, but there is never a trace of slack work about them."

This ability to work when most men would have thought of rest was an impressive thing about John Buchan. I can add a footnote to Professor Murray's comment, for in Resauesque during 1916, when I was an N.C.O. and John Buchan was one of my officers, I saw the process at work. He was smitten down by influenza, and goodness knows that was not a condition in which anyone would want to write a book, but it was while he was in that condition that I had one day to call upon him in his billet. He was sitting up on a camp bed, and the pages of one of his romances—if I am not mistaken, *Greenmantle*—were flowing from under his pen.

UNCOMMON QUALITIES

This indefatigable energy, incarnated in what I call a sportsman's body, so clean-cut and supple it was, and his unfailing courtesy—something one might call knifing to all sorts of people, are the things about him that I most remember. These are not common qualities, and Buchan was no common man. The range of his interest was immense, as one may see by a mere glance at this anthology. History, romance, sport, poetry, criticism, autobiography—all is here in well-chosen pieces. And, remember, this writing business was but one of his many constant preoccupations. "Looking back," he wrote in one of his later books, "my industry fills me with awe." This distillation of it will fill any intelligent reader with delight.

So many books have been written setting out war-time experiences on land and sea that readers perhaps are beginning to weary of them. And, indeed, plenty of them are true enough, but now and then one appears which, it is to be hoped, will continue to attract the readers it deserves. Such a book is *Lieut. Robert Harling's The*

Sleep Atlantic Stream (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.). The author gives an account of the building of the corvette *Tobias* in Canada, of the assembling of officers and crew, and of how, under the stress of shared peril, the heterogeneous assembly became a comradely ship. The description of convoy work in the North Atlantic during the worst time of U-boat raiding are first-rate, and the author has a novelist's sense of the interaction of character and destiny.

Tobias and those in her made but a mote in the white-hot beam of war, yet from this microscope Mr. Harling creates the sense of all war's agony and loss, endeavour, comradeship and heroism. The portrait of his captain is especially attractive, and the portrait, alas! is all that remains. Illness removed Mr. Harling from *Tobias*; it was later that he learned of her loss. "Not I was alone in thought, unwilling to know that with the others he was gone, numbered with those many tombless dead the war had left within the *sleep Atlantic stream*." Tombless, but not without his monument. It is safely here in this book.

WHY NATIONAL PARKS?

THE moment when Sir Arthur Hobhouse and his Committee, backed by a sympathetic Minister and Chancellor, are considering the proposals set out in Mr. John Dover's recent Report on National Parks is obviously opportune for the publication of a cheap, well-illustrated and persuasive presentation of the reasons why this country must place such areas under a special kind of control and of the ends and means involved. *National Parks for Britain*, by Henry Chesel (Cornish Bros., 8s. 6d.) is in many ways just such an attractive volume as is required, with a foreword by Sir Norman Reigate, and many irresistible photographic illustrations by Mr. Will F. Taylor. Mr. Chesel's statement of his arguments is simple and cogent, and to its cogency is a consideration of what has already been done in Canada and the U.S.A. Much of what he says is already very familiar to readers of *COUNTRY LIFE* at any rate, so far as any question as to the desirability of National Park Areas being selected and "designated" is concerned. Unfortunately the short sections dealing with "Control of the Parks" and "The Economics of the Matter" do not get as very far into the realms of practical politics, and it may well be impossible to discuss these fundamental questions very seriously until the Hobhouse Committee have reported and the Government's reaction is clear. W. E. B.

FELIKS TOPOLSKI

AS a result of his previously published impressions of *Russia in War*, Mr. Topolski has made a considerable reputation for himself as a commentator in line and colour on the pageantry and progress of the war-time world. *Three Continents, 1944-45* (Methuen, 50s.), is a more ambitious achievement, and in its production the artist has travelled the globe—returning with at least seven hundred drawings and finished paintings which are collected and reproduced in this attractive volume. It is impossible here to follow Mr. Maurice Collis's discussion of the artistic merits of this genius among reporters in line. The drawings reproduced very from scribbled notes of a moving scene, to composed drawings made in the studio, and somewhat puzzling *ensembles* in colour which it is obviously difficult to judge apart from the originals. Mr. Collis, having seen them, approves and praises them, and tells us that Topolski is now the most celebrated living draughtsman and more widely known to the general public than any other draughtsman who ever lived. However this may be, he has provided in this volume a rich pageant of humanity. W. E. B.

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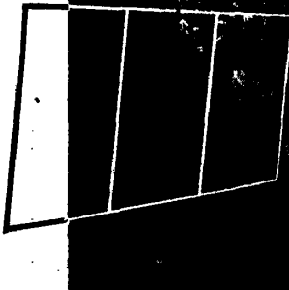
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FARMING NOTES

OCTOBER HARVEST

OCTOBER is here and still some corn stands, or rather lies, uncut in the southern half of England. In my twenty-five years of farming we have never been so far behind the calendar or lost so much of our harvest. Experience will vary in different districts and even on neighbouring farms. I can only speak about what I see around me. Almost all the wheat that has been cut is in rick. Some of it which was cut early sprouted like newly-sown grass in the sheaves and some of the open-sown kinds germinated before cutting. This sprouted grain will make much of this season's English wheat a doubtful proposition for the millers. The rule is that if a sample of wheat shows more than 25 per cent. of sprouted grain, it is condemned as non-millable. Then the Ministry of Food will only take it at the reduced price of 11s. 6d. per cwt. From the full price of 14s. 6d. per cwt. for millable wheat may be deducted up to 2s. 6d. per cwt. for drying wet wheat which is classed as "potentially millable." Some of this year's wheat shows a moisture content of over 30 per cent. Put into small ricks and allowed to dry out for several months, they may be reduced to nearer 20 per cent. The drying installations at the mills are so congested that few farmers can sell their wheat straight out of the field and so qualify for the temporary bonus which has boosted the autumn price up to 14s. 6d. for millable wheat. This price is to run on through October. Originally it was only to be given for wheat sold in August and September, but, with the best will in the world and superhuman energy, farmers have been able to do very little threshing. Mr. Strachey was looking for 325,000 tons of the new season's crop by the end of September. I doubt if the mills have taken a quarter of this tonnage, and with so much wet wheat about and the competing claims of the seed trade, the October tonnage for milling is also bound to be low. Accordingly the Government have added the sum of 1d. per cwt. to the fixed price of millable wheat during the months November-July, 1947. Farmers were promised an overall average increase of 8d. a cwt. through the season. Most of us have been denied the chance to earn the 1s. 6d. bonus, and I hope the N.F.U. will not be content with this penny for the rest of the season.

Barley Losses

THERE are some fields of barley as well as wheat still lying uncut. Each farmer will have to decide whether the attempt to cut and harvest will be worth while. I walked into one field which had no more than a quarter of the heads still attached to the stems. The other heads had disappeared altogether into a sea of clover that will soon swamp the barley crop completely. From the farmer's standpoint the best means of salvage will be to put cattle into the field and let them clear up the mess. If the country wants the grain that remains, and in this particular case they cannot want more than two or three sacks to the acre, the War Agricultural Committee will have to send a combine harvester in the course of the next few days to extract whatever can be saved. The combine would hardly pay for itself, and I do not think that the farmer can fairly be asked to finance the job.

Priority for Oats

AS for the oats, I find that many a people gave priority to this crop in harvesting, fearing that with the drastic cut in official rations for dairy cows as well as other livestock, their milk production would be hopelessly prejudiced by lack of any sustaining food for their livestock if they failed to

save their oats even at the expense of cash crops like barley and wheat. Even so, much of this year's oat crop has suffered in quality, and is not too sweet to the nose for will be big tonnage of non-millable wheat which will go into the cows' official ration this winter help to stimulate milk production. Then grass for the cows have largely wasted in the field. Happily, the Government have seen the sense of reducing a little the rate of extraction in flour milling, so that the cows will get something rather better than the chaff on which they were apparently expected to produce milk abundantly.

Another New Tractor

A FRIEND of mine who knows all about the theory and practice of engineering was much impressed by the new British-made tractor, and its implements, recently demonstrated at Coventry by the Standard Motor Company, which will be building the tractor for both domestic and export use. Implements are not merely towed behind the tractor, but are rigidly attached and become an integral part of the unit. Accordingly the tractor can be backed into awkward corners, and, moreover, by the system of attachment between the tractor and the various implements, an obstruction cannot cause the front wheels to leave the ground, as a hold-up merely causes the driving wheels to rise slightly. A hydraulic pump is incorporated in the gearbox, and is used to lift and lower the implements. In many cases they can be fitted and removed without the operator leaving the driving seat. On completion of the day's work the tractor can be lifted into the transport position, or folded, and the entire unit driven back to the barn. The speed at which implements can be attached or detached was demonstrated against a watch. My friend timed one change as taking 14 seconds, and that was by one man in the driving seat. Among the implements demonstrated, all which can be fitted as part of the tractor, were plough, disc harrow, tooth harrow, tiller, reaper and a trailer. When the trailer is attached the system of linkage once again ensures that the majority of the weight is carried on the driving wheels of the tractor. This avoids front-wheel lift, and sinking of the trailer wheels in very soft ground. The new tractor will, I am told, sell for £343, and the target for the Banner Lane factory is 500 tractors a day. This is excellent news. When the British-built Ferguson gets into production, I hope COUNTRY LIFE will put it through its paces at Goodings, and let us all know how performance matches promise.

Apples for Cider

SOMERSET has a poor cider apple 5 year. The trees look as if they have been stripped, but they have very little fruit. The same is true of Devon. Hereford has some cider apples, but the country's crop is far short of the cider-makers' requirements. They would like more cider apples than ever this year. Beer is scarce and thin, and cider will meet a very ready market. France before the war sent us bitter-sweet apples for cider-making, and a limited tonnage will be coming in again this season. Possibly, too, there will be some apple pulp from North America, but there should be a market for waste of the cooking and dessert kind. Reports on the price paid for small apples and low-grade apples are conflicting. One grower told me that he is making £14 a ton on his small apples, while another says that, with so much fallen fruit that everyone wants to sell, he cannot get a bid at all.

CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

ANTIQUITIES IN A FORMER AGE

THE late Archbishop Lord Lang once drew a moving picture in the House of Lords of the indifference of a former generation of the citizens of Canterbury to such relics of antiquity as survived in their time. He said that the Westgate, then the main entrance from the London-Dover road, was too low and narrow to allow of the passage of the carriages of a circus, and that it was seriously proposed that the gate should be demolished. Eventually the simpler and wholly harmless idea of making a roadway round the Gate was adopted. Long before that event the Abbey of St. Augustine had been allowed to fall into grievous disrepair, and part of the premises had been used for a brewery. It is not easy for people nowadays to understand the indifference of former generations to the beauty and venerable associations of what remained in their day of monastic establishments.

NORTH ABBEY

A GLAMORGANSHIRE sale just effected is a reminder of the misfortunes which befell North Abbey. For centuries the Abbey buildings were allowed to drop to pieces, a process which was expedited by the removal of stone for incorporation in a local church and dwelling-houses. In 1731 a lease having been granted to a copper-smelting concern, workpeople took possession of the fine old house, and they dumped refuse from the furnaces into the Abbey cloisters. Rather more than 20 years ago an effort was begun to clear away the refuse, and the resultant revelation of the architectural beauty of the Abbey remains has well repaid the investigators. The Abbey is now officially preserved. It stands on the North Abbey estate of approximately 2,000 acres. The Hon. Charles Ryhs has just sold the estate, his agents being Messrs. Bernard Thorpe and Partners, who were to have dealt with it at an auction lasting three days. An investment corporation, for whom Mr. Sydney Wootton (Messrs. Jones, Lang, Wootton and Co.) acted, has previously purchased the property, except one lot which had been previously withdrawn. The sale comprises farms, houses, ground rents and other holdings. Already the two firms of agents have successfully negotiated with the tenants for the re-sale of the major part of the estate.

A WELSH LAKE SOLD

BRIGADIER J. M. J. EVANS, who recently sold Broom Hall, a portion of his estates in North Wales, has disposed of Ytumllyn, 130 acres, and Yvumtredlyn Lake with fishing lodge and farm, 360 acres, near Criccieth, for a total of £18,525. The agents were Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Yale and Hardcastle. Ytumllyn House and 130 acres realised £7,200 and the lake, farm and lodge were sold for £2,700. The lake, almost 45 acres, five miles from Criccieth, is well stocked with trout.

GOLF CLUB PURCHASE OF A MANORION

LORD DE SAUMAREZ has sold to the Mid-Bedfordshire Golf Club the manorion and a large area appurtenant to it on the Sutton Park estate, near Biggleswade. The whole property, formerly the seat of the Burgoyne family, has been sold, by auction and otherwise, through the agency of Messrs. Lotts and Warner.

Half a dozen large farms and a good deal of woodland in the Staffordshire parish of Kingswinford and adjoining districts, altogether over 2,000 acres, part of Lord Dudley's

Hinley estates, will come under the hammer of Messrs. Edwards, Son and Bigwood at an early date.

Sales by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock include Wyke Hall and 28 acres at Gillingham, Dorset; Boxall Moor, a 16th-century house and 13 acres, near Haslemere, (with Messrs. Cubitt and West); Rignall Farm, 97 acres, near Great Missenden (with Messrs. Pretty and Ellis); and North-down, a 17th-century house and 34 acres (with Messrs. E. Watson and Sons). Purchase for clients include the Howler estate, 500 acres, at Brackley; and (from a client of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley) Brynderwen Court and 280 acres, with fishing in the Uck.

SALE OF WEST COURT, BERKSHIRE

WEST COURT estate, which is probably one of the oldest in East Berkshire, has just changed hands for only the third time since Saxton days. The sale was negotiated on behalf of Captain and Mrs. Whittington-Moe, by Messrs. Watts and Son.

The house was originally mooted, but was re-constructed in the reign of Queen Anne to a typical country residence of the period. Much of the old brickwork was retained, together with most of the interior oak carvings and panellings installed about the end of the sixteenth century. At present the property comprises, in addition to the residence, a number of cottages, a home farm and over 200 acres.

"SQUATTERS" AND DEPRECIATION OF PROPERTY

MUCH ingenuity was shown during the war in camouflaging gun emplacements and other war works, partly for the benefit of shelter and partly to make them as inconspicuous as possible, the living quarters for the Forces were often erected close to ordinary houses and blocks of flats. Owners and tenants did not complain, recognising military necessities, and supposing that as soon as hostilities ceased the authorities would clear away all traces of the war works. But a very long delay has ensued in the removal of huts. This has arisen partly through the lack of labour to demolish the buildings, partly through the lack of transport to remove the materials, but very much of the delay has been due to indecision on the part of the authorities about the future of the huts. Exposure to the weather, and the lack of any attempt to repair them has done a lot to make many of the hutments unfit for use and trespassers have been destructive and in some cases have carried off fittings and even such items as window frames and doors. Meanwhile, the invasion of many of these camps by "squatters" has taken place. Anything more uninviting and unsuitable for habitation it is hard to imagine than some of the camps, although certain types of hut have stood up very well to four or five years of rough usage and no repairs.

Sympathetic as every thinking person must be with those who are enduring wretched lodgings in small houses that were never intended for more than one family, the landowner, too, on whose property these camps have been erected deserves consideration. The proximity of such overcrowded and insanitary centres to ordinary residential property presents a new and depressing prospect to owners and tenants, and must lead to a serious depreciation of rental to a serious depreciation of rental to a serious depreciation of residential districts.

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Corded velvet coat in a new plucky brown that is the colour of plaided glass panelling. Spectator model shown in the British-Cos-Made-It Exhibition

Beretta's green and old rose tweed is worn over a tweed suit with an old rose corduroy front to the jacket. Simpson

COUNTRY CLOTHES

THE country clothes have stolen the most recent of the London dress shows—the sweaters, golf skirts, slacks, winter sports outfits, camel coats. Real cashmere cardigans and sweaters with box-pleated skirts in Shetland tweed that exactly match are some of the things that we have been waiting a long while for, and it almost seemed like a dream to see them parading in three charming pastels at Simpson's, and to be told they were on sale downstairs in the Sports Department. The sweaters are made with a round neck and a square yoke with a deep flat tuck across the chest, a trim variation on the classical round-necked, plain design.

Winter sports clothes were another item loudly applauded. There were the classic ski trousers in waterproof gabardine worn with camel-hair jackets, waterproofed gabardine jackets, lumber jackets in checked tweeds and lumber jackets in thick Munrospun jersey with scarlet sleeves and backs and brilliant plaid fronts. A whipcord outfit in caramel colour was smart. Other welcome reappearances at this show were fluffy white angora twin sets, worn with dashing green and red plaid skirts, also Utility Braemar twin sets shown with Utility slacks—the woollens in pastels, coral pink, ice blue, the slacks in cinnamon brown.

The collection as a whole was uncontentious in cut, gay in colour. Jackets to suits were nearly all double-breasted, and long. A camel travel coat was new-looking with its full pleated back hanging straight from the shoulders, a double-breasted front fastening with two rows of brown buttons to the waist and four flapped pockets, two above and two below the waist. The town

suits in smooth velours in mole, maroon and Venetian red had long jackets that moulded the hips or were longer still to three-quarters, and even as much as seven-eighths length. Suits were plain with tight skirts and deep pockets on the jackets. Winter white was a new colour, the tone of blanched almonds, shown for jersey two-pieces with this same long tunic. A tweed coat in bold plaid had a novel bolero effect on the top.

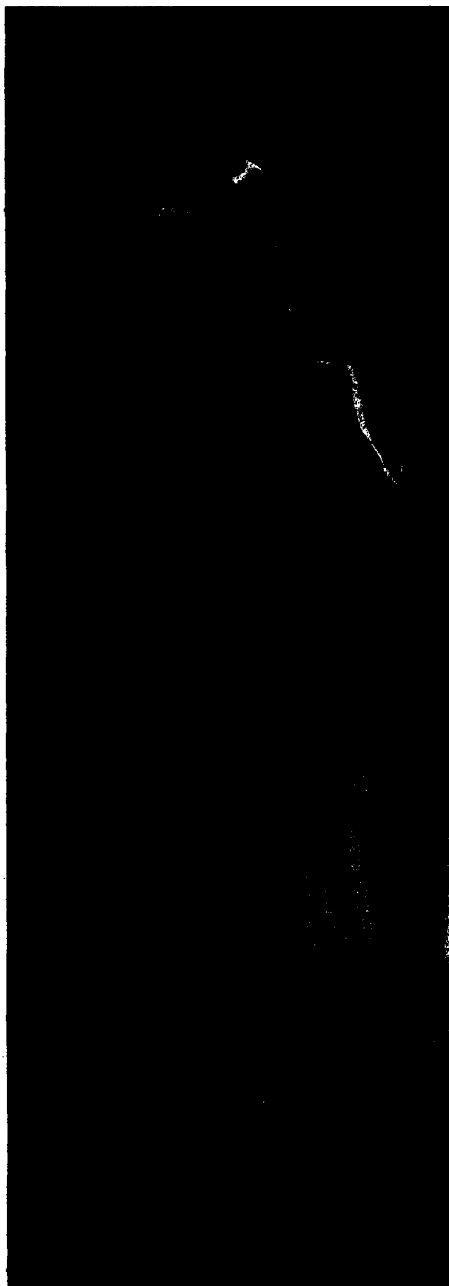
Checked jersey cardigans, tailored as neatly as a tweed, are shown for wearing with the numerous sun-ray pleated tweed skirts that are in all the stores. The jackets fit snugly at the waist, and are woven in vivid mixed colours, the skirts in neutral mixtures. Jager's wool jersey blouses are other chic sports accessories made with round, collarless necks and three-quarter sleeves. The jersey is thick and taut and there are woollen dimpled skirts in black or any bright colours, as well as tweeds to wear with them. Dark green pecary jackets, designed for country wear, button to a turndown collar at the throat. For golf, there are proofed gabardine jackets that carry easily, are waterproof and windproof, and suede jackets and jerkins.

Lime is a colour that recurs through all the ranges of knitted clothes, also in the tweed collections. Coral pink and mustard are others shown a great deal, also a deep iris blue. And to be smart, the twin sets should either contrast violently with slacks or suits, or should match exactly. Outlines are plain, and all these knitted jumpers and skirts fit snugly at the waist. Sun-ray pleated skirts and the new concertina pleats are constructed to give the minimum

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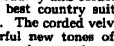
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of material over the hipline and are definitely slimming.

Country coats have changed considerably, especially in the way they fasten. Peter Russell shows a series of stunning top-coats in frizz dyed to brilliant clear shades, such as lemon and terracotta. He gives them broad shoulders, a neat lowered waistline, deep unbuttoned pleats in the skirt and buttons them down the front. The skirts are sometimes tucked in either side on the side seam below the deep pockets into these seams. The coats have been widely bought abroad. Plaid top-coats have a deep flare in the back and deep flapped pockets in front, or fit neatly about the bodice with many gores in the skirt. Worth shows a charming plaid coat for a young girl. The tiny, tiny jacket is buttoned down the front and underneath the dress has a full gored skirt with scarlet facings on the top. All the coats have an atmosphere of gaiety.

ANOTHER item for the country that has changed a lot is the odd jacket which Jaeger are making three-quarter length and double-breasted, fitting closely about the top but with enough room to be worn over a jersey twin set or one of their jersey blouses. They show these jackets in beige whipcord, in corduroy, tweed and hunting pink.

Corduroy and corded velvet make some of the best country suits and coats of the winter. The corded velvet is shown in some wonderful new tones of pink, brown and mahogany brown, also a curious greeny grey which is very becoming, and mustard. The top-coats are double-breasted with deep plaids and some in blue and jackets which are some-
 like a Norfolk. The longish corduroy jacket that Dorville wears has been bought all over the country. This is belted, and so cut that there are two gores in the back from the waist almost under both arms. The corded velvet is shown in many of the Parisian collections where they are making with an eye to selling in the American





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The Residence, built of brick, is in good structural repair, conveniently arranged on two floors, and stands in the centre of the property with a lodge at entrance.



Lounge hall, 5 reception, 12

bedrooms, nurseries, 4 bath-

rooms. Companies' electri-

city and water. Separate hot-

water system, central heating.

Modern drainage.

Stabling. Garage. Seven

cottages in hand. Second-

ary residence let.

The gardens are artistically

laid out, with extensive

lawns, 2 tennis courts,

croquet lawn, rose and rock

gardens. Two walled kitchen

gardens. Farmery. Nut and

fruit plantations, meadow

and arable land.



FOR SALE WITH ABOUT 50 ACRES

Sole Agents: Messrs. DANIEL WATNEY, EILOART, INMAN & NUNN, The Charterhouse, Charterhouse Square, E.C.1, and

Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY.

(8,471)

Illustrated 25/11
(10 Hous)

20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

Telegrams:
"Carterton, Wode, London."



JACKSON STOPS & STAFF

8, HANOVER ST., LONDON, W.1. MAYFAIR 3816/7

CASTLE ST., CIRENCESTER, NORTHAMPTON, LEEDS, YEOVIL, CHICHESTER, CHESTER AND NEWMARKET

DORSET

Marinerdon Noddon 2½ miles.
Fine **English Residence**
MANSTON HOUSE, STURMISTER NEWTON



Containing galleried hall, 3 reception, 6 bedrooms and 4 secondary bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, domestic offices, All services. Garage. Shrubbery. Lovely gardens bounded by River Mott. Garden room, Cottage and 2 1/2 acres. **VACANT POSSESSION**

FOR SALE BY AUCTION (unless previously sold by private treaty) at the Half Moon Hotel, Northampton, on Friday, November 15 1946, at 3 p.m.

Particulars, prices 1/7, from Solicitors: Messrs. KNOX & FOSKETT, The Red House, Bampton, Kent. Joint Auctioneers: Messrs. JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, Handford, Yeovil (Tel. 1046); Messrs. THRESDON & CO., 77, South Audley Street, Mayfair, London W.1 (Tel. Grosvenor 8801).

By direction of Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Atwell.

Mr. FEVENSEY, SUSSEX

With golf views inland and seaward, 1 mile from Putney and Western Station. **Palings 5 miles, 4½ miles Malvern.** 5 miles **Eastbourne.**

FREELAND WITH VACANT POSSESSION
The very attractive and well-placed small Residential Farm **MANHAM HALL, WESTHAM**

With pleasing early Georgian Residence containing hall, 3 reception rooms, study, 6 principal bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, 2 attic rooms. Main electric light, gas and water. Small garden. Valuable orchards. Splendid outcrop. Very superior set of ornamental woods with modern rowlocks for 30, and about 80 ACRES of useful land. Also an enclosure of arable land, about 40 ACRES, and a mile of excellent outcrops will be offered for SALE BY AUCTION in three lots (unless previously sold privately) at the Guildford Hotel, Basingstoke, on Wednesday, October 23, 1946, at 3 p.m.

Particulars, plans and conditions of sale (price 3/6) from the Joint Auctioneers: Messrs. JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, London, W.1; Messrs. BENTLEY, Esq., F.A.I., 14, St. Leonards Road, Bournemouth. Solicitors: Mr. D. W. HARRISON, 5, Denmore Road, Bournemouth.

By direction of Mrs. Holton.

THE MALT HOUSE, BROAD CAMPDEN, GLOS.

1 mile Curzon Town and Station. **Marine-la-Mare 5 miles.** 10 miles **12 miles.**

FINE OLD COTTAGE-HOUSE, WELL REHABILITATED



Three sitting rooms, 6 reception, 5 secondary beds and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, compact modern offices. Two first-rate cottages (detached). Three barns. All main services and central heating. Charming extensive grounds, and cherry orcharding. In all about 4 ACRES.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION (unless previously sold) on Monday, November 11, at The Lygon Arms, Campden.

Illustrated particulars of the Joint Auctioneers: JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 8, Curzon Street, London, W.1; Messrs. ALFRED BOWEN, High Street, Chipping Campden, (Tel. Campden 226).

AUCTION OCTOBER 20, 1946

GOUDHURST, KENT

Twickenham 9 miles, 10 miles.

The superb late 18th Century Wood Hall House, GATHEWELL

Completely modernized and commanding unsurpassed views.

Great hall, 3 reception rooms, 4 bed and dressing rooms in suite, 3 master rooms, 4 bathrooms.

MAIN WATER AND ELECTRICITY.

CENTRAL HEATING. Two offices. Hand tennis court. Garden and paddock, in all about 11 ACRES.

Joint Auctioneers: Messrs. TOWNSEND, GREEN & CO., 128-131, Jermyn Street, S.W.1 (Abbey 4525), Messrs. JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, W.1 (Mayfair 3816/7).

By direction of Lord-Oak and Lady Anne Robinson.

ROXBURGHSHIRE

On the outskirts of Edinburgh.

THE LOVELY GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, LAMON AND ESTATE OF PINNACLE HILL. On the banks of the Tweed, comprising PINNACLE HILL HOUSE with VACANT POSSESSION.

A delightful example of Georgian architecture, modernized on the scale of the river. Four reception rooms, 5 principal bedrooms, 1 bathroom, 1 secondary bedroom, domestic offices, 100 acres.

Central heating. Main water. Electricity. Attractive parklands. Separate kitchen garden and cottage with recent possession. The Estate Farm of Pinnacle Hill.

Several cottages, backing stable, woodland. Valuable building land and accommodation ensembles, and the MODERN SEMI-DETACHED RESIDENCE known as 15, Spruon Road, Kelso, with VACANT POSSESSION, containing 2 reception rooms, 3 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen, larder, garage and garden.

The whole Estate extending in all to about 180 ACRES will be offered FOR SALE IN LOTS BY PUBLIC AUCTION (unless sold previously by private treaty).

On Monday, November 11, 1946, at 11.30 a.m. Solicitors: Messrs. MELVILLE & LINDSAY, 119, George Street, Edinburgh. Auctioneers: JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 15, Sand Street, Leeds. Tel. Leeds 51941.

also Cirencester, Chichester and Chester.

WEETON (between Leeds and Harrogate) YORKS.

A lovely position, just outside from the village.

STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE OF OLD-WORLD CHARM

Four reception, 5 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, etc. Main services. Central heating.

COTTAGE, GARAGE FOR 2 STABLES, 2 PADDOCKS

Spacious lawn, formal garden, walled kitchen garden, in all about

18½ ACRES

FREELAND

POSITION SELLING

1947

FOR SALE BY AUCTION in Leeds on October 25 (unless sold previously privately), Solicitors: BAY & VEWELL, 10, Park Square, Leeds. Auctioneers: JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 15, Sand Street, Leeds. Tel. Leeds 51941.



Grosvenor 2151

(3 lines)

By direction of Col. J. C. Harcourt.

SUSSEX COAST

PLATTEN HOUSE, SELBY

Chichester 5 miles, Goudhurst 12 miles, directly overlooking the sea.



A well-planned

MODERN RESIDENCE

Light bed and dressing, 3 bath, hall and 1 reception room. **MAIN SERVICES. CENTRAL HEATING.**

Garage and 2 rooms.

GROUPS OF 1/2 ACRE, ADJOINING SANDY BEACHES.

For sale privately now or by Auction later, 6/6 Agents: WILKINSON & CO., 44, Curzon Street, London, W.1.

WINKWORTH & CO.

46, CURZON STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1

WANTED

Within 2½ hours by rail from London, in a quiet district.

HANTS OR DORSET

preferred.

A well-equipped

COUNTRY HOUSE

of some character, ready for early occupation. Minimum of 5 master's bedrooms, 3 or more bathrooms, and 4 smaller

rooms, with electric light installed and

ABOUT 100 ACRES (or more)

with Home Farm.

N.B.—For a House in first-class order with fitted kitchen in bedrooms, polished floors and modern domestic arrangements, a special price might be paid.

Particulars (with photograph) should be sent to "Mr. A."

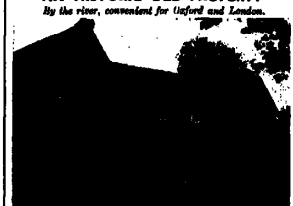
c/o WINKWORTH & CO., 46, Curzon Street, W.1.

In first class order.

OXFORDSHIRE

AN HISTORIC OLD PROPERTY

By the river, convenient for Oxford and London.



A skilfully restored

XVth-CENTURY RESIDENCE

Two bed, 3 bath, hall and 1 reception room. Main electricity and water. Latest central heating, including garage. Two cottages. Bathrooms. Walled garden.

PRICE £16,000 WITH 7 ACRES

Ready for immediate occupation.

Agents: WINKWORTH & CO., 46, Curzon Street, London, W.1

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

GLOUCESTERSHIRE. 4 MILES FROM CHELTENHAM
The Freehold Residential and Sporting
GREENWAY ESTATE

TUDOR STYLE RESIDENCE

Standing about 270 ft. up, on lean
soil, in a fine timbered park.

Hall, 5 reception rooms, 7 principal
bedrooms, 7 secondary bedrooms,
4 bathrooms, complete offices.

Central heating. Main electricity,
power and drainage. Garages and
stabling. Attractive pleasure grounds.
Walled garden and glasshouse.

Entrance Lodge and 3 Cottages



THE GREEN FARM

A first-class Dairy Farm of
200 acres

With an attractive house, a cottage
and ample farm buildings. Let at
£250 per annum.

Vacant Possession of the
Residence

ABOUT 234 ACRES

For Sale privately

Sole Agents: Messrs. CHAM, G. CANTLE & SON, 2, Regent Street, Cheltenham, and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1.

BUCKS—8 MILES FROM AYLESBURY

In unspoilt country adjoining a small village.



A BEAUTIFUL
QUEEN ANNE HOUSE
Restored and modernised
and in excellent order
throughout.

Three reception rooms, 7
bed and dressing rooms, 3
bathrooms, ground floor
domestic offices. Com-
pact electric light and
water. Part central heat-
ing. Stabling and garage
premises. (Cottage can be
rented). Delightful tim-
bered gardens and grounds
with lake, kitchen gardens
and croquet.

About 5 Acres. Ideally situated for the Whaddon Chase Hunt.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH VACANT POSSESSION

Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (45,455)

Mayfair 2771
(18 lines)

20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

WEST SUSSEX COAST

Excellent Yachting Facilities. 6 miles Chichester.
London 1½ hours (electric trains).

Distinctive Modern Resi-
dence, built for owner's
companion. First-class
order throughout. South
aspect, exceptional views
over unspoilt coast.

Hall, elms (6 and 4) and
W.C., 3 reception rooms,
7 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms,
domestic offices. Central
heating, independent hot
water service. Main elec-
tricity (power point in
every room), water and
drainage. Telephone. Built
in furniture. Oak floors.

Garage.

Attractively disposed and well-maintained gardens. Peak formal garden with pond,
hard tennis court, kitchen garden, orchard, paddock.

ABOUT 3¼ ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD—VACANT POSSESSION

Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (45,476)



Telephone
"Galleries, W. end, London."

NICHOLAS

(Established 1882)

4, ALBANY COURT YARD, PICCADILLY, W.1: 1, STATION ROAD, READING

Regent 0880/2887
Reading 4441

OAKHAM, RUTLAND

In the centre of the Cotswold District.

LANGHAM COTTAGE

TO BE LET FURNISHED FOR 3, 5 OR 7 YEARS



This well-known delightful
small hunting box, stone
built and finished in per-
fect order. Eight bedrooms
with bath, 2 bathrooms,
3 charming reception rooms.
Central heating, electric
light and power, gas and
capital water supply.

Lovely old-world gardens.

HURDLE RACING 10 BOXES.

Garage, outspan, 3 fields
18 ACRES in all could be
included or not as desired.

Further particulars from Sole Agents: Messrs. NICHOLAS, 4, Albany Courtyard,
Piccadilly, W.1.

STOKE POGES, BUCKS

3 miles Slough Station (G.W.R.). 1 hour to bus route. 20 miles of London.

AN ATTRACTIVE OLD-WORLD DETACHED RESIDENCE
known as

WHITE OAKS, UXBRIDGE ROAD, STOKE POGES, BUCKS

Situated in delightful rural surroundings, close to the village, and easily accessible to
Slough Station, with other frequent trains to Paddington. The Residence has a pleasing
elevation, standing well back and secluded from the road, built of brick with stone
cream-washed walls and slate roof.

The accommodation comprises 3 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen,
maid's bedroom, outside W.C. Garage, main electric light, modern drainage, telephone.
The garden is beautifully laid out, being surrounded by a high hedge, with small lawn,
well-stocked kitchen garden, etc.

IN ALL ABOUT ¼ OF AN ACRE

VACANT POSSESSION WILL BE GIVEN ON COMPLETION.

Which Messrs. NICHOLAS have instructions to offer for sale by Auction (unless previously
disposed of) at London Auction Mart, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4,
early in November.

See particulars can be obtained from SOLE AGENTS: Messrs. BARNES, WALTON, GORDON
AND GATWICK, 1, North Street, Lutterworth, Huntingdonshire, Cambs. 4, Albany Courtyard, Piccadilly, W.1, and Reading.

Telephone
"Nicholson, Place, London"
"Nicholas, Reading"

F. L. MERCER & CO.

SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1

Regent 2487

"DADMANS," LYNSTED, NEAR SITTINGBOURNE, KENT

Surrounded by extensive deer country of 1000 acres.
CHARMING 500-YEAR-OLD RESIDENCE WITH QUEEN
ANNE ADDITIONS



Leisure hall, 5 reception
rooms, 5 bedrooms, 3 bath-
rooms.

CENTRAL HEATING.

TWO GARAGES.

STABLING.

Old world walled-in garden,
orchard and paddock.

5 ACRES FREEHOLD.

Bank offer over £7,500
will secure, by tender,
March, 1947, or earlier
by arrangement.

Order to view from Sole Agents: F. L. MERCER & CO., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly,
W.1. Tel: Regent 2481.

"THE FIRS," CROXLEY GREEN, NEAR RICKMANSWORTH, HERTS

One of the loveliest homes within 10 miles of London. Adjoined to Open Common and
commanding unspoilt views.

BEAUTIFULLY EQUIPPED GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

Modernised regardless of
cost and equipped with per-
fect rooms, choice fireplace
and lavatory bathroom.
Leisure hall, 4 reception
rooms, 7 principal bedrooms,
5 bathrooms, staff quarters.

CENTRAL HEATING.

MAIN SERVICES.

COTTAGE, GARAGE.

STABLING.

Inexpensive gardens,
orchard and paddock.

5 ACRES FREEHOLD

£15,000

Order to view from the Sole Agents: F. L. MERCER & CO., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly,
W.1. Tel: Regent 2481.





HAMPTON & SONS

6, ARLINGTON STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1

Regist. 0022 (10 Hous.)

Telegrams: "Solandis, Plow, London"



By order of the Liquidators, Holden Estates, Ltd.

BRACING KENT COAST

Enjoying uninterrupted sea views.

"NALDERA"

North Foreland
Estates, Broadstairs

Well-fitted Freehold Marine Residence containing: Hall, corridors, 5 reception and garden room, conservatory, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, dressing room, usual office. All complete with central and constant hot water installations. Double garage. Terraced gardens and grounds of about an acre. With vacant possession.

For Sale by Auction at the Grand Hotel, Broadstairs, on Thursday, November 7 next, at 3 p.m., unless sold previously by agreement.

Solicitors: Messrs. J. A. & H. E. FARFVILL, 4, Lloyd Avenue, E.C.3. Particulars and conditions of sale from the Joint Auctioneers: Messrs. B. J. PEARSON, P.A.L.T., Station Gate, Broadstairs, Kent (Broadstairs 163), and Messrs. HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1. (Regist. 0022.)

EWHURST, SURREY

BRACKENHURST

700 feet up, commanding superb views of South Downs.

Choice modern Freehold Residence adjoining Hurtwood Common. Hall, 3 reception rooms, studio or music room. Compact office, 6 bed, dressing and bathroom. Company's electric light and water. Garage for 2. Building suitable for conversion into bungalow. Beautifully tended and inexpensive gardens with kitchen garden, etc., in all about 2 ACRES.

For Sale by Auction at the London Auction Mart, 185, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4, on Wednesday, October 20 next, at 2.30 p.m. (unless sold previously by agreement).

Solicitors: Messrs. HART & SONS, South Street, Uxbridge, Surrey.

Particulars from the Joint Auctioneers: Messrs. H. B. RAFFERTY & SONS, Station Office, Godalming, Surrey (Tel. 3), and Messrs. HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1. (Regist. 0022.)

BRANCH OFFICES: WIMBLEDON COMMON, S.W.19 (WIM. 0081)

BISHOP'S STORTFORD (043)

CHESHAM BOIS

ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENCE

Convenient for Station.

Standing in well-kept and secluded grounds of ABOUT 4 ACRES.

Lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, billiards room, cloakroom, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bedrooms, excellent offices.

Garage for 4 cars. Cottage.

Greenhouse. Good outbuildings.

PRICE £2,750

Apply: Messrs. HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1. (Regist. 0022.) (S.21428)

BUCKS

QUEEN ANNE HOUSE, DATCHET, Nr. WINDSOR

A choice little Period House on two floors facing open green and River Thames. Excellent lounge 20 ft. x 17 ft., paneled dining room, domestic offices, including servants' bed, bath and sitting room. Two staircases, 3 or 4 bedrooms and second bathroom. Co.'s electric light, water and gas available. Central heating. Garage. Lovely old-world garden. Vacant Possession.

Hampton & Sons in conjunction with Lawrence & Son will sell the above by Auction at the London Auction Mart, 185, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4, on Wednesday, October 20, next, at 2.30 p.m. (unless previously disposed of).

Solicitors: Messrs. WESTERN & SONS, 55, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2. Particulars from the Joint Auctioneers: Messrs. LAWRENCE, SON & LAIRD, 3, High Street, Marlow, and Messrs. HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1. (Regist. 0022.)

JAMES HARRIS & SON

WINCHESTER

Tel. 1261.

BETWEEN WINCHESTER AND BASINGSTOKE

ATTRACTIVE GEORGIAN STYLE RESIDENCE

Lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, 16 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

CENTRAL HEATING. ELECTRIC LIGHT. ESTATE WATER.

EXCELLENT COTTAGE.

Garages. Two paddocks. Four loose boxes.

20 ACRES.

VACANT POSSESSION. £2,500.

Particulars from JAMES HARRIS & SON, Jewry Chambers, Winchester. (Telephone 2451).

Chartered
Surveyors

WATTS & SON

WORKINGHAM,
BERKS. Tel. 177

DORSET COAST

Gardens lowered down to the beach.



UNIQUE COASTAL PROPERTY

"far from the wedding crowd" with bus route within one mile. Four reception rooms, 9 small bedrooms, 3 baths, and adjoining cottage of 5 rooms and bathroom would be incorporated. Walnut grounds of nearly 2 ACRES. Tennis court, fruit and kitchen garden. Garage.

£2,500 FREEHOLD

Adjoining field could be obtained.

Nestled in the Writington Vale at the foot of the Mendips Hills

"HOPEDALE"

In the Village of

LANGFORD, SOMERSET

Writol 12 miles, Wotton-under-Clare 5 miles.

A STONE-BUILT HOUSE

amidst fine countryside and within a few miles of the sea. Five bedrooms, 2 reception rooms, bathroom, kitchen, garage, etc.

ATTRACTIVE GARDENS BORDERED BY A

BURNING STREAM

ALL WITH VACANT POSSESSION

AUCTION SALE ON OCTOBER 22 AT BRISTOL

44 MILES NORTH OF LONDON

In an unspoiled village.

WOODLANDS, WOODBURN BANS



VICTORIAN SOLIDITY AT ITS BEST

Steadily planned House with good roofline, lofty rooms, particularly all on two floors. Large hall, 2 reception, 3 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 baths. Playroom (on garden level). ALL MAIN SERVICES. CENTRAL HEATING. Garage. Vineyard. Walled garden and paddock. Over 2 1/2 ACRES.

FOR SALE BY AUCTION ON OCTOBER 21.

Grosvenor 5999
(4 lines)

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

(Established 1770)

25, MOUNT ST., GROSVENOR SQ., W.1

Robert Place, Eaton Sq.,
West End, W.1
Brompton, W.1
and 61, Victoria St.,
Westminster, E.C.1

THIS UNIQUE LITTLE PROPERTY

in situ only 30 minutes from London yet in perfectly rural surroundings and comprises perhaps the



most beautifully appointed small house. It is possible to find and use the house with only a daily help.

Six bed and dressing, 3 bath, 4 reception rooms. All main, 30 radiators. All oak floors and panelled rooms, fitted baths, completely tiled and rubber-floored bathroom and office.

PRE-WAR COST OVER £20,000
Garage, woodshed and wood-land.

25 ACRES WITH CHAIN OF 3 LAKES
Might be divided.

Recommended by GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, London, W.1. (2081)

OVERLOOKING WINDSOR GREAT PARK

Surry, 30 miles of Windsor Great Park.



This pleasing Residence occupies a picked position well back from a quiet road approached by 3 drives. Hall, 3 reception and billiard room, 2 principal bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, servants' wing with 6 bedrooms, bath-rooms, etc. Central heating throughout. Main electricity, gas and water, modern drainage. Garage, stabling, large playground, etc. Gardens and grounds of about 3 acres.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH IMMEDIATE POSSESSION

Further land and 5 cottages available if required.
All further particulars of the Sale Agents: GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, London, W.1. (A.4706)

Grosvenor 5936
(2 lines)

TURNER LORD & RANSOM

127, MOUNT ST., LONDON, W.1

Telephone: Turler, Audley, London.

TO GARDEN LOVERS EXTENSIVE VIEWS OVER BAGSHOT HEATH

West Surrey, high up, gravel soil, 6 miles Woking.



10 BEDROOMS, 2 BATHROOMS,
LOUNGE HALL, 4 RECEPTION ROOMS
Central heating. Lavatory basins in bedrooms. Main water and electricity.
SERVANTS' HALL, etc.
GARAGES FOR 4.

EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD (OTTAGE).
LODGE.
DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS
WITH FINE OLD TREES, WOODLAND.
22 ACRES
TENNIS COURTS, KITCHEN GARDEN, ETC.

FREEHOLD FOR SALE

Sole Agents: TURNER LORD & RANSOM, 127, Mount Street, W.1.

THE ESTATE HOUSE,
MAIDENHEAD

CYRIL JONES

F.A.I., F.V.A.

Maidenhead
2033/4

22 MILES LONDON GEORGIAN HOUSE IN 45 ACRES



Kitchen bed and dressing rooms,
4 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms.

CENTRAL HEATING.

MAIN SERVICES.

Excellent throughout. Lovely grounds.

Two cottages. Garage. Stabling.

BARGAIN PRICE FOR QUICK SALE

Apply: CYRIL JONES, F.A.I., F.V.A., The Estate House, Maidenhead. Tel.: Maidenhead 2033/4.

OCTOBER AUCTIONS

THE MALTINGS, COOKHAM A LOVELY PERIOD RESIDENCE FACING VILLAGE GREEN

Five bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, nursery suite, 3 reception rooms.

Garage for 4. Cottages.

WITH VACANT POSSESSION.

PUBLIC AUCTION OCTOBER 17, 1946

LOWER HOUSE, CHORLEYWOOD

In a woodland setting.

4-5 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms.

Garage.

ABOUT 4 ACRES with small plantation.

COMPANIES' SERVICE.

WITH VACANT POSSESSION.

PUBLIC AUCTION OCTOBER 27, 1946

Auctioneer: CYRIL JONES, F.A.I., F.V.A.

TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley St., W.1

Grosvenor 2861. Telegrams: "Cornishmen, London."

AUCTION FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13

MANSTON HOUSE, STURMETER NEWTON, DORSET

THIS CHARMING CHARACTER RESIDENCE

Cellaried hall, 3 reception, 3 bath, 6 principal and 4 staff bedrooms.

A.L.I. SERVICES. CENTRAL HEATING.

Garage, stabling, cottages. Lovely grounds partly bounded by stream, walled kitchen garden and 2 paddocks, about 8½ ACRES

Illustrated particulars (price 1/-) from JACKSON FRANK & SONS, Hendford, Yeovil, and TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1.

GUILDFORD and Cranleigh (between), amidst lovely country with glorious views, FIRST-CLASS COUNTRY RESIDENCE. Hall, 3 reception, 3 bath, 6 bed (3 h.c.), Main electricity. Central heating. Telephone. Garage for 3, 500 sq. ft. Grounded cottage. Charming gardens, kitchen garden and woodlands. ADVANCE £18,000 FREEHOLD.—TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (26,282)

GURSEY, BEDHAM, NEAR PITTLEWORTH. Beautiful place for home. 12 ACRES old pasture. FOR SALE AS WHOLE. £450 FREEHOLD.—TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1.

S. W. SANDERS,
F.V.A.

SANDERS'

T. S. SANDERS,
F.V.A.

MARKET PLACE, SIDMOUTH. Tel.: Sidmouth 41

SIDMOUTH

FOR SALE WITH IMMEDIATE POSSESSION

ATTRACTIVE SMALL MODERN RESIDENCE. £4,500
Two reception, 4 bedrooms, double garage. Small garden. Central heating. All main services.

IN THE BEAUTIFUL NEW FOREST

TO BE LET FOR THE WINTER MONTHS
MOST ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE
with 4 reception, 6 bedrooms and 2 bathrooms, marble sitting room. Garden and grounds of over 20 ACRES.

Low inclusive rent £2 guineas weekly.

SIDMOUTH

TO BE LET FOR 6 OR 12 MONTHS AT 15 GUINEAS WEEKLY

ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE

In best locality. Two reception and 6 bedrooms. Garage. MAIN SERVICES.

THE DEMAND FOR GOOD CLASS COUNTRY PROPERTIES IS INSISTENT. We are anxious, at all times, to hear from clients wishing to dispose of homes of character. Inspection made and expert advice given without fee. No charges incurred unless a sale results.

5, MOUNT ST.
LONDON, W.1

CURTIS & HENSON

Greenover 5191 (5 lines)
Established 1875

HEART OF THE COTTESMORE COUNTRY

200 ft. up, 2 miles from Oakham.



Attractive pleasure gardens. Garage. Stabling for 4.

Rough shooting over 1,200 ACRES might be let.

Owner's Agents: CURTIS & HENSON, as above.

TO BE LET FURNISHED

A well-equipped House.

11 Bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, hall, 8 reception rooms, electric light, reticulated water supply.

Central heating, domestic hot water.

THE GREAT ROLLRIGHT MANOR ESTATE

Near Clipping Norton, Oxfordshire.

A STONE-BUILT MANOR HOUSE

of medium size. In good order. Electric light. Central heating. Hunter stabling. Manor Farm, Hill Barn Farm, Cumber Farm. Accommodation land. Numerous cottages. Allotments.

ABOUT 285 ACRES

Vacant Possession of Manor House and Grounds and by arrangement of the Hill Barn and Cumber Farms.

For Sale by Auction at Oxford on October 23 next.

Solicitors: RIDER, HAYON, MERRITT & HILLS, 4, New Square, Lincoln's Inn, London. Joint Auctioneers: FRANKLIN & JONES, Twicken Court, Oxford, and CURTIS & HENSON, as above.



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AND VALUERS

EDWARD SYMMONS & PARTNERS

LAND AND
ESTATE AGENTS

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(J. F. W. LOYD, F.R.I.C., F.A.S.I.)

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GUSSIONS HALL, GREAT LEIGHS—AN EARLY TUDOR RESIDENCE OF GREAT CHARM, in all about 160 ACRES

THEORETICALLY MODERNISED

and containing

6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, maid's room, and excellent domestic offices.

PICTURESQUE MOAT AND 8 ACRES OF GROUND.



Also FARMLANDS and BUILDINGS

extending to 72 ACRES (at present let).

VACANT POSSESSION OF HOUSE, GROUND and 20 ACRES OF WOODLAND

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The Freehold Residential Estate

"ROCKYLANE FARM"

ROTHERFIELD GREYS, NEAR HENLEY-ON-THAMES, OXON.

Exceptionally attractive Period Residence. Skillfully restored and modernised. Eight bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, model domestic offices.

CENTRAL HEATING.

Fine old barn.

THREE COTTAGES



Attractive gardens, paddock, farmland and protective woodlands.

in all about 95 ACRES.

Which will be offered for Sale by Auction at the London Auction Mart, 120, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4, on October 22, 1946 (unless previously sold privately).

For Particulars and permission to view, apply to: The Solicitors, Messrs. FLAGGATE & CO., 75, Pall Mall, S.W.1. The Auctioneers, Messrs. FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO., 29, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

IN A FAVOURITE DISTRICT WITHIN 70 MINUTES OF THE CITY

5 miles from an important town.

FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE ABOUT 250 ACRES (on a ring fence) including some good quality meadows of grassland and 90 ACRES of Arable and Woodlands.

ELIZABETHAN STYLE RESIDENCE DATING FROM 1495

built of half-timbered red brick with stone casement windows and brick chimneys. Oak panelling and parquet floored hall, dining room, study, library and smoking room. Papered drawing room. Also principal hall and dressing rooms, 5 bedrooms, nursery and staff wing. Good domestic offices. Excellent ranges for 6 cars.

COMPANY'S KITCHEN, LOST, CENTRAL HEATING, MODERN DRAINAGE.

GOOD WATER SUPPLY, WELL-TIMBERED PARK.

BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED OLD GARDEN AND GROUNDS. SWIMMING POOL. WALLED KITCHEN GARDEN, FULLY STOCKED. MODEL HOME FARM with a splendid range of modern houses for background or a pasture herd. Bath's house, 4 modern cottages.

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BEAUTIFUL PART OF DORSET

1 mile from Dorchester. Free range of fishery.
Original JACOBSEAN HOUSE of EXCEPTIONAL CHARACTER



In a wonderful state of preservation. Many panelled rooms and other period features. Completely modernized with electricity, central heating, etc. 18 bed and dressing rooms, 6 bathrooms, magnificent hall and 2 reception rooms. Set within old-world gardens and finely timbered park.

Stabling, garage, 8 cottages. First-class fishing.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH 40 ACRES £15,000

VACANT POSSESSION.

Or with Home Farm (tot) with good house and buildings, 8 cottages and valuable woodlands, to all

748 ACRES £30,000
NOB AGENTS: WILSON & CO., 25, MOUNT STREET, W.1.

SUSSEX. OVERLOOKING THE SOUTH DOWNS

Convenient to Exeter, Heath and Looe.
SUPERBLY APPOINTED COUNTRY HOUSE

With fine oak panelling, parquet floors, tiled fireplaces, and numerous bathrooms.

OCCUPYING ONE OF THE FINEST POSITIONS IN SUSSEX.

Eleven bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, fine hall and 2 reception rooms. Lodge, chauffeur's flat, garage and stabling.

Main electric light and power. Central heating. Pasture and woodland.

ABOUT 141 ACRES

Inspected and strongly recommended by Sale Agents: WILSON & CO., 25, Mount Street, W.1.

BUNNINGHILL,
BERKS.

MRS. N. C. TUFNELL, F.V.A.

ABOUT 515

By direction of Major R. P. H. Hines, M.R.N., M.C.

BERKSHIRE

Within 1/2 mile of Lower Marston from Reading Golf Course.

The Freehold modern Country Residence (built in 1880)

TREYON COUNTRY, ASCOT



Comprising 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 12 reception rooms, cloakroom. Excellent modern domestic offices, servants' hall. Polished oak floors in all main rooms. Fitted wash basins. Central heating. Co.'s electricity, gas and water. Main driveway. Garage for 2 cars. Well-laid-out gardens. The whole extending to 4 1/2 ACRES

FOR SALE BY AUCTION (unless previously sold privately) by Mrs. N. C. TUFNELL, at the Bunninghill Hotel, Bunninghill, on Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 3 p.m. Solicitors: Messrs. YOUNG JONES & CO., 2, Suffolk Lane, London, N.P.A. Haddon House 1934.

By direction of the Hon. Sir W. H. H. Hines, Bt.

CLOSE TO WINDSOR GREAT PARK

Within easy reach of station, on mainline road.

THE GEORGIAN HOUSE, HERONSBOCK, BUNNINGHILL

The accommodation comprises 9 principal bedrooms and dressing rooms, 5 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms and hall (oak panelling). Dining room, oak paneled music room, 10 x 12 electric, gas and water. Main driveway. Central heating. Gardener's flat. Brick-built squash court. (Tennis and excellent outbuildings.)

Walled kitchen garden. In all about 4 1/2 ACRES freehold.

FOR SALE BY AUCTION as a whole (unless previously sold privately), by Mrs. N. C. TUFNELL, at the Property on Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 3.30 p.m., followed by a two-day sale of the contents. Solicitors: Messrs. YOUNG JONES & CO., 2, Suffolk Lane, London, N.P.A. Haddon House 1934.

Telegram: "C. W. INGRAM, F.S.I."
90, PRINCES STREET, DUBLIN 40

Tel.: 92551
(3 lines)

SPORTING PROPERTIES FOR SALE

GAITHNESS. Capital dwelling house Moor of about 5,000 ACRES with 1 trout loch, keeper's house and kennels, 4 sheep farms, and some small holdings. Hotel accommodation near by. The moor is accessible and easily walked, and has already yielded over 180 brace in August, 1945.

RODS AND CROMARTY. About 20,000 ACRES of great grazing in owner's hands. No lodge. Capital stalking. Grouse and wild fowl shooting and trout fishing.

SUTHERLAND. Grouse shooting and occasional stag over 5,000 ACRES. Small comfortable house and sheep farm in owner's hands.

MEIKENDE. Exclusive fishing, salmon and trout and sea trout. Remote small house, bedrooms and electric light. Shooting available.

REPORTING PROPERTIES SOLD RECENTLY:—MART RHIDORROCH in Western Ross, a deer forest of 10,000 acres. LERY BERTAY in Perthshire, grouse and salmon fishing, 2,000 acres. GLENHOLM, BERTAY, SUTHERLAND, stag, grouse and salmon fishing, 2,000 acres.

FOR SCOTTISH PROPERTIES—C. W. INGRAM, F.S.I.

Adjoining Camberley Heath Golf Course, 1 1/2 miles from Camberley Station and about 20 miles from London.

THE ATTRACTIVE Modernized Residence SOUTHCOTE LODGE, CAMBERLEY



The accommodation comprises: Lounge hall, dining room, morning room, drawing room, billiards room, bathroom, etc., and domestic quarters, 10 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms. The house is generously equipped with lavatory basins, gas fires and electric heating points, and is in excellent condition throughout. The outbuildings are of substantial construction and comprise a garage for 4 cars with chauffeur's and gardener's flats, and good implement store, etc.

Detached Bungalow at present let at 575 p.m. inclusive of rates. The garden and grounds are well laid out and include a large lawn of about 15 ACRES. VACANT POSSESSION OF THE HOUSE AND GROUNDS To be offered for SALE BY AUCTION (unless sold privately) by

BERNARD THORPE & PARTNERS

at the Camberley Hotel, Camberley, on Tuesday, November 13, 1946, at 3 p.m. The Solicitors: Messrs. GIBBS & SON, Camberley. (Telephone 1946). The Auctioneers: Messrs. BERNARD THORPE & PARTNERS, 22, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.4. (Telephone: Victoria 1946) and Kenley House, Oxford, Surrey (Telephone Oxford 976).

By direction of Sir William Collins.

With Possession.

HAMPSHIRE

In beautiful country between Winchester, Alton and Petersfield (7 to 9 miles), 2 miles from the old ruins of Albury. The main portion of this is the BALLY CROFT, comprising Jacobean-style Residence, MARCOBEE HOUSE. Twelve bed, 2 bath, and 4 reception. Co.'s electric light. Excellent water supply. Pretty matured garden and grounds. The well-equipped FISHING STOCK FARM, NEW MARSH and PARKSIDE, complete model buildings, hall's house, 7 cottages and 910 ACRES, forming complete estate, offering capital shooting. JACKMAN STUB, FORD AND COMMON FARMS, pedigree stock or rural farm, 328 ACRES. Superior farm buildings, several horse boxes, farm house, 8 cottages. BEVETTS FARM, Capital Dairy Holdings, good house, cattle, sheep buildings and 80 OW 145 ACRES fertile land. Excellent Lanes and Country Properties in villages of Bishop's Cleeve and Nettleby. Extending in all to about 1,058 ACRES, FINDERSTON ON COMPLETION.

HEWETT & LEE

are instructed to offer for sale by Auction in blocks or lots their ASSEMBLY ROOMS, ALTON, on NOV. 15, 1946 (unless previously sold privately). Particulars, 2/6, from Solicitors: Messrs. HINWELL & HILDEN, 47, Watling St., E.C.4, or HEWETT AND LEE, 118, High St., Guildford, and Farnham, Surrey, and Alton, Hants.

FOR SALE, ATTRACTIVE PROPERTY WITH VACANT POSSESSION IN A FAVOURITE PART OF WEST SUSSEX

Approached through beautifully landscaped avenue.

Well-built Residence with 9 reception, 12 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, in exceptional situation. Two cottages. Carefully planned woodlands. Six miles Goodwood Racecourse. 168 ACRES

Apply:—

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COTSWOLDS

CHARMING 17TH-CENTURY SMALL COTSWOLD RESIDENCE

situate 425 feet above sea level and modernized with electric light and power throughout, independent boiler and Aga cooker, and known as

WOODVILLE, PAINEWICK

Lounge hall, 8 reception, 8 bedrooms and bathroom on the first floor, 3 attic bedrooms and bathroom. Garden, good outbuildings with garage and stable. Main water.

VACANT POSSESSION. AUCTION OCTOBER 26, 1946.

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NEAR BASINGSTOKE

AN EXCELLENT CONGROWING AND STOCK FARM

Specially adapted for mechanical cultivation, suitable for dairying and is in a high state of fertility.

THE MANOR FARM, Marsh Oakley, Basingstoke.



Attractive farmhouse. Hall, 3 reception rooms, 5 bed and 3 dressing rooms, bath-rooms, studies. Commodious farm buildings with corn drive. Beautiful house and 4 cottages. In all about 974 ACRES Excellent gardens and pleasant shooting.

POSSESSION ON COMPLETION

For sale by Auction (unless sold privately) at the Station Hotel, Basingstoke, at 3 p.m., on October 16, 1946.

Price of purchase 25,000. (1946)

Solicitors: H. DAVIS & Co., 42, Brook Street, Mayfair, W.1 (Tel. 46112).

Auctioneers: MERRICK & NORS, (Incorporated), 100, Bonding and Holey-on-Thames JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1 (Mayfair 6341).

By direction of G. T. Tremblay, Esq.

CHESHIRE

On a mountain ridge near Delamere Forest. Chester 10 miles, Manchester 35 miles, Liverpool 55 miles, Warrington 10 miles.

The exceptionally close and wooded Residential Estate

MANLEY KNOLL

extending to about 77 ACRES and superbly well equipped down to the smallest detail. THE HOUSE, in the style of a timber-framed 17th Century Manor, stands high, commanding distant views, approached by a wooded drive and contains: Four reception rooms, billiards or music room, 6 principal bedrooms with 3 bath-rooms, 4 secondary bedrooms and bathroom. Main offices with two and refrigerator rooms. Exceptionally beautiful grounds including the noted rock garden with pool.

Nine good cottages (all with electric light and water supply). Good range of stone farm buildings.

A really unique property £25,000 Freehold or £15,000 with 25 acres. FOR SALE FREEHOLD with early Vanant Possession. Very highly recommended by the Sole Agents: JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23 Berkeley Square, London, W.1. (75,407)

By direction of the Trustees of the late C. H. Combe, Esq.

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Within 20 miles of London by road, Reister 5 miles, Guildford 15 miles and Cobham station 15 miles.

CELEBRATED RESIDENTIAL ESTATE, PAIN'S HILL, COBBHAM, SURREY.

Lovely 18th century residence overlooking the River Mole; 5 halls, 4 reception rooms, hall room for bed and dressing rooms, 3 bath-rooms. All main services. Stables and garage. Horse farm, 3 cottages. Kitchen garden. Woodland. Beautiful park with lake of 15 acres. Bounded by the River Mole.

IDEALLY SITUATED FOR BEST DEVELOPMENT. UNRIVALLED WITH AN IMPORTANT FRONTAGE.

ABOUT 250 ACRES For sale by Auction as a Whole (unless sold privately) at The London Auction Mart, on November 7, 1946.

Solicitors: MILLMAN, NATE & TUPPING, Hornseybury Square, W.1. Land Agents: HERRITT & PATERSON, 46, Russell Square, W.1. Auctioneers: THOMAS HUNTER & Co., Leatherhead, Surrey. JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1.

By direction of Sir Richard Wall, Bart.

THE HAM, WANTAGE, BERKSHIRE

within half a mile of Wantage. ORIGINAL QUEEN ANNE MANOR HOUSE

Nelson hall, 4 reception, 12 bedrooms (4 with ensuite), 4 bathrooms, complete offices, etc. (Company's electric light, radiators throughout. Ample water. Modern drainage. Lodges. (Village residence). Cottage. Garage. Stabling. Farmery. Several paddocks. Old-world gardens through which the River Ock - a troutling stream - runs. Lake. Mill house, etc.

FOR SALE WITH ABOUT 64 ACRES With Vanant Possession of whole, except one Cottage. Particulars of the Sole Agents: Messrs. JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1.

TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.1

(Euston 7090)

IN A FAVOURITE DISTRICT

12 miles north-west of Town.

INTERESTING OLD COUNTRY PROPERTY



With 10 bed-dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, 3 parloured reception rooms, fine hall, billiards room, etc. Central heating. Main services. Garage (4 cars), 2 cottages. Beautiful garden and grounds, in all about

8 ACRES

Freehold to be sold.

Full details of the Agents: MAPLE & Co., Ltd., 5, Grafton Street, W.1.

MAPLE & Co., Ltd.

5, GRAFTON ST., MAYFAIR, W.1

(Mayfair 4085)

OCCUPYING BEAUTIFUL POSITION

Only 5 miles north of Town.

DISTINCTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE

Stolidly built and decorated. Eleven bed-dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, music room. C/o's electric light and power, etc. Two garages. Chauffeur's flat. Delightful terraced gardens, fine lake, etc., in all about

4 1/2 ACRES

To be sold Freehold.

Owner's Agents: MAPLE & Co., Ltd., 5, Grafton Street, Mayfair, W.1.

CORRY & CORRY.

20, LOWDOWN STREET, S.W.1. AND BRANCHES. 61, Ouse 23-46 and 2073 WOODSIDE HOUSE, CHALFONT ST. PETER, Bucks.

And limited part of Bucks Road, 23 miles from Town.

SUPERB MODERN RESIDENCE architect designed in 1925, on high ground, backing on to woods. Magnificent views of Midsbury Valley and Chilterns Hills. Eight bedrooms, 4 reception rooms, 3 bath-rooms, cloakroom, polished oak floors, solid oak doors, staircase and bathroom. Central heating, constant hot water, water softener.

C/o's main. Garage for 1 car with room over. Beautiful grounds of 4 acres with private gate to golf course. FOR SALE BY AUCTION, OCTOBER 30, 1946. Particulars 1/5 from Auctioneers, as above.

"BETHGOMPTON" BULLFINCH GILES, Bucks. Artistic detached house, built on fine ground of 14 acres, backing on to Midsbury Valley. Three beds, lounge-dining room (11 ft. x 14 ft. 6 in.), large kitchen, tiled bathroom, separate w.c., 2 bath-rooms. All main services. Ideal boiler. "Beautifully decorated. Brick garage. FOR SALE BY AUCTION, OCT. 30, 1946. Particulars, price 2/6, from Auctioneers.

SURREY HEIGHTS 150 ft. up. Most magnificent views in the country. Sumptuously equipped. Character. Staircase, newly decorated. Night beds, 3 res., lounge hall, cloakroom, 2 bedrooms. Magnificent room, carpeted floor, central heating. C/o's main. Two-car garage, stabling, cottage. Artistic grounds of 7 acres with paddock. 2/6, 1/5, FREEHOLD.

SAID ADVERT **RAWLENCE & SQUAREY** CHARTERED SURVEYORS Salisbury, Wils. 4 Ashley Place, S.W.1. Sherborne, Dorset & Nursling, Southampton

OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO SPORTSMEN. AFFORDING SPORT IN EVERY MONTH OF THE YEAR.

DORSET

Close to Wareham and Dorchester.

THE EAST BURTON ESTATE, WOOL

An attractive and valuable Freehold property extending to about 420 ACRES and including about

8 MILES SALMON AND TROUT FISHING IN THE NOTED RIVER FROME. Excellent wild fowl shooting. Two capital farms (ss). Modern keeper's house. Three cottages, etc.

POSSESSION OF THE SPORTING ON COMPLETION

FOR SALE BY AUCTION IN DORCHESTER, as a whole, or in lots at an early date (unless previously sold privately).

Particulars, price 2/6, in due course from the Auctioneers or the Solicitors: Messrs. Lacey & Box, Bournemouth.

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WILLIAM FOX, F.R.S., F.A.I.
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OCCUPYING A DELIGHTFUL SITUATION ON THE SOUTH HAMPSHIRE COAST

Commanding uninterrupted views of the Heales, Isle of Wight and the Solent.

A CHARMING RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY

with superbly fitted houses upon which no money has been spared in providing every comfort. A special feature is the California oak woodwork to the principal ground floor rooms. Six bedrooms (5 with built-in wardrobes and all fitted radiators), a luxuriously fitted bathroom, a reception room, sun parour, handily fitted kitchen with Aga cooker, maids' room, store room, etc.

All public services. Central heating. Double garage. Greenhouse.

Plentiful gardens and grounds with lawns, flower borders, large productive kitchen garden with ornamental trees and shrubs, the whole covering an area of about

ONE ACRE

PRICE £29,500 FREEHOLD

VACANT POSSESSION will be given 2 months from the date of a sale being agreed.

Personally inspected and strongly recommended by the Sole Agents: Fox & Sons, 44-45, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth.

RHYL, NORTH WALES

Facing the sea. With conditional license.

The well-known and substantially built Freehold Hotel "MARINE HYDRO," MARINE PARADE



46 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, dining room, lounge, ball room, billiards room, etc. Turkish and sea-water baths, garage. Together with the furnishings and equipment (in store). At present requisitioned at £1,500 p.a. Also the adjoining valuable Freehold Building Land.

To be sold by Auction in Six Lots (Lot 1 comprising the Hotel and Furnishings) at the Race Hotel, Rhyl, on Thursday, October 24, 1946, at 3 p.m. Solicitor: PHILIP EVANS, Esq., 1, Westover Mansions, Gervis Place, Bournemouth. Auctioneers: Fox & Sons, 44-45, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth.

WEST SUSSEX

1 mile from Hove Station (just electric train service to London). (Close omnibus route. About 4 miles sea.)

CHARMING FREEHOLD GEORGIAN RESIDENCE



Approached by a carriage drive. Good decorative order.

4-5 bedrooms (2. and c.), 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, compact domestic offices. Partial central heating. All main services. Double garage. Stable. Gardener's cottage. Greenhouse and outbuildings. Well-stocked grounds with orchard, kitchen garden and tennis lawn, in all about

5 ACRES VACANT POSSESSION

For Sale by Private Treaty or by Auction later.

Fox & Sons, 117, Western Road, Brighton. Telephone 2277/7279 (4 lines).

DORSET

About 3 miles from a popular 18-hole golf course. 1 mile from Bournemouth. FOR SALE WITH POSSESSION

A SOUNDLY CONSTRUCTED SMALL COUNTRY RESIDENCE

Occupying a pleasant corner position in a good residential district.

Four bedrooms, bathroom, large sun lounge, dining room, study, breakfast room, kitchenette, Compagnie's gas, water and electricity. Telephone. Jirra garage, 2 greenhouses, workshop, etc.

Very delightful garden in perfect condition including lawn, flowering shrubs and trees, productive kitchen garden, fruit trees and bushes. The whole extending to an area of about

1/2 ACRE

PRICE £6,000 FREEHOLD

For further particulars apply: Fox & Sons, 44-45, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth.



BRANKSOME PARK, BOURNEMOUTH

Only a few minutes' walk from the sandy beach at Branksome Park and the shopping centre of Bournemouth, whilst the well-known Parkmore Golf Course and Poole Harbour, which is famous for the sailing, are within very easy reach.

Bournemouth Central and West Stations are most accessible, and there is an excellent train service to Waterloo.

This substantially built Modern Freehold Residence

is one of the most attractive in the district, and is for sale with vacant possession on completion of the purchase. The accommodation comprises 8 bedrooms, dressing room, 3 bathrooms, lounge hall, central hall, 4 reception rooms, billiards room, maid's sitting room, kitchen and usual offices. Brick-built garage for 2 cars.

1 acre with charming water garden and room for tennis. To be offered for Sale by Auction on October 22, 1946, or may be sold privately prior to the Auction.

Illustrated particulars from Fox & Sons, 52, Poole Road, Bournemouth West.



EAST CLIFF, BOURNEMOUTH

Situated in an unrivalled position directly overlooking the bay.

The Impending modern Sea-front Hotel Property "THE GUMBERLAND"



104 bedrooms, 24 private and 40 general bedrooms, dining room, lounge, ballroom, cocktail bar, etc. Splendid modern kitchen premises. Electric lift. LEASEHOLD for an unexpired term of 99 YEARS at an annual ground rent of £180.

Subject to War Department's regulation and with benefit of compensation rental and claim for dilapidations.

To be sold by Auction at St. Peter's Hall, Minton Road, Bournemouth, on Thursday, November 21, 1946, at 3 p.m. (unless previously sold by Private Treaty).

Solicitors: Messrs. TUFF & TUFF, 222-226, Eldon Square, London, E.C.1.

Joint Auctioneers: Fox & Sons, 44-45, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth, and JERRY MARTIN, F.V.I., Crown House, 121, Kingsway, London, W.C.1.

FOX & SONS, HEAD OFFICE, 44-52 OLD CHRISTCHURCH ROAD, BOURNEMOUTH (11 BRANCH OFFICES)
Telephone: Bournemouth 6300 (Five Lines)

ESTATE

Kensington 1490
Telephone
"Estate, Harrods, London"

HARRODS

34-36, HANS CRESCENT, LONDON, S.W.1

OFFICES

Survey Office :
Wood Street
and Haslemere

SUFFOLK

c.3

Amid rural surroundings, convenient to a village and about 11 miles from Diss.

A WELL-APPOINTED RESIDENCE



Facing south, designed on 2 floors. Five sitting rooms, 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom. Modern drainage. Co.'s electric light. Garage for 2 cars. Matured pleasure grounds, also orchard of young mixed trees, the total area extending to

ABOUT 2½ ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

HARRODS LTD., 34-36, HANS CRESCENT, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1 (Tel.: Kensington 1490. Refs. 807).

HASLEMERE, SURREY

h.c.2

OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO GARDEN LOVERS
AN ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY RESIDENCE

Facing south and commanding glorious views over wooded country. It stands about 700 ft. over sea level, is convenient for Haslemere Station (1 mile)



and stands in its own lovely grounds of 9 ACRES which are a feature of the property. Eight bedrooms (five in 4), dressing room (five in 4), bathroom, 3 bath-rooms, 3 rev. rooms, 1 hall. Full central heating. Garage 2-3 cars. Four-roomed flat and bathroom over (VACANT POSSESSION). Tennis lawn. Three-roomed bungalow (VACANT POSSESSION). Co.'s services.

HARRODS LTD., 34-36, HANS CRESCENT, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1 (Tel.: Kensington 1490. Refs. 808) and Haslemere 058/4.

NORFOLK

c.4

Close to Thetford. Handy for Norwich, Cambridge and Newmarket.

ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE



With hall, 3 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, lavatory basins, hot and cold, bathroom, model offices. Central heating. Gas, electric light. Co.'s water, etc. Two garages.

Attractive grounds with tennis and other lawns, 150 fruit trees, kitchen garden, meadow.

IN ALL ABOUT
2 ACRES

ONLY £25,750

EARLY POSSESSION

HARRODS LTD., 34-36, HANS CRESCENT, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1 (Tel.: Kensington 1490. Refs. 806).

ADJOINING WORPLESDEN GOLF LINKS

c.1

Handy for two main line stations and 5 miles from Guildford.

A MOST ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE OF CHARACTER



Four reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, offices, etc.

CENTRAL HEATING. CONSTANT HOT WATER. Two driveways. COTTAGE. GARAGE FOR THREE. TENNIS COURT. Delightful grounds of just over 2 ACRES

£25,750 FREEHOLD

VACANT POSSESSION

Inspected and recommended by HARRODS LTD., 34-36, HANS CRESCENT, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1. (Tel.: Kensington 1490. Refs. 810).

SUSSEX COAST

c.2

Within sight and sound of the sea at Kingston Gorse.

HOME OF EXCEPTIONAL MERIT



Beautifully fitted throughout and ready for immediate occupation. Sitting hall, 3 reception rooms, 4 bed bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 maid bedrooms and bathroom. Main service. Fitted wash-basin. Central heating. (Green for 3, workshop and chauffeur's bedroom (with bath)). Gardens and grounds about 2 ACRES.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

VACANT POSSESSION

Strongly recommended by Joint Sole Agents: Messrs. HOLT-SMITH & Co., 24, Fleet Street, LONDON, and HARRODS LTD., 34-36, HANS CRESCENT, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1 (Tel.: Kensington 1490. Refs. 809).

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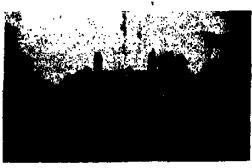
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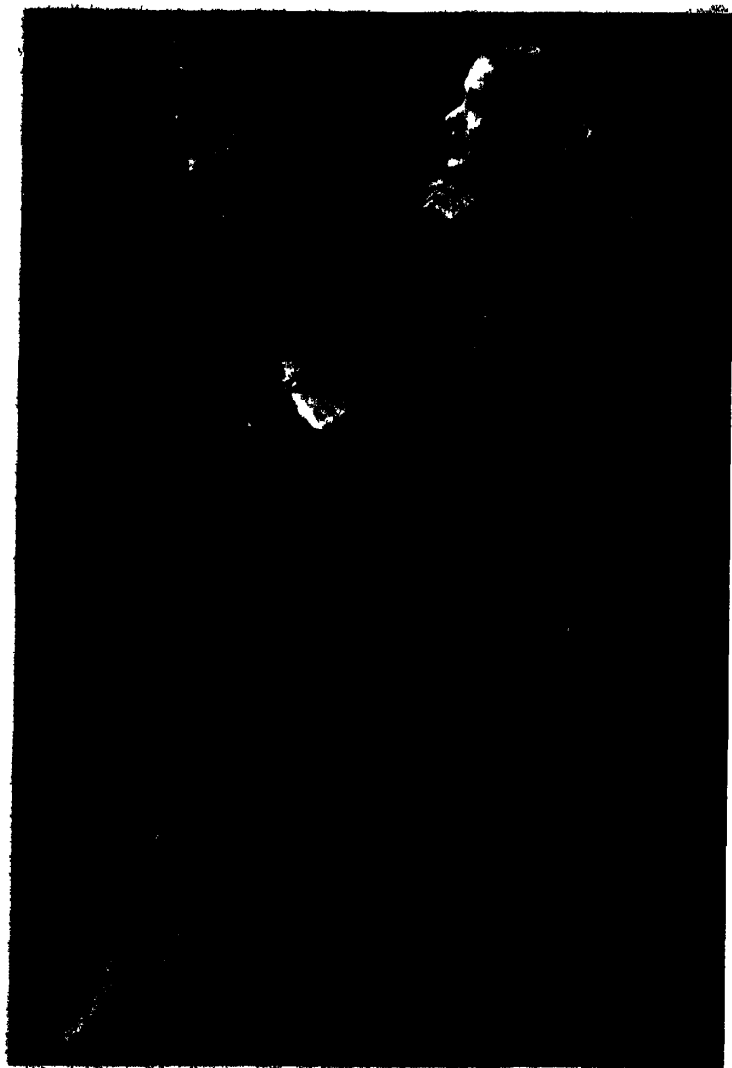
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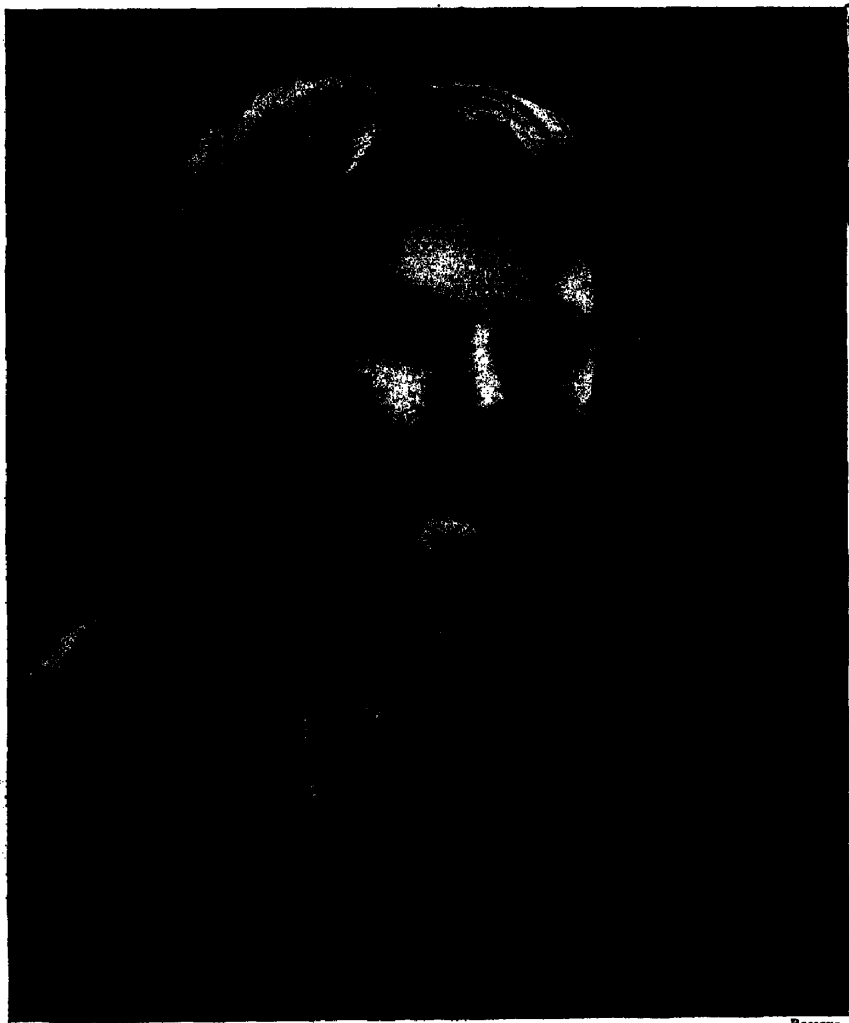


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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. C No. 2595

OCTOBER 11, 1946



Bassano

MRS. JANE GOW

Mrs. Gow is the eldest daughter of Captain M. H. Scott, R.N. (ret'd.) and the Hon. Mrs. Scott of 17, Cambridge Square, W.2. Her marriage to Captain James Michael Gow, Scots Guards, son of the late Mr. J. C. Gow and of Mrs. Alastair Sanderson, of 120 Northgate, Regent's Park, took place on October 3.

COUNTRY LIFE

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BUILDING THE NEW TOWNS

TWO more New Town Areas were "designated" last week at Harlow and Hemel Hempstead and, a few days before, the Minister of Towns and Country Planning told the Institute of Housing what he thought life should be like for their citizens when they are built. On that occasion the chairman was Mr. G. W. Gibson, Mr. Silkin's successor as chairman of the L.C.C. Housing Committee. Mr. Gibson at once raised the question a workable answer to which is fundamental to the success of the New Towns programme. Will the New Towns be of any help to London in solving their immediate as well as their long term housing problems? The L.C.C., he said, were as determined to prevent the uncontrolled sprawl of London suburbs as the most enthusiastic planner. They would do nothing to frustrate the Green Belt Plan. But their immediate and tragically urgent duty was to find accommodation for 600,000 people in the London area who are in dire need of somewhere decent to live. Mr. Gibson's solution was the building of a number of what he called Quasi-Satellites within a reasonable distance of the centre of London. These must not be purely dormitory suburbs. They must be planned to secure a proper development of industry and must be near enough to London to avoid unduly long journeys to work, while the local industries were being built up. In spite of the allegiance offered by the L.C.C. to the Green Belt Plan, it does not need an omniscient eye to discern that by the time the Quasi-Satellites have been built in the Green Belt and the New Towns along its fringes there will be little left of the original greenness.

Apart from saying that the rapidity with which new communities could be created and sufficient dwellings erected did not depend on physical ability to build so much as on the speed at which socially balanced populations could be absorbed, and that the same consideration applied just as much to Quasi-Satellites as to New Towns, Mr. Silkin made no direct reply to the accusation that the New Towns programme was too slow for London's needs. In the House of Commons in July he told the L.C.C. to take heart, however; that the New Towns programme would give much short-term help to London as well as a final long-term solution of her woes. The danger now seems to be that the squatting campaign may weaken the Government's resolution, that Quasi-Satellites and New Towns may be built to the same scheme, and not only will the Green Belt be sacrificed, but that the pace of both developments may be slowed up by competition for the necessary materials and labour. The house-starved Londoner may, in fact, fall between two stools.

Mr. Silkin had a good deal to say of the new methods, courage, imagination and vision required of the development corporations of his

New Towns, and the need to offer terms to private enterprise within them with the prospect of reasonable returns. He did not discuss the question of too much planning and too little individuality in details of development which was recently raised by Mr. F. J. Osborn, when he pointed out that an extremely important factor in the development by great landowners, and in that of the garden cities, had been the fact that they had in nearly all cases to come to terms with freely-negotiating leaseholders in details of building development, and to study prospective popular reactions to the character of every piece of lay-out. To-day we forget the fundamental democracy of individual bargaining, in the scissors action of the willing buyer and the willing seller. Everything, we are apt to suppose, can be done by high intelligence on the part of planners. The jerry builder, as Mr. Osborn says, forfeited our confidence because he traded on the large areas of ignorance in the customer's mind. But that poor frog the customer will not be too thankful if he finds he has merely exchanged King Stork for King Regional-Prop-Exterminator.

SEAGULLS ON UST

*To what nocturnal Mexico of the North
Struggle the twilight's caravan of gulls?
With purple single and inflexible
That speaks divinity, the course is kept:
Behind, the shade; in front, the nether moon
Leaps through each pool and struggles through the
marsh*

*As black wings swoop and straighten, dip and rise
Along the shore's slight prophesying tide.
Forgotten all save what awaits beyond
The coming wave of ship, or crofter's plough:
The cliff whereon the wind rose from the sea
To bear their restless glimmering of wings:
Forgotten all save what awaits beyond
The black crags, and the ragged silver plain.
Aurora borealis trembles there
Behind the sun's red back; with timid sounds
She holds the night and beckons to the dawn.*

FREDERICK SCOTT WILLS.

ADVICE FOR FARMERS

ON October 1 the National Agricultural Advisory Service came into being. This is Mr. R. S. Hudson's child adopted by Mr. Tom Williams, and we must all hope that it will do them credit in the years to come. Everyone agrees that the farmer and the farm-worker should have the benefit of a first-class service to give reliable, up-to-date advice, but there is room for a difference of opinion on the service to be provided. Should it be a general service, completely under Whitehall control, or should it be a development of the advisory service based on the provincial universities and the county councils? A national service, 1,750 strong, should ensure that every part of the country is looked after properly and that there are equal opportunities for promotion in the service whenever a man may happen to be stationed. Against this must be set the risk inherent in all Government organisations that the service will be stereotyped and so closely regulated from headquarters that the individual will lose his enterprise and be content to make no mistakes and observe Civil Service hours. It is not a happy augury that some of the best respected men in agricultural education have chosen to continue their careers outside the N.A.A.S., but this should leave scope for rapid promotion among the younger men who prove their worth.

LETTERS OR LICENCES?

THE Government is believed to endorse the Barlow Committee's opinion that the number of undergraduates in the universities should be doubled during the next ten years. Already the pressure from ex-Service men supplies the main demand for places, and at Cambridge two or three men are being packed into single sets of rooms. The reason here, as Mr. Wilson Harris has indicated, is that Cambridge is also required to accommodate over 1,200 Civil Servants, including the Petrol Control Board of the Eastern Region. As an example of what happens, one College, which before the war had bought adjoining house pro-

perty to provide increased accommodation, was informed, as soon as the houses were released by the Army, that they had been re-requested by another Ministry for clerks. Mr. Griffiths has lately announced the huge staff to be mobilised for National Insurance, working in regional centres. It is not to be too near the staff with 5,000 clerks. Newcastle, among other important things, is also a University city. The same applies to London, where all University students have to find their own accommodation, and presumably matters are no better at Bristol, another centre of education and regional administration. Oxford has been irreparably injured by becoming a university town, with at least 10 other universities not so smothered with bureaucracies. Why, as has been suggested, cannot Barry St. Edmunds be made the Eastern petrol control centre; and such places as York, Carlisle, Taunton, Gloucester—which are not educational centres—the new regional administration capitals?

THE HILL FARMING PROBLEM

THE criticisms of the Hill Farming Bill made by Captain A. R. McDougall in his paper read to the Farmers' Club on Monday were based on the argument that the Bill is bound to fail in its purpose so long as it ignores the neglect of farming interests by owners, and also ignores bad conditions of tenure. His remarks were admittedly directed mainly to the state of affairs in Scotland so far as owners are concerned, but his contention was that the majority of those who own hill farms are more interested in shooting than in farming, and look on their land as a mere plaything. No widespread improvement of hill grazings could be expected, he said, until feudal game and deer interests were unable to interfere with the good farmer. He gave some interesting figures to illustrate the connection between heather burning and the assumed death-rate of stock. In 1929 his own mare was heavily burned, and lost 500 acres. The death-rates of ewe hoggs the next year on the burned and unburned ground was respectively 1.3 and 22 per cent. On the other hand tenants who enforce their legal rights with regard to burning often get their notice to quit. Game interests apart, Capt. McDougall would never advise an owner to embark on the improvement of his farm unless he had a lease of twenty years or so. He suggested that the proper solution of the problem would be to treat landlord and tenant alike and evict the one or compulsorily sell up the other if they failed to farm properly, or to carry out all reasonable upkeep and improvements as required by statutory provisions. Would it be too revolutionary, he enquired, to enact that no one should be allowed to buy or rent farm-land unless he could prove that farming was his main object, and that he was properly qualified by training and capital for the job of farmer or owning land?

COTTON THE MASTER

BY winning the *News of the World* tournament, my very properly dignified as the professional match play championship, Henry Cotton showed what really needed very little demonstration: that he is the best golfer in this country, not only now, but he is too revolutionary, he enquired, to enact that no one should be allowed to buy or rent farm-land unless he could prove that farming was his main object, and that he was properly qualified by training and capital for the job of farmer or owning land?

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He grew so accustomed to reading of 71s and 72s, and to the name of Cotton's adversaries, that he was unfamiliar with Hoylake, may not fully appreciate the quality of golf that is wanted to cling to an average of fours for round after round, and over that tremendous course. The final was disappointing, for Adams, usually one of the best of putts, could not putt; he never recovered from a bad start and was annihilated. But, for the matter of that, Cotton's adversaries ever really looked like holding him, and that was Locke. He hung on magnificently, reduced three down with five to play to one down with three to play, and had his chances of squaring the match in the last three holes, when at last the strain began to tell on both men. He could not quite do it, but he made a fight worthy of a notable occasion.



AT CHILDS WICKHAM, NEAR EVESHAM

F. R. Windsor

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

IN that excellent book, *No Outspan*, by Deneya Reitz, which, I imagine, a number of COUNTRY LIFE subscribers read some time ago, the author raises a very interesting point. He holds the view, based on a lifetime's acquaintanceship with the antelope and buffalo families, that the horns of the various beasts are not designed by Nature for attack or defence, but have some sexual significance, and are nothing much more than adornments to attract the female. I imagine that there have been few men with a wider knowledge of the big game of all Africa—and Africa is a very big place with an amazing variety of horned beasts—so the theory from this reliable source cannot be dismissed lightly. Reitz became convinced that his opinion was correct on seeing two oryx rams fighting. As everyone knows, the oryx is equipped with the most efficient sharp and straight horns so that it is a popular belief that the lion gives this antelope a very wide berth for fear of being impaled on the three-foot rapiers. The two oryx, which Reitz saw fighting, were very angry, but they were not making the slightest attempt to use their horns—they were trying all the time to get to close quarters to savage each other with their teeth.

As Reitz says, only a very few antelope, such as the oryx, sable and one or two others, have straight stabbing horns, the great majority being equipped with the lyre-shaped or cork-screwed type that may be decorative, but which do not present a sharp point to the enemy, and are in fact an encumbrance rather than a weapon. "If Nature intended horns to be fighting implements I can hardly conceive any-

By
Major C. S. JARVIS

thing less suited to the purpose than those of the buffalo, wildebeest, koodoo, waterbuck, blesbok, hartebeest and the rest, to say nothing of the absurd hat-racks adorning the heads of European and American deer." He concludes his remarks by asking, if Nature did design horns for defence, why it is that the females, upon whom devolves the most important duty of defending their young, are equipped with nothing with which to do it?

It would seem that there is a lot to be said both for and against the argument. In the case of our domestic stock, unmanageable bulls all too frequently gore their human attendants who are trying to handle them, though it must be admitted that quite as often the fatal injuries are administered with the forehead by the crushing in of the ribs against the sides of the stall. I have only a cursory knowledge of most of the antelopes of Africa and hold no opinion of them. I do know something, however, about the ibex, a most belligerent animal with heavy serrated horns on him that must cause him a very bad headache in sultry weather. In his battles with his rivals the whole of the butting is done with the forehead and the base of the scimitar-like horns; to bring the actual points of these weapons into action the ibex would have to perform as a preliminary something in the nature of a complete somersault.

BY the post this morning I received a parcel containing a small tin, which, from the postmark on the stamps I had every reason to believe might contain either Jersey cow's cream, or their deep yellow butter from the small home farm. On removing the lid, however, I was greeted by the most appalling Belsen-like stench and, taking the tin out of doors where a rain-laden southerly gale was blowing with such Cape Horn fury that all odours, like the corn stooks in the field nearby, were dissipated over an acre or more, I was able to see that the tiny object inside, which was giving off a stink comparable to that of a month-old dead whale, was a very small bird apparently plucked and ready for the table.

The story which accompanied the dead and highly-scented offering was as follows. Over the kitchen window of the country house, adjoining the small farm which sometimes produces butter off the ration, there was this spring a chaffinch's nest, and the parent birds were in the habit of coming into the kitchen for their food. Later, when the nestlings grew up, the whole family expected to draw their rations from the same source, and so the kitchen window was always left open for them with a spread of bread crumbs on the sill. On the day of the tragedy a small hawk was discovered sitting on the kitchen table and, lying on a clean tea-cloth in front of it, was one of the chaffinches, which it had just started to eat.

The hawk was a merlin, and the peculiar part about the grim episode was that the small bird had been completely plucked to the very last feather, even those of the wings and tail being carefully removed, and the headless body

in some remarkable fashion looked as if it had been trussed and drawn ready for roasting by a professional cook. The general effect was so extraordinary that I felt inclined to look inside the tiny body to see if the merlin had made a complete job of it, and had stuffed it with fennel, sage and onions.

The merlin is one of the shyest of our hawks, and it is strange indeed that, having ventured into a room in a house, he should have stayed there for some considerable time leisurely plucking and preparing the chaffinch for his meal. One appreciates his delicate table manners in placing the dead bird on a tea-cloth which he found laid for him, but incidentally this proved his undoing for his flight to the window on being discovered was hampered, and he fell to the floor where he was caught, and identified before being released.

BUT for the war I should never have realised that there is any similarity between the sounds of the word "three" and the word "five," but there can be no question that there is, as on the ear-drums of all our local telephone operators they apparently sound exactly the same. When in late 1940 the aerodrome was constructed near this house, the telephone number allotted to it by the G.P.O. was 840 and, owing to my number being 840 and this peculiar similarity between 3 and 5, I probably know more of both the official secret and private intimate side of the Royal Air Force than any man outside the Service. I do not think a day has passed since the aeroplanes first arrived when I have not had to answer a furious ring, followed by a string of peremptory orders concerning the dispatch of flights of aircraft, attendance at cocktail parties, or the issue of nylon stockings for members of the WAAF, and I feel that, in addition to the Defence Medal for which I have not yet found time to apply, I should be awarded a Royal Air

Force decoration, together with the honorary rank of Squadron-Leader at least. This recognition of unpaid services is a recognised custom in some Oriental states when a man has managed to learn too much.

When the American Air Force took over the aerodrome my duties at the instrument became more constant and arduous. Our allies, I think, are more telephone-minded as a race than we are, and they certainly speak quicker into the receiver, so that it was usually impossible for me to tell them that they were on to the wrong number before I was in the thick of the matter.

"Hello! Hello! What about your SL stroke KG 946 over E, dated the 13th?"

"Well, what about it?"

"When are you going to send those props for the Mustangs?"

It is particularly aggravating to be asked to supply props for the latest model American machine when one cannot get spare parts for one's wheelbarrow, or ball-bearings for the lawn-mower, but the man at the other end could never grasp this.

AFTER the Americans had moved on to North Africa the aerodrome was re-occupied by the Royal Air Force, and for a time things were even worse, but this was solely because Peter was on the strength. I never met Peter, nor do I know his rank or very much about him, but I knew his girl-friend, Daphne, very well indeed. Daphne is a delightful girl with a warm, loving heart and a charming voice, but she sleeps shocking hours, as it was always well after midnight when the rang up Peter.

"Hello, darling," she would coo over the line, as with visions of another landing of the Germans and a Home Guard order to stand-to, I sleepily put the receiver to my ear at the chilly hour of 2 a.m. "This is Daphne speaking, darling, and I'm ringing up from Newcastle.

When shall I see you again, Peter, dearest?"

The peculiarity about Daphne was that she was a great traveller, and always rang up from far-flung corners of the British Isles, like Newcastle, Liverpool and Perth. I often wonder if she did so from public call-boxes, where she had to put many coins of the realm into the coin-slot at various stages of the conversation, or whether she rang up on a private telephone while staying as a guest with relations or friends, and a month or so later the unsuspecting host had an apoplectic fit at breakfast on receiving a telephone bill with a dozen 15s. trunk calls registered against him.

It is hardly fair to say that I dislike the opposite sex, for I am so fully aware of the stupidity and general inefficiency of my own, but I have a suspicion, based on documentary evidence, that some of them have not yet been able to grasp that a trunk call to Thurso lasting half an hour, and about nothing in particular, costs more than 2d.!

IN the sitting-room of the local river-keeper's lodge there is a piece of statuary which perpetuates a piscine tragedy of years ago and which constitutes a monument to the evils of gluttony when it takes the form of the eyes being bigger than the stomach. This is a plaster cast made in 1801 of a pile taken when the big weir-pool on the Avon at Illey was being netted, and in the mouth of the pile was a 7-lb. salmon. The pile itself is big, but not big enough to tackle a 7-lb. fish, though, I suppose, after a day of acute discomfort and indigestion he would have managed it. He weighed 29 lb., and therefore, if one is interested in statistics, and is reasonably good at arithmetic, the fish together weighed 36 lb., of which almost a fifth represented one undigested meal. Much as I should like a cut from a real sirloin to-day, I should hate to go about with 28 lb. of beef inside me.

THE LIFE CYCLE OF THE RED DEER

Written and Illustrated by G. KENNETH WHITEHEAD

SINCE Scrope first eulogised deerstalking in his famous book more than a century ago, many have been the writers, successful or otherwise, who have attempted to put into print the thrills of stalking the wild red deer. Others, like J. G. Millais, in his book *British Deer and their Horns*, which to my mind is the best work ever published on deer, and Fraser Darling, with his *Herd of Red Deer*, have contented themselves with describing the habits of the deer from a student's, rather than from a stalker's, point of view.

Considering that the red deer to-day is our largest big game—and big game he is called abroad—and also one of the most graceful of creatures, it is surprising that more artists have not attempted to capture its beauty on canvas. Perhaps they have tried but found the task too much. The fact remains that the last century has produced fewer than half a dozen good deer painters with the technique for animal portrayal. Landseer's *Monarch of the Glen* takes much beating, though his telescope must have been focused a good deal longer on the horns of his "monarch" than on their owners, for never does one see such magnified heads these days.

Modern painters approach their subject from a different angle; whereas Landseer's subjects fill practically the whole canvas, to-day we find the animal but a small figure in a picture in which the artist has endeavoured to portray both habitat and atmosphere. To me, atmosphere is especially important for it, in viewing a picture, some happy reminiscence is brought to mind then I know that I like the picture and feel that the artist has achieved his main object. Few painters have captured this atmosphere better than Frank Wallace, especially in those pictures where there is mist on the tops or a storm approaching.

But if there have been few successful artists, fewer still are the photographers who



THE SPOTTED COAT OF A RED DEER CALF

have taken any outstanding photographs of wild deer. This is surprising when one considers the advances made in modern photography. The few real successes that I can call to mind, such as a flashlight picture of a roaring stag, with a roe-buck standing unconcernedly in the foreground, taken by an unknown photographer at Springs near Hanover, come with few exceptions from Continental sources.

It was in the knowledge of this apparent dearth that, finding myself stationed on the fringe of red deer country, I decided to try to photograph each phase in the life cycle of the red deer. With my task half accomplished, I am a wiser if sadder man. Wiser because, although I have learned much of the whims and fancies of the red deer, I have discovered the difficulty of photographing such a shy creature whose very colouring, let alone mobility, make it an unsatisfactory model. Sadder, because I have

had to bear my full share of disappointments in the dark room, when the flush of some hard-earned success on the hill has evaporated before my eyes in the hypo-bath because either grass, movement or a faulty shutter has ruined what might have been the picture of the year.

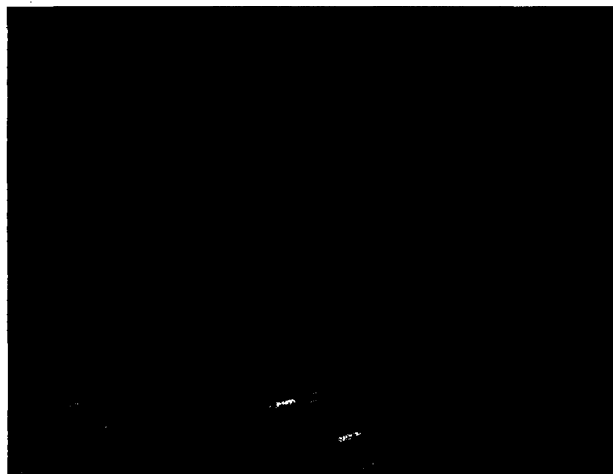
This year, in direct contrast to the red grouse, red deer have done well, and by the end of June a large majority of hinds had calves at foot. One head stalker put the figure as high as 75 per cent. Stags, too, have summered well and though in some forests they are late in growing their new antlers I saw a clean stag on August 10 while several others were in tatters. In 1944 a stag was reported as quite clean on June 7, which is two days earlier than a stag I saw in Rannoch and Cromarty this year in possession of last season's antlers. Winter coats, too, were discarded rather later than usual, and it was not until August 4 that every beast seen that year was attired in its sleek red coat of summer.

The red deer must have earned its name in August, for red it assuredly is. Yet it is surprising how this red form melts away into its surroundings. Should a beast in winter coat be seen later in the month, then in all probability it is due to ill-health. Such was the case of an old hind which I saw on Morroon Hill, Aberdeenshire. I was watching a mixed party of young stags, hinds and calves to the number of perhaps a hundred when from my rear a sound like a miniature avalanche made me crouch even before I was into the bushes. Around the corner of the rocks swept another, even larger, mixed party of beasts which, on sighting me scarcely thirty yards away, stopped momentarily then peeled off to the right and quickly descended to the foot of the corrie. By the time they had crossed the burn a hind, lean and shaggy in her winter coat, was noticed moving far behind the others. With her head held low, every step appeared to be an effort to her, and when she

reached the burn she rested while her companions, strung out now in single file, slowly worked their way up the far side of the corrie to come to rest among the peat hags by the summit.

Deer do not like hurrying uphill, especially on a hot August day, so, having recovered from their scare, their climb out of the corrie was a leisurely one. I thus had ample time to study through the glass the various stages of development represented among the moving animals. The majority of the beasts were hinds with their calves which varied from the square-looking fortnight-olds still carrying the white spots of birth to the three-months-old calves on which the spots were already disappearing. Unlike the roe, which often has twins, it is most unusual for a hind to bear more than one calf, although a stalker told me that he had seen one hind with very young twin calves this year. The stags, numbering perhaps thirty, were all bunched together and were all young beasts. Old stags are seldom seen in such a mixed company at this time of year, preferring to lead a bachelor existence elsewhere.

The calves and hinds are very talkative in August and it is pleasant to hear the young bleating like kids as they move along the hillside. The bleating is especially noticeable towards evening as the hinds escort their youngsters from the high ground to the richer feeding in the glens. It is surprising what speed is made over this journey, which is often carried out at the trot, although should their route take them past the remains of forestry workings the animals will often tarry to nibble the lush grass



A HIND WITH HER SQUARE-LOOKING YOUNGSTER ON WHICH THE SPOTS OF BABYHOOD ARE FADING



"WHEN A HIND IS SUSPICIOUS SHE WILL WALK WITH TAIL UPRaised"

sprouting through the fallen brushwood. Hinds, in common with all deer, are fond of Forestry ground, but the Forestry Commission are not fond of them. They do, however, far less damage than stags, and what little damage they do is by lying on young trees rather than by eating them.

A hind is always a watchful creature, particularly when she has young. When resting with her calf in thick heather she is practically invisible, and it is often by a warning bark, followed by the sight of two large, twitching ears on the skyline, that one is first made aware of her presence. I have noticed often that when a hind is suspicious she will walk with her tail upraised, as though signalling to her following calf. Hinds often feed very high up the hills in summer and there are several records of calves being dropped above the 3,000 foot level. If deer leave the high ground in any number during the day it is a sign of bad weather.

During spring and summer, from April until almost the end of August, the stags are occupied in growing fresh antlers. Hikers often wonder why they do not find more cast antlers while walking the hills. The reason is that both stags and hinds, particularly the latter, are fond of eating them for the salts they contain, while those that are not eaten soon disappear beneath the heather stalks or sink from view in the peat hags.

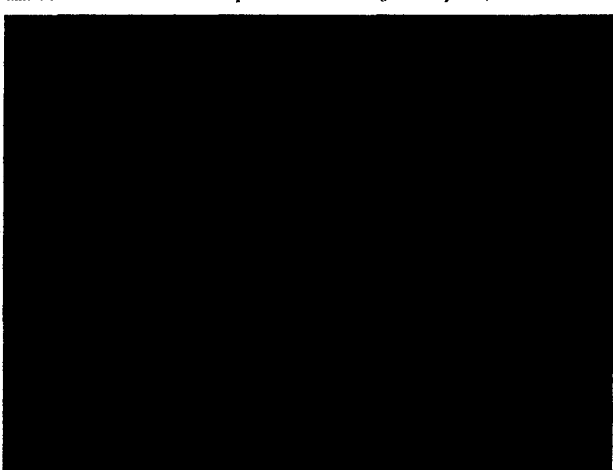
During this period of regrowth stags seldom seem very happy. While in the height of velvet, for such is this time of antler formation called, their antlers cause them much irritation and you will continually see them shaking their heads or rubbing their backs with their antlers

to relieve the itch. Midges and flies, particularly the cleg or biting deerfly, worry the beasts. They follow them around, forming a visible halo around the head and antlers. The only way to evade them is by rapid movement, as I found to my discomfort.

I saw four stags resting in thick heather, and as they appeared very sleepy in the hot sunshine I planned to try for a real close-up. I approached within almost 20 yards when one of the beasts, on seeing me, jumped up and gave the alarm to two of his companions. These three rushed off but the fourth appeared still occupied in the land of dreams for he made no movement. He lay stretched out, his chin resting in the heather, and I could see that his eyes were closed. His antlers, still thick in velvet, were a swarming mass of flies while above them hung a vast cloud of midges. It was not until I was within a few yards of him that he awoke. He seemed to explode and

I have seldom seen a stag make his departure so quickly. One moment he was there; the next he was gone. The suddenness of his going evidently caught his winged parasites on the hop for they milled around in the air as though wondering what had happened to their host. Seeing my danger I immediately retreated but had not gone many yards before I was enveloped in a cloud of insects the majority of which attended me until the 40 m.p.h. draught of an open car proved too much for their tenacity. I shall in future let sleeping stags lie.

Like the hinds, the stags also come down to the glens in the evening and woe betide the crofters whose corn or root field is selected for their midnight banquet. High deer fencing is the only certain preventive but to-day it is an expensive undertaking and labour is scarce. The only other solutions, unfortunately, are either costly compensation to the crofters for the damage done by deer, or the bullet—and



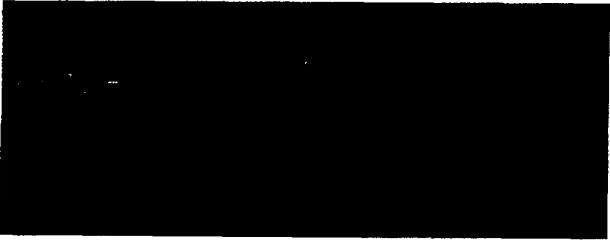
A PARTY OF STAGS CROSSING THE RIVER DEE IN JUNE



landowners cannot be really blamed for employing the latter even if it does entail killing a few deer out of season.

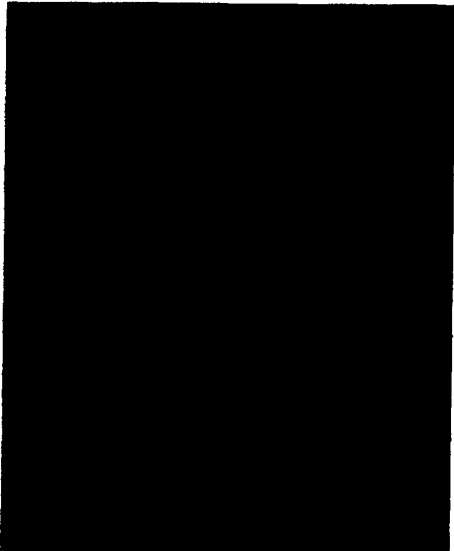
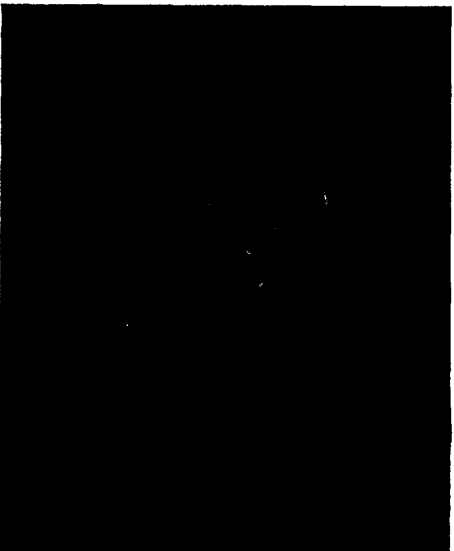
The spread of sheep tick on grouse moors which also carry stocks of deer has in a number of cases been blamed on the red deer, and some owners, in an effort to improve grouse stocks, have ordered the extermination of the beasts on their lands. A parallel can be found in the destruction of East Africa's big game to control the ravages of the tsetse fly. Deer are also blamed for eating grouse eggs but I have no personal evidence.

During the war the deer suffered much from poaching, not only because venison was at a premium but also because a number of fit young men, finding themselves, perhaps for the first time, in deer country, a lethal weapon at hand and a large brown animal perhaps fifty yards away, proved unable to withstand the temptation to "have a pot." Yet from one stalker I heard of good resulting from the proximity of troops to deer. He said that although several of his promising heads had mysteriously disappeared, the deer had wintered well on army rations! His missing heads later came to light when the troops had left the district, for a stag's head is a cumbersome thing to stuff into a kit bag. It would appear that the cook had selected his Sunday joint from his hand-fed charges!



The deer's "soiling" bath is generally associated with the rutting season—yet several times during the summer months I have seen stags wallowing in their mud baths. Their enjoyment is obvious, for they will aquat in the peaty water, roll, stand up and shake themselves, and then go through the whole process four or five times more, the whole bath lasting about five minutes. I once saw two stags sharing the same small wallow. One stood up and shook himself while the other rolled and then vice versa. It was a bitter disappointment when none of the five photographs which I took of them came out. Their fine red coats look black after soiling, an effect which seems to magnify their proportions. This deception has caused many a young stag's downfall in the stalking season. A hot sun and roll in the heather will, however, soon restore the red deer's redness.

TWO YOUNG BEASTS WITH ANTLERS ONLY PARTLY GROWN (top) AND, WHILE IN VELVET, THE STAGS RUB THEIR BACKS WITH THEIR ANTLERS TO RELIEVE THE ITCH

AN EARLY MORNING PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN AUGUST OF A ROYAL, STILL IN VELVET, FROM MAR FOREST, ABERDEENSHIRE. MOST CLEAN. ANOTHER AUGUST PICTURE SHOWING THE LAST TATTER OF VELVET HANGING FROM THE STAG'S RIGHT ANTLER

GUN-ROOM PHILOSOPHY

By J. WENTWORTH DAY

I CONFESS it. I do not like modern furniture or much of modern architecture, less or none of modern "art" and little of modern literature. I am, of course, an aesthete, a reactionary, an out-of-date or, as I prefer it, a rural romanticist.

Perhaps that is why I like gun-rooms. Who, that shoots, has a gun-room nowadays? Most men keep their guns, their game-bags, their cartridge-magazines and their belts, dog-whistles and the rest of the pretty contraptions of the shooting field and away in a depressing glass cupboard, isolated from human view in some dark passage or chilly corridor. There they are, the utilities of the shooting field, safe from view for the six months of the year when there is no shooting. Out of sight, out of mind. The callous, insensitive philosophy of a utilitarian age, an age which has forsaken the milder forms of romance for the chill poetry of ferro-concrete houses. An age that has exchanged wood fires for electric "logs" and roast beef for tinned foods, an age that drinks synthetic gin and does not know the caress of good claret, the benediction of old port. Thank God, I was brought up in a house five hundred years old!

The ideal gun-room can be, and was in Edwardian days, a temple of romance, a snug house-corner forever masculine, a room whose four walls are an enclave of enchanted memories of marsh and mountain, river and tidal mudflat. And it is so easy to create, precious when in being, a citadel impregnable—since nothing keeps the domestic female more effectively at bay than a half dozen stuffed birds.

Consider for a moment my little gun-room. It is square, with a bulging window which looks on a garden of yew hedges and pigeon-droxy oaks. I sit writing this in a vast, bony throne, a nightmare armchair constructed of the antlers of two dozen noble stags. I did not shoot those stags—the chair came from the gun-room at "Wold" Hall, the lovely Elizabethan house which now sits empty in a square mile of park of bracken, oaks, and hornbeams, where once roamed one of the noblest herds of deer in all England. It is almost a unique chair. Queen Victoria had one like it. Albert the Good cooked his legs, tilted his tasselled smoking cap and lit a shy laragana in such a one. And Scottish chieftains of Dunvegan and Dunt and Kothie held majestic court in such chairs five centuries ago. Do you wonder my rural romanticism should prize it?

Next its spartan embrace crouches one of those deep Victorian saddlebag chairs which invite composure, a glass of port and Mr. Jorrocks. An other skin is headdress for my antlered chair and a badger skin comforts the back of your neck if you sit in the saddlebag. And the other skin, if you turn it over, is christened in ink, "Maydays Marsh, Mersea Island, January, 1941," and the badger skin, "The Blind Priest's Lane, Bottledown Hill, Hereford, Essex, March, 1943"—names which translate all the mute magic of English country places. Maydays, the merry days of May when England was a pleasant place and May the month of Maypoles and village dancing to greet spring. "The Blind Priest's Lane"—that old, blind lane where the priests and friars, the pedlars and knights went on pilgrimage to Canterbury, so they say, from Ely. Forget the other, shot under blue March skies when redoubt rang their spring-time bells, and the badger, found poisoned, cold January night when sheep huddled. The place-names speak magic enough. Heregate, the gate to the heronry of the Tyrells, and Bottledown, the very sense of a Pickwickian hill.

There is a fox in a glass case—a stuffed fox, mark you, and shot—shot on Old Hall Marsh, the very place where the foxes used to run. Shot because he was a rascal of that ancient decay pond, glittering in the bosom of the great sea-moor, the pond where once they took "cartloads of dun-birds," the pond of the sea eagle and the peregrine, of hosts of mallard and whistling cohorts of teal. That fox was the outlaw, the brigand, the marsh prowler, the tiger of the saltings, the pirate of the tidelines.

And above him sits, on a birch stump, a buzzard, shot high above the young and brawling Wye in the Hall Wood of Clochfaen, the house of the stone bell, in the wild hills of Merioneth. Memory of a snowy day, of ravens croaking, of sheep huddled under the pine wood, of the Wye prisoned in groaning ice—and the buzzards swinging in against the pink sunset, crying shrilly, mewing to the young stars.

There is a long-tailed duck—echo of a day at sea in a six-oared, Norse sort of a boat far off Hirt's head in the bay of Plovermorn sun when the grey bulk of Lamlafrae Castle rose like a rock from a pearl-grey sea and beyond, far beyond, the unsubstantial dream of that other castle, Bambergh, hung, seemingly between sea and sky, on the lip of ghostly Northumbrian cliffs.

There is a group of spotted redshank, graced by dancers, whose long legs ran over Blackwater muda, and, beside them, minute Temminck's Stint, shot on that Danish-naped spit of sand and mud, the Naas. And, streaked and brilliant, there sits a harlequin-duck, also from the Blackwater when the century was young, one of the few, it may be six or seven, killed in this country.

Two ospreys, lordly and crested, still hover as they hovered that day in the 'nineties above the shining waters of Stamford Mere, when that peerless, and still unequalled, shot, Tom de Grey, fifth Lord Walsingham, slew them with a right and left. That was when rare birds were no sooner seen than put into glass cases.

Neither you nor I would shoot an osprey to-day, or a harlequin, or least of all that tall hen bustard, almost the last of her kind in Norfolk, which was slain at Merton some time in the 'seventies and came to me when the long bird gallery at the Hall was given away, since such things were no longer much in fashion. But, since I knew Merton in younger, more peaceful days, and loved it as anyone must those days, and revealed the dreadful truth, merer set in the high heaths, so these Merton birds are potent to unlock memories.

There is the bittern my father shot at home on the Ten Acre in Wicken Fen in 1906. It came over him one night in the dusk of flight time, and no man was sadder than he when Bea, that wise, black Labrador, brought it to his feet, and revealed the dreadful truth. But that other bittern, which flanks it, stuffed crudely, was stalked and killed deliberately for a ten-shilling reward by that grand old gunner of the Wells Marshes in Norfolk, old "Shimney" Barrett, in 1900. It was a collector's piece in those days when the Broads and the coast were overrun by "gentlemen from London" who bribed every fowler and keeper to shoot them rare birds.

I will not recount the antlers and heads. There are too many. They commonly drive females mad, which, in a sense, is my second ditch of protection, a sort of outer palisade, since there are something like thirty pairs, from half a foot to a foot above the incredible beauty, in England, antlers that hark back over near a hundred years of history.

But that one noble ten-pointer, rough and wild as only an Irish head can be, recalls the day, nine brief years ago, when Valentine Cartierose was great in the land, and on the high top of Poulagower we stood, like men in half of the great, far above the incredible beauty, the changing lights, the shaggy woods and fairy unsubstantiality of those fatally lovely lakes of Killarney, and saw all the magic of Kerry ebb and flow in prismatic glory of glancing sun and shifting mist, of colours that came and went as the mountain wind moved the mists and drove clouds like sheep from Muckross to the glen, far Glen and far Glen of Dunloe.

There are fifteen hundred wild red deer in the glens and on the high hills of that great, thirty-thousand acre estate of the Earls of Kinnaird. They walk those wild hills where, in the thunder-born moment of a legend, that magnificent ghost of the Irish past, that mighty banner-bearer of history, the O'Donaghue of the Glen, rides out of the hillsides on a white horse,

in a flash of light, gallops the waters to the "Library"—that fantastic, haunted, littleisle in the Lake whose piled rocks look like giant books—and then vanishes through a gap in the hill line over Rose Castle in a clasp of fire.

I stalked the hill that day with Dan Donaghue, that king of Irish stalkers, and when I asked, "Who is the O'Donaghue?" Valentine replied, with that magnificent manner which the world who knew him mourns, "I am the O'Donaghue!" And Dan, the stalker, echoed, quietly: "Of the Glen and the Lake—his Lordship."

Which is all a pretty story and the sort of thing you would expect in South-west Ireland, where men are still friendly, ravens sit on rocks and the tall deer march on the skyline, and duck quack softly in the lakeside reeds, and all the colours of heaven and earth and the sun that is upon it, and the moon which is its gentle sister, reach down and enfold you.

On the table, next that pair of deerfoot candlesticks labelled "Scurr Ruach, 2,345 ft. 17.9.38" memory of a stalk on a raw edge of hill high above the brawling Grunard River in Wester Ross, with all the Summer Isles fading like polished stones into the western seas, stands a silver ink-starter, once in the hoof of a kinglake, who won the Derby in years before I was born. The papers are weighted with a crossbow quarrel from the armoury of Ockwells Manor, that Henry VI house of history, a quarrel used, they say, at the siege of Honfleur, when men rode to battle plumed and in counter-mour with the voice of trumpets shrill on the wind before them.

If you should wish to sharpen a pencil there is a small hunting knife, sharp as a razor, bright as steel, fitted on a haft made from an otter's foot. On the blade is engraved in faint scroll, "Col. Thornton." Yes, the same grandiloquent, eloquent, pugnacious, pertinacious, dictatorial and picturesque Colonel Thornton of Thornton, who conducted his Sporting Trew with its attendant coaches, gamekeepers, lackeys, spaniels, pointers, guns, rods and boats and falcons, through the Highlands a century and a half ago.

I like to think that Mr. Garrard, the "eminent artist" who accompanied Thornton, sharpened his pencils with it; that that invincible angler, Captain Ward, trimmed his flies with it; that Mr. P., who "preferred riding on horseback" and was always being "much struck with feminine beauty" in glens where none was to be expected, shaped his elegant nails with it; and that, perhaps, even the Colonel himself cut the jesses for his casts of hawks, of which, you will recollect, the Devil was a very prize among falcons. For that matter its blade may have cut the wad with which he made that last magnificent Ananias of a shot "at the distance of a hundred and ten yards on horseback, and, at a trot." And that at a grouse on wing too.

Truly, that small knife is potent to wake the imagination and stir the deep eddies of conjecture across a century and a half of forgotten things. It shall tell you the truth. I bought it for no more than ten shillings from a rusty dealer in one of those dim, delightful recesses of little abodes, full of glass and heraldic china and oriental banners and Lord Londale's walking sticks and every other fanciful curio, which still dwell, as they have dwelt for a century or more since St. Marylebone was a village, in that little, purchased most happily, St. Christopher's Place.

So, you see, not all gun-room trophies need be the products of your own bow and spear. They are like old books, and new books, in a library, got here and there, picked up for love of themselves. Such a room is a library of things, a place where the things of beauty of echoes of history or chimes of memory, and they will be keys to unlock, on winter nights and drear afternoons, doors into the past, windows into wet woods, to the tops of wild mountains where miste gather and to far vistas of shining mudflats where the tide flows like milk and sea swallows flash in the sun. That is all I ask of my gun-room.

TANNING WITH OAK BARK

Written and Illustrated by C. F. F. SNOW



SCUDDING, OR REMOVING FROM A HIDE THE HAIR AFTER IT HAS BEEN LOOSENED BY THE ACTION OF LIME



REMOVING THE HIDES FROM ONE OF THE LAYER PITS FOR TRANSFER TO ANOTHER CONTAINING A STRONGER SOLUTION OF THE TANNING LIQUID

OAK bark is one of the oldest of tanning materials, and leather produced by its aid is still considered the best for many purposes. Tanneries which use a large quantity of local oak bark are not often found in these days, but there is one in Sussex where the accompanying photographs were taken.

The leather produced in it is used mainly for making the soles of boots and shoes. The hides come principally from cattle slaughtered for food in the United Kingdom. They must be thoroughly cleansed and then put into lime pits. When the hair has been loosened by the lime any remaining must be taken off by hand in a process known as scudding. This consists of throwing the hide over a sloping beam, made either of wood or metal, and scraping it with a blunt two-handed knife. The workman pushes the knife downwards and away from him.

Hides intended for sole leather are trimged into one large piece known as a butt, which

contains the main part of the hide, the best and thickest part, two narrow strips from each side, a piece across the shoulder, and two cheek flaps. The butts, being large and thick, need the most solid tannage while the other parts may be tanned more rapidly.

In the tan house are wooden pits, each containing tanning liquid. The pits are often made of good pine, and when kept in constant use are very durable; some have been used for well over a hundred years. Various tanning materials are employed in the preparation of the liquid, including oak bark and valonia, the acorn cup of an evergreen oak growing in Greece and the Levant, which contains a tannin somewhat similar to that of the oak bark. Both give a light-coloured bloom to the leather. Before use in the pits the tanning materials must be ground so that the water can get freely at the tannin which, in most cases, is in the cellular tissue of the plant.

When they first come into the tan yard the butts are suspended by the shoulders from sticks placed across the pits. They go in to the weakest liquor first and are gradually moved to pits containing stronger mixture.

Moving the large, heavy hides is a job needing strength and dexterity. The men wear rubber boots and protect their clothes as much as possible with sackings, as the liquor not only smells rather strongly, but stains, too.

From the suspender butts are transferred to the flouters—pits in which they are laid flat in the liquor and dusted down with oak bark.

The art of producing well-tanned hides lies in



WASHING THE BUTTS WITH A MIXTURE OF OIL, SOAP AND WATER

increasing the strength of the tanning liquor regularly and systematically. In the early stages frequent changes of liquor are necessary, because the butts absorb the tannin very rapidly. As the process goes on the outside of the butt becomes thoroughly tanned and the liquor takes longer to penetrate. The butts therefore stay in the layer pits much longer than in the suspenders.

It may take anything up to eighteen months to perfect the tanning of the heavy butts used for sole leather. When the process is complete the butts are taken out of the pits and allowed to dry a little before being taken to the striking machine. They are laid out on a heavy wooden table and the surface is rubbed with a kind of stone roller. This smooths out the grain and removes a portion of the whitish bloom which the butts have acquired in tanning.



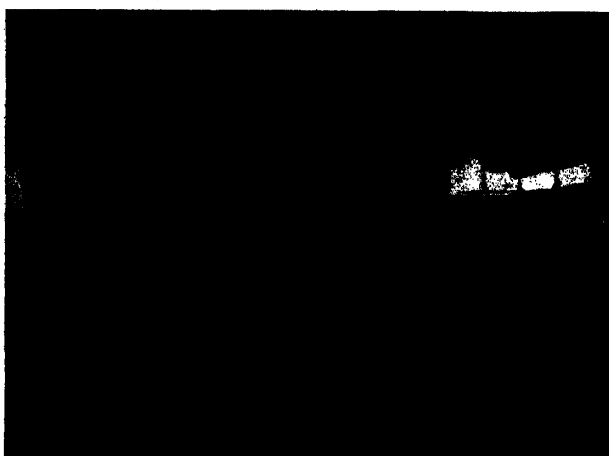
ROLLING WITH A HEAVY BRASS ROLLER TO GIVE THE LEATHER ITS FINAL FIRMNESS AND GLOSS

Sole leather is also hammered in a machine to make it firm and hard. Then it is washed with a mixture of oil, soap and water, which cleans the leather and gives it a gloss. After a little further drying the butt is laid on a flat bed of wood or zinc and is rolled with a brass roller loaded with heavy weights. This gives the final firmness and gloss.

The butts, which are now hardly to be recognised as the limp, pallid objects which first went into the tan pits, are dried off in a room gently heated by steam. They are hung in long, orderly rows on barge hooks, not unlike the meat hooks used by butchers. The leather is firm and solid, of a pleasing pale brown colour, and has now taken on its characteristic and pleasing smell.

The primitive way of drying leather was to hang it on poles in the open air, but this must have been a long-drawn-out and very trying performance in our uncertain climate. Nowadays the drying, which is an essential part in the finishing of a good hide, is completed in special chambers where the butts dry slowly. The chambers are dimly lit, for strong sunlight is inclined to fade the leather and make it patchy. Hides may be rolled for convenience in handling and storing, as the butts are of a considerable size and weigh anything from eighteen to thirty pounds each.

EXAMINING THE LEATHER IN THE STEAM-HEATED DRYING-ROOM



PROGRESS AT GOODINGS

By ANTHONY HURD

AFTER seven weeks of frustration, harvest at Goodings, the COUNTRY LIFE farm in Berkshire, was finally cleared last week. "Cleared" is not perhaps the right term for 1946 harvesting, as in most of the fields some grain remains on the ground and the birds will have their fill. Where corn is to follow corn we shall surely find many "volunteers" from the 1946 crops growing in next year's corn. But all that could be collected by ordinary and extraordinary means is in rick now.

The wheat took little harm and most was gathered before the end of August. We did not manage to get any threshed in the field as we had planned. The pullets have been running on the wheat stubbles and finding a full living for themselves. Ranging wide into the hedgerows, as they will, seven failed to return to their houses one night last week and were found next morning, casualties to the fox. Such things should not happen when we have enough poultry

to be a full-time job for one man or woman.

When that will be depends on feeding-stuff supplies. Unfortunately Goodings is entitled to meagre pig and poultry rations on the basis of 1939 stock with the acreage deduction now enforced again. It is assumed that the general farm like ours can carry one and a half birds on the by-products of every acre. We have as the aftermath of this harvest an abundance of by-products lying in the stubbles, shed grains of wheat and broken heads of barley. Indeed, every arable farm could usefully carry 1,000 head of laying poultry for the next month, but if we had them how would they survive afterwards? The Ministry of Agriculture has never, since the start of feeding-stuff rationing in 1939, valued the hen rightly as the perfect scavenger and producer of precious eggs.

At Goodings most of the oats were eventually got together in fair order. The white winter oats which stood in stock for five weeks took

little harm beyond weathering and discoloration. There were some sprouted heads in the shelter of the hedge where the wind did not have full play, and the stocks remained wet from one storm to the next. Our best crop of spring oats, which promised 16 to 18 sacks to the acre, had to be abandoned for a time in favour of other corn that was fit to cart. Just before harvest these oats on the brow above the farmhouse were a good sight, but the rains and winds knocked the crop all ways. Most was cut with the binder but some was just salvaged and we have not collected more than 8 to 10 sacks to the acre. It will make useful feed for the store cattle through the winter.

The barley made much work but the wastage is not too serious. While the stocks were unseemly bundles we have, I think, got most of the heads where we want them in the ricks. The equivalent of one or two sacks of grain to the acre lies on the stubbles. Whether we shall, later on at threshing, have samples that tempt the malster and make the top price remains to be seen. Many thousands of tons of this year's barley will be consigned for grinding by the Ministry of Food.

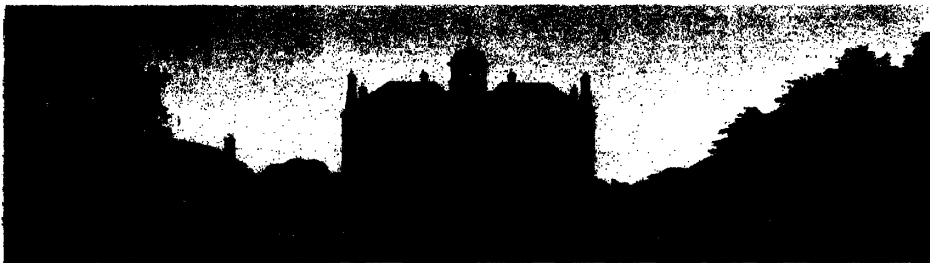
Our peas that we wanted for the dairy cows this winter are half in rick and half in the ground. The pods split and shed the peas before the weather allowed us to harvest the crop. The intention was to have sufficient home-grown protein to supplement the cows' official rations up to the optimum level for high milk-production. I hear that the Government have now been able to buy a little more oil-cake from Argentina. We must hope that this will make good the peas and beans that have been lost in harvesting in this country. Dairy cows cannot give all the milk that consumers need unless they get generous winter-rations of concentrates.

What has been the loss in this harvest? I can speak only about Goodings. There I reckon that fully one and a half sacks of corn to the acre has been wasted, and the cash value of that loss is about £800. Add the extra cost of a harvest prolonged by three weeks, with overtime at 2s. 6d. an hour at the week-ends, and the total loss of income from 280 acres of corn cannot be less than £700.

Now we face potato-lifting and autumn cultivations. Winter oats and wheat on the high ground should be planted by mid-October. The seed is delivered and so are the fertilisers. All we want is good weather to catch up arrears and pass on to the hopes of another season.



STACKING WHEAT BETWEEN THE STORMS



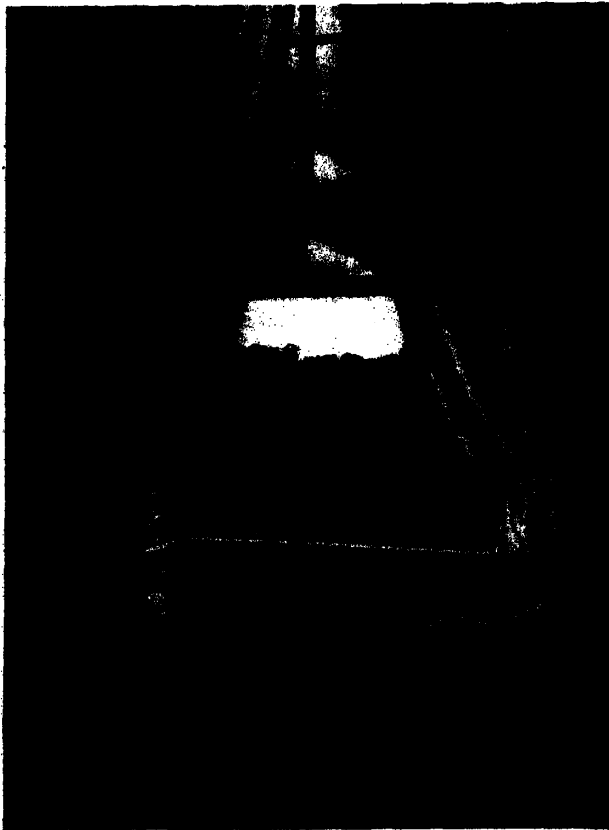
1.—THE NORTH FRONT

THENFORD HOUSE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE—II

THE HOME OF MR. SPENCER SUMMERS

The interior of Thenford shows the kind of decoration in vogue just before the new ideas of the Adam brothers swept over the country

By ARTHUR OSWALD



2.—VIGNETTE OF THE PARK AND LAKE, FROM A BEDROOM WINDOW

WHEN Michael Wodhull completed the building of Thenford House about the year 1765, he had fifty years of life in front of him. Unlike most of his neighbours, who enjoyed themselves hunting the fox, he devoted most of his time to the chase of books, or as Baker, the county historian puts it, "to bibliomaniacal pursuits." His figure, tall, upright but very thin, wearing a coat buttoned close up under the chin, was to be seen at all the important London book-sales. He is said to have sat the whole day through in the auction room but never to have gone sixpence beyond the price he had decided on. After the Treaty of Amiens, he went on a book-hunting visit to Paris, was caught by the renewed outbreak of war, and for some time was held a prisoner. The confinement broke his health, and he returned to England an invalid. In his last years his sight failed, his voice became inaudible and his mind wandered. It was a pathetic end to the last member of an ancient family directly descended from the Norman lords of Odell. He died childless and there was no heir.

Wodhull's collections consisted mainly of first editions of the classics and rare specimens of early printed books. He was recognised as the leading authority on early French editions and printers. He also purchased a great collection of 17th-century tracts that had belonged to Sir Edward Walker, Garter King of Arms under Charles I and Charles II. His library was dispersed in 1886 at a sale that lasted ten days, his printed books realising nearly £12,000, a figure that would probably have to be multiplied by as much as ten to-day. The books were housed in two rooms, on the east side of the house, called the north and south libraries. The smaller of them, on the north front, is now Mr. Summers' library (Fig. 7), but the south room has become the dining-room.

Last week it was suggested that Wodhull may have commissioned Henry Keene to design his house, which, with its outmoded cupola and Kent-like wings linked and extended by screen walls to make a frontage of great length (Fig. 1), shows such surprising disregard for the fashions current when George III came to the throne. Whether the architect was left a free hand or his client was a man of conservative ideas where building was concerned, we have no means of deciding, but the result was a remarkable and highly individual building for its time. The interior,

now to be considered, follows much more closely contemporary ideas and standards of decoration, as practised by craftsmen who had not yet fallen under the spell of Robert Adam but were still working in the Palladian manner, though lightening it with the pretty rococo elegances popularised by Isaac Ware and Abraham Swan. At Edgcote, not far away, the accounts prove that the Swan firm was responsible for all the carpentry and joinery, including most of the fireplaces. But the pattern books of Abraham Swan were very widely disseminated, and provincial builders all over the country were turning out very similar work. In the absence of accounts at Thenford we do not know whether a London firm was employed or craftsmen from Warwick or Oxford, the two nearest centres. The fireplaces and doorcases are much in the Swan manner, but they are also similar to what the Hiorns of Warwick are known to have supplied for Kyre Park and Foremark. At Thenford there are no elaborate rococo ceilings, except for a pretty one in a bedroom, a detail of which is illustrated in Fig. 15. This and the stucco frieze shown in Fig. 11 are suggestive of the Oxford plasterer, Thomas Roberts, who was employed at Heythrop and probably at Hartwell and Kirtlington, and whose embellishments of the library at Rousham (1764) were illustrated a few weeks ago. If Keene was indeed the architect of Thenford, the employment of Roberts of Oxford would have been a natural consequence, as the two men worked together on the decoration of the library at Christ Church. At Rousham and Christ Church Roberts was responsible for wood carving as well.

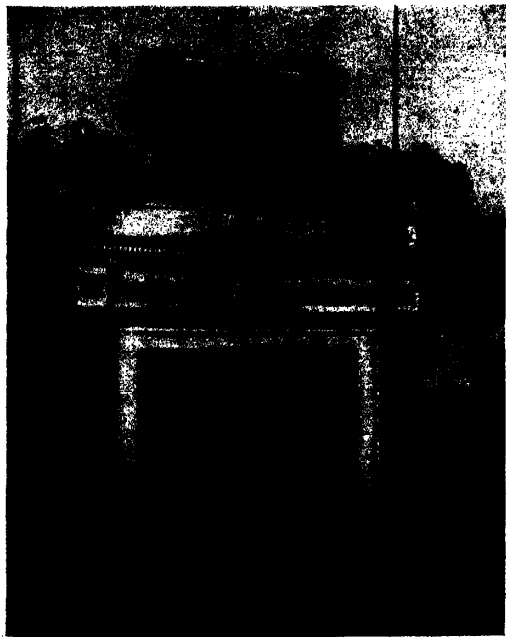
The plan of Thenford makes provision for capacious cellars below the main floor; the



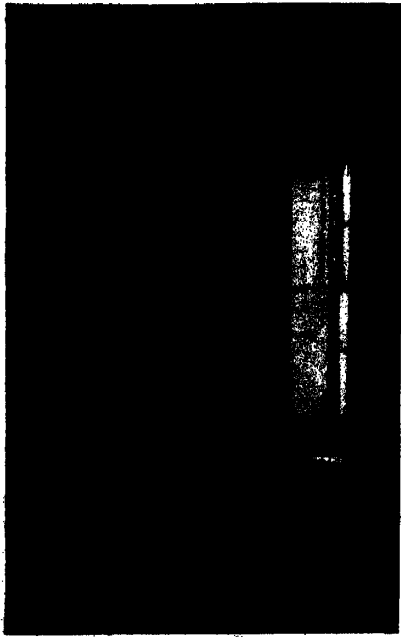
3.—THE SALOON

kitchen was originally in the north block, though now transferred to the main building; the south block contained the laundry. The entrance hall, in the centre of the north front, is left severely simple and unadorned except for a massive cornice with plain modillions

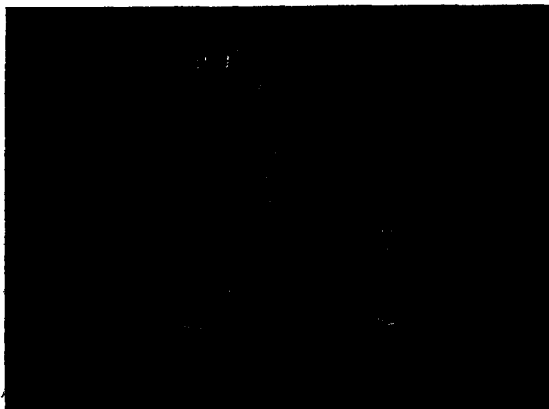
and a stone fireplace with flanking consoles (Fig. 6). Two doors ahead open into the saloon (Fig. 3), occupying the corresponding position on the south front. More highly enriched than the other rooms, it is still simple in treatment by contemporary



4.—CARVED WOOD FIREPLACE IN THE SALOON



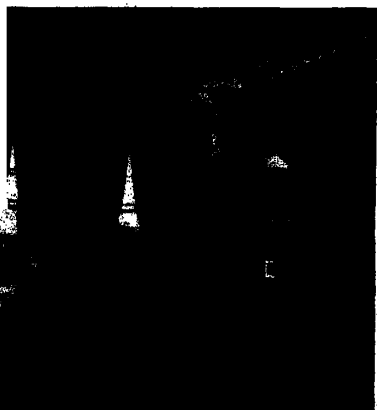
5.—A CORNER OF THE SALOON



6.—THE ENTRANCE HALL



7.—THE LIBRARY



8.—MRS. SUMMERS' BEDROOM

standards, the decoration being confined to the doorcases, fireplaces, window surrounds, and an enriched cornice with a frieze of running foliage. The fireplace (Fig. 4), carved in wood, is ornamented with festoons of flowers and a tablet of rocaille work. It was surmounted by an overmantel, but as the picture had been removed Mr. Summers decided to dispense with the surrounding frame. The design of the doorcases (Fig. 10) is not altogether happy; the cornice, carved frieze and consoles, being independent of the architrave frame, have the effect of an afterthought. The doors are provided with very elegant rococo brass plates and handles. As in the octagon saloon, at Honington, the architraves of the window surrounds finish in a whorled scroll (Fig. 5). The photographs show some of the charming pieces, Georgian and Regency, with which the room is furnished. The mahogany tall-case clock, inlaid with brasswork, is by Gaskin of Dublin, and has a barometer and thermometer fitted in the front of the case.

The drawing-room has the pretty stucco frieze already noted, and an equally charming carved pine fireplace with a crossed torch and quiver in the tablet. A rococo mirror of approximately the same date hangs very happily in this setting (Fig. 11). Of the two libraries, the large room facing south was redecorated

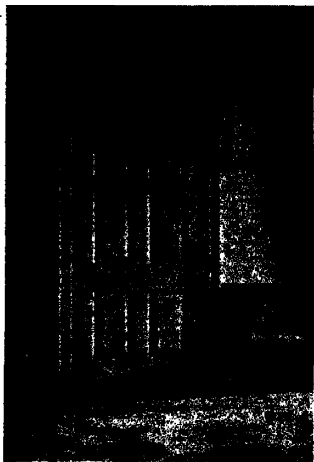


9.—THE STAIRCASE

in the nineteenth century and is now the dining-room, but retains its original fireplace. The exceptionally fine carving consists of trophies of musical instruments flanking a relief showing a Muse (?) with an attendant winged figure holding a tablet (Fig. 13). The windows in the three-sided bay are hung with grey and green figured silk curtains most effectively arranged with draped festoons and rosettes on the palmets (Fig. 14). In the present library (Fig. 7) there is another carved wood fireplace, not pickled like the last two. On either side of it are display cabinets for some rare sets of chessmen which Mr. Summers has collected.

The main staircase (Fig. 9) is at the west end of the house. It is a late example of the Georgian wood staircase, with slender balusters, ramped handrail and carved brackets, that was already giving place to the new vogue for staircases with light ironwork balustrades. An unusual feature is the "ringing" of the newels and baluster stems, giving almost the effect of bamboo. From ground level, where the stairs descend to the basement, the balustrade abruptly changes to plain ironwork.

Several of the bedrooms on the first floor have



10.—DOORCASE IN THE SALOON

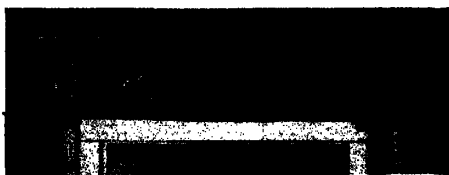


11.—A STUCCO FRIEZE, ROCOCO MIRROR, AND CARVED WOOD FIREPLACE



12.—DOORCASES IN A BEDROOM

enriched doorcases and carved fireplaces. In one room, now used as a nursery, the doorcases have a panel of fretwork for the friezes (Fig. 15). The Hiorns of Warwick were particularly fond of this kind of ornament which they used freely at Kyre and Foremark. The bedroom at the west end of the south front shows yet another variety of doorcase (Fig. 12). Mrs. Summers has treated this as a Regency room. It is in a pale blue-grey with curtains toning but effectively enlivened by flecks of claret red and borders and girdles in the same colour. A fine mahogany four-post bed with rococo cresting is about contemporary with the room, but the other furniture—an elegant day bed, dressing-table and tall-boy—is mostly Regency

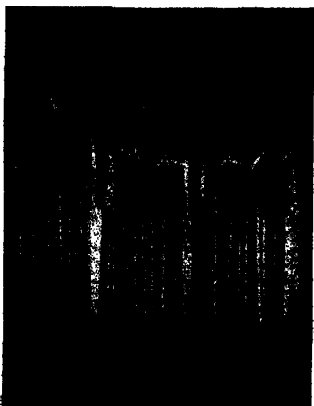


13.—CARVED FRIEZE OF THE DINING-ROOM FIREPLACE

(Fig. 8). From the windows there is a lovely view southward over the park and down to the lake, which in Fig. 2 is shown as a vignette framed in the open window. In the first-floor corridor there is a striking example of 18th-century built-in furniture in the form of

a cupboard framed by pilasters with an arched head and "key-stone" (Fig. 16).

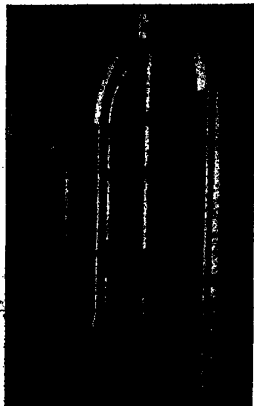
Michael Wodhull died in 1816. As he had no heir and his wife had predeceased him, his estates and magnificent library under the terms of his will went to his wife's sister, a Mrs. Ingram. On her death, eight years later, Thenford and the other Wodhull estates were left under her will to Samuel Amy Severne of Wallop Hall, Shropshire, who was a remote connection of Michael Wodhull through the latter's mother. His family was to own Thenford for over a century. Mr. Spencer Summers, who was M.P. for Northampton in the last Parliament, made considerable improvements to the house before the War.



14.—IN THE DINING-ROOM: EFFECTIVELY ARRANGED CURTAINS



15.—DETAIL OF CEILING AND DOORCASE IN THE NURSERY



16.—AN 18TH-CENTURY BUILT-IN CUPBOARD

NEW DESIGNS IN THE BRITAIN-CAN-MAKE-IT EXHIBITION

By NOEL CARRINGTON

THE long queues stretching down the Brompton Road, waiting their turn to squeeze round the maze at the Victoria and Albert, testify to the appetite of the public for household possessions and for peace-time living. Indeed, the success of the venture must be almost an embarrassment to the authorities, who may have hoped for more rapid circulation and less intent window-gazing. An extension beyond five weeks will certainly be demanded, and it would not be unreasonable to ask that the exhibition extend over the Christmas holidays, if it is to have the full educative function it merits.

The crowds press most thickly, so it seemed to me, at the model kitchens. The standard is high, and there are some ingenious plans, particularly that of Mr. F. Gibberd for a small flat. It is only in a few blocks of modern flats that we in England have examples of up-to-date kitchen planning, though they in no wise excel the average kitchen in a working-class home in Scandinavia. In general we have suffered from lack of planning and of excess of "labour-saving" equipment or gadgets. At trade fairs the emphasis was all on rival makes of cookers, washing-machines, driers, irons, and whatever. The plan was an afterthought. Indeed, in the speculative builder's house it did not exist. Even architects were none too irreproachable on that score, and I have seen pre-war L.C.C. flats which multiplied unnecessary steps and labour. I hope, therefore, that if the bulk of building is now to be controlled we shall have properly planned kitchens which are in fact complete working units. There is also scope for more use of colour and decoration where the kitchen is also to be the dining-room.

Considerable space is given to pottery, and there are signs of some renaissance here. Pottery decoration was one of the first trades attacked by the Design and Industries Association thirty years ago, and to make a clean start it encouraged simple, good shapes and undecorated ware. As a result we have a good range of sensible shapes and some pleasant shades of colour. In decoration the potters have been less successful and have shown less initiative, and the example of the craftsmen-potters could not help them. The few firms not adhering to traditional patterns have mostly tried colouring by hand, which demands a pattern foolproof for the copyist. In transfers from lithograph plates or from copper engravings pottery has a technique

A DISPLAY OF TOYS IN THE MAIN HALL

(Designer: James Gardner)



A DISPLAY OF FURNISHING TEXTILES

One of the permanent Museum exhibits has been effectively incorporated *in situ*. (Designer: Jacques Greig)

which is admirably suited for artists' collaboration; as suited as the similar techniques in the illustration of books; and it is ridiculous that these well-tried techniques should not be exploited except for the lower grade wares. The engraved designs by the late Eric Ravilious for Wedgwood stand out by reason of their originality and complete fitness for pottery. Ravilious, of course, spent many months at Etruria, but his success explodes the legend that there is something mysterious about pottery decoration. We can confidently look for new design of the same quality from Wedgwoods, but more rivals should be going one better by now.

There is a small selective exhibit of glass-ware, a good deal better than could have been collected ten years ago, but the best is still confined to the products of comparatively few firms. Glass is certainly a trade which "needs" much study before the



"ALPHABET" NURSERY WARE
(Wedgwood. Designed by Eric Ravillious)



"OAK LEAVES": GREEN PATTERN ON WHITE GROUND
(Pountney and Co., Bristol. Designed by J. F. Price)

designer can know his way. The easy way is, of course, superficial decoration by grinding or cutting. The harder way is shaping, because of the peculiar character which molten glass has. It was particularly in the cheap household ware that we suffered most in competition with the Czechs before the war.

Of any industrial art in England at present, textile design shows perhaps the greatest vitality, though by self-sacrifice we have to deny ourselves still anything but utility. The woven fabrics have benefited by the pioneer work of the artist-craftsmen. Weaving imposes more limitations on the artist, and this seems to suit the English temperament. For those who can afford to wait a year or two there is something worth waiting for. The printed fabrics are also good. The Art Schools have been doing some excellent work here for years, and it is to be hoped that the trade, instead of buying second-hand designs in Paris from sheer snobbery, will make better use of the excess of talent at their doorstep. I know of a designer whose designs had been refused in Manchester, but were bought by the same firm for double the cost when offered by a Paris agent. At present it is with curtains and chair coverings that the owner of a modern flat or house can best redeem a room from utter uniformity with his neighbours. There should be equal variety and equally good taste to be found in wallpapers, carpets, and linoleums. At present it is not so, though there are signs of better things in wallpapers, and even a carpet or two which is neither traditional nor cubist.

Parents with young children will find some

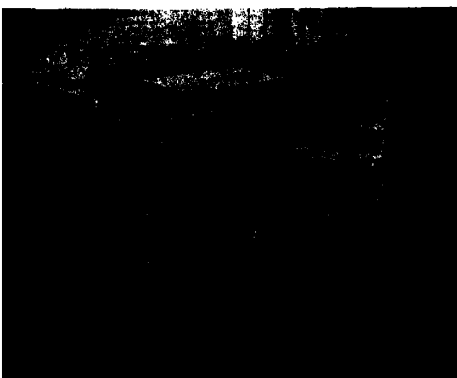
pleasant models in the toy section, and one of those all-too-ideal nurseries only seen in exhibitions. Those with literary tastes will find a quiet backwater from the seething current in the book



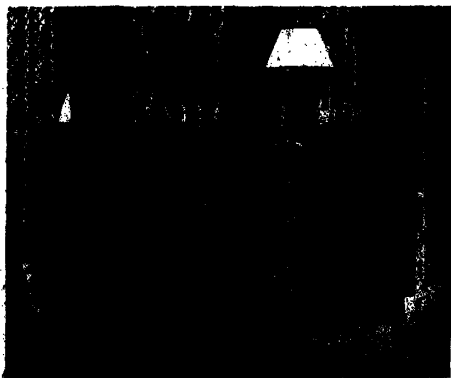
GLASS VASE
(Stevens and Williams. Designer: Tom Jones)

and printing section, where justice is done to the pioneers of the printing renaissance as well as to the ubiquitous Penguin and Puffin. Travellers-to-be will decide to cast away their old portmanteaus and Gladstones, until they remember the Chancellor's wretched purchase tax on all these desirable necessities. Gardeners, if they are not too impatient for the open air, will perhaps linger at an exhibit of garden tools, where I noticed a streamlined lawn mower with rotary blades, and a fine set of tools in stainless steel. As a gardener who always has forgotten to wipe his spade with an oily rag on Sunday night, I decided that my next spade should certainly be stainless.

I sincerely hope that the lesson which the organisers have set out to give will not be lost by reason of the crowds which jostle the visitor and press him reluctantly on. The designer and manufacturer between them, with the ever-increasing mechanisation of industry to help them, can give us an enormously improved standard of living in terms of utility, and very much more beautiful daily surroundings. There is no limit to what we can look for. The only real limit is our own percipience and insistence. As one who uses designers, I can assure readers that there are all too many waiting to be used by industry. Manufacturers have not been so alive to their opportunity in the past, though they are beginning to awake. But the ordinary consumer must also use his intelligence. The women in particular must cease to be content with the second-rate or the ugly when they could have perfection. It has been a long time coming, but now one at last begins to see the dawn.



WRITING-TABLE IN MAHOGANY AND BIRCH
(Reed and Son. Designed by Christopher Horn)



SIDEBOARD IN INDIAN LAUREL AND ASH
(Alfred Cox. Designed by A. R. Cox)

THE SHY WRYNECK

Written and Illustrated by ERIC HOSKING and CYRIL NEWBERRY

ONE of the most intriguing features of bird watching is that we are never quite sure what may turn up to engage our attention. Species that are normally quite local in their occurrence may suddenly be found well off their usual haunts; and such is our state of knowledge that new discoveries are continually being made, and species are being recorded in districts where they have never been known before. This may seem surprising in a land as thickly populated as these islands, but it is no doubt a consequence of the increasing interest that is being shown nowadays in bird life, coupled with the advantage of modern transport that enables an increasing number of people to spend their leisure in the countryside.

As may be imagined, it is the shy and retiring, and the inconspicuous birds that have been most overlooked, and it is among these species that we may expect the greatest advances in our knowledge of their distribution. One of these shy birds is the wryneck; a species that must be very frequently overlooked: indeed it would



1.—ALTHOUGH IT GENERALLY PERCHES ACROSS A BRANCH THE WRYNECK DOES SOMETIMES CLING TO THE BARK

very seldom be noted at all were it not for its rather piercing call-note—a sharp *quee-quee-quee-quee*—that reveals the bird's presence when it arrives in this country in April and May.

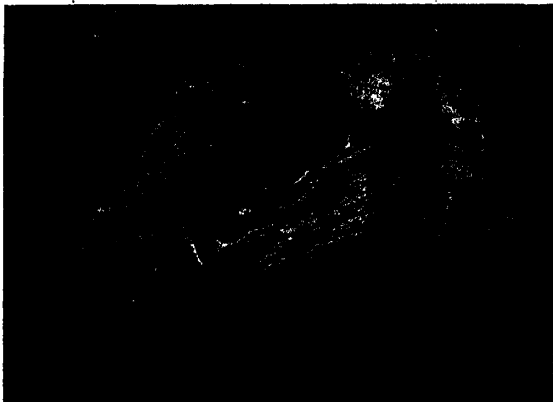
The wryneck is not only shy and retiring, but it is also inconspicuous by virtue of its mottled greyish-brown plumage, and we have often found that even when a bird has been located it is no easy matter to keep it under observation. We may see it in the course of a short undulating flight from one tree to another, but when it has alighted its colouring so merges with its background that it is very easily lost to view (Figs. 3 and 4).

It is of interest to notice several strange contrasts revealed by the wryneck. It is closely related to the woodpecker, yet, unlike them, it is not a resident in this country, but only a summer visitor. It is reported to have a curiously restricted range in the British Isles, being almost entirely confined to the south-east and south of England; yet on the Continent it breeds as far north as Scandinavia and the Baltic regions and even into Finland.

Further, in spite of its relationship to the woodpecker, the wryneck does not normally excavate its own nesting hole but prefers to find one ready-made whether it be in a tree, a wall, a post or even a nesting-



2.—WRYNECK PERCHED ABOVE ITS NESTING-HOLE



3.—ITS MOTTLED GREYISH-BROWN PLUMAGE MAKES THE WRYNECK INCONSPICUOUS AGAINST THE BARK



4.—ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF CAMOUFLAGE. THE BIRD IS REMOVING A FAECAL SAC FROM THE NESTING-HOLE

box. Like the other members of the family, the wryneck has a xyrodactyle foot, yet, though it does on occasions cling to the bark of a tree (Fig. 1), it more often perches across a branch in the manner of a passerine bird. In fact it spends a considerable amount of time perched in the upper branches, examining the bark and leaves for the spiders, moths and other creatures that go to make up its insect diet.

Ants are a favourite food and, like the green woodpecker, the wryneck searches for them on the ground and seeks them out of burrows and crevices with its long, cord-like tongue. The birds return frequently to the nest with bills crammed full of ants and pupae. The young wrynecks, particularly when they were fairly well grown, took many of the ants direct from the parents' bills, but there was inevitably a considerable leakage in the course of the transfer, and it was interesting after each visit by the adults to see streams of ants trying to make good their escape from the nesting-hole. The young wrynecks soon learned to deal with this contingency, and it was fascinating to see their tongues flashing as they worked to retrieve their unwilling victims.

It was also apparent how the bird came to

be called wryneck, for in the course of searching for food the head and neck were twisted and turned in the most extraordinary fashion. This trait is even more strongly displayed if the wryneck is molested in any way. The bird writhes its neck in snake-like fashion and hisses, a very effective defence against many of its enemies.

Because the wryneck must often be overlooked, it may quite likely occur in places where it has not yet been recorded. There are in fact recent reports of the bird from parts of Devon, where previously it was not thought to breed. On the other hand there is no doubt that the wryneck is becoming more rare than it used to be and it would be of interest to discover the reason. The factors which influence the rise and fall of bird population are, as yet, very incompletely understood, yet they have an important bearing on our rural economy. There is undoubtedly a wide field open yet to people with a flair for the investigation of bird life.

5.—A YOUNG WRYNECK TAKES A LOOK ROUND JUST BEFORE LEAVING THE NEST



WESTERN GAILES ◊ A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

I WANT this week to pay my tribute to Western Gailes in Ayrshire, whither I went to see England play Scotland. The match itself, admirable though it was, may by this time be comparatively ancient history, but Western Gailes is a permanent joy. I said a few weeks ago that I wanted to see it. I came, and I saw it, and it entirely conquered me. I arrived there after a rather sleepless night's journey on a day "sent from beyond the skies," sunny, breezy and delightful. After watching seven or eight holes as played by other people and playing a few little iron shots on my own account and catching a large lunch, I think I am allowed to say that I fell asleep with an imperfect perception of where I was, and then looking out of the window and seeing the sunshine and the sandhills and the sea beyond covered with white horses, and the hills of Arran beyond the sea, I said to myself that surely I must be in heaven.

That is the best compliment I can pay to Western Gailes, and perhaps I may be allowed to pay it another which may not sound so striking but which means a lot to me and perhaps to some others. The course gave me what I can only describe as an Aberdovey feeling. Whether there is really any great likeness between the two courses I do not know, save that both lie on a narrow strip of grass between the railroad on one side and the sandhills on the other. I can only say that the soft and pleasant turf, the relatively small greens—very good greens be it added—some of them nestling in pleasant little nooks, and the occasional glimpses of the sea through the sandhills, all irresistibly reminded me of my quasi-native Merioneth. And when I say occasional glimpses I am perhaps scarcely doing the course justice, because from the clubhouse, which stands perched on a gentle eminence, one can get a wholly uninterrupted view of the sea, and that is more than can be said for most of the best seaside courses.

Western Gailes has no ambition to be deemed a "championship course" and indeed is almost morbidly afraid of any such description. The playing of this international match there was something of a concession on the part of the club, though I am bound to add that, having given their sanction, the members nearly overwhelmed the players and the camp-followers, such as myself, with kindness and hospitality. Still they have no yearning after fame, and perhaps they will be cross with me for giving them even this mild measure of publicity. If so, they will just have to forgive me as best they can, for I really cannot help it.

The course professes to be no more than a pleasant place where the members, having worked hard in Glasgow during the week, can come and play their week-end golf by the sea in

pretty and tranquil surroundings. It fills that bill most adequately, but to say no more than that would do it sad injustice. It is not a championship course, as that term is generally understood, because it is not quite fierce enough or long enough to deserve that sometimes equivocal compliment. I suppose there are, from a severely critical point of view, rather too many holes of between 300 and 400 yards in length, demanding from the long hitter no more than a drive and a pitch, and too many greens in hollows. Nevertheless the golf is good enough for anybody to enjoy, let him drive never so far, and if he does not enjoy it then I think there must be something wrong with him.

Whether he is a long or a short driver it seemed to me essential that the player should be a straight driver. Not only must he keep out of the rough or out of the railway—and with a westerly wind sweeping across the course the railway is sometimes alarmingly near; he must also drive to the right part of the fairway. This is partly because he will thus get the better approach to the hole, and partly because the fairway is full of pleasantly billowy ups and downs, and to go to the wrong side of it may be to get a ball so cocked up or so lying down that the second shot will, especially in a wind, be uncommonly hard to control, and the uncontrolled shot will go to the deuce.

AN OLD CHAIR IN AN AUCTION SALE

*I WAS the living part of a great tree,
Through my calls passed the virtues of the earth,
By season adding to its majesty,
Augmenting mystic circles of its girth.*

*I was material for a craftsman's hand,
Incentive for an artist's sense of line,
My structure both for use and beauty planned.
Integrity and splendour both were mine.*

*I was the keelson of a gentle breed,
Holding possession as a sacred trust,
Now one and all from their possessions freed,
Another wood doth harbour up their dust.*

*So thus degraded to the state of slave,
Whose ripest charms her own confusion seal,
The prey of any shabby trading house,
Who seeks to make a profit on a deal.*

*Yet by the banners of my forest prince,
And by the virtue of a native art,
And by the standards which have vanished since,
Roused triumphant in a common mart.* A.B.C.

The fairways, as I have said, are billowy, and so, to a reasonable and interesting extent, are the putting greens. There are on them no fierce or outrageous slopes, but the borrows on many of them are just difficult enough to repay good approaching. I saw a good many not very good approaches played and, as sure as fate, the man who left himself with a really long putt had very hard work to lay his ball dead with the next shot, and he was constantly six or eight feet away. And this, too, be it observed, when the soft Ayrshire turf had plenty of recent rain, so that the greens were not at all alarmingly fast.

On the other hand, he who had played a really good iron shot had nothing to fear, and very often gained to the full the advantage he deserved. I do not know that the approaching was intrinsically very difficult, but I did notice, time and again, that slack, loose iron play often led to three putts. When I saw the Englishman six or seven yards from the hole and the Scotsman twenty yards away, I was full of hope, and when the situation was reversed I was perceptibly depressed. To get a "scrambling" four from the edge of the green did not appear to me at all an easy thing to do; and, if I was right, then that surely is all to the course's credit.

I admit honestly that my watching was done on what we called in war-time inner lines of communication. There were one or two holes on the homeward journey at the far end of the course that I did not see. Just as I had made up my mind to be energetic there always appeared a couple coming the other way whom I particularly wanted to watch, and I took the easy and shameful course. Therefore I do not feel that I have much right to make even the mildest criticism; but, if I did venture, I should say that another short hole would be an advantage. There are only three, and we have to wait till the seventh to get one. If another could be devised so that there were two in the outgoing as well as the incoming nine, I think the course would be still more amusing.

I had nearly forgotten one of the charms of Western Gailes which must by no means be left out. Like all well-regulated Scottish courses, it has got a burn. In itself this is an inconsiderable rivulet, no wider than the Swilcan at St. Andrews, not nearly so serpentine and ubiquitous as the Burn at Camoustie, nor so magnetic as its near neighbour the Pow Burn at Prestwick. It has not even got a name, or if it has no one could tell me it; but still it is an undoubted burn, and I always feel just a little bit defrauded if there is no burn in Scotland. I cannot even say that I saw anyone get into it, except Mr. Tolley, who hit too mighty a drive from one tee, but it completed my delight in an enchanting place.

CORRESPONDENCE

FORESTS OF WIRES

SIR.—We are assured that the High Land power scheme in Glen Affric and Glen Cannich will not affect the beauty of the district, but I am concerned with the means whereby the power will be conveyed across the country. Are we to have more of those great pylons striding over the land, or more of the telegraph type pole, dangling with thick wires? Already many of our villages are disfigured with poles and wires. Stockbridge, in Hampshire, is almost a forest of telegraph poles, and Porlock in Somerset (by the famous Ship Inn) is trellised with wires. And there are so many others. Perhaps I have noticed it more, being "photographically minded." But many a potentially lovely picture of a village or open country has been made impossible because of this disfigurement.

satisfactory reasons why the so-called restoration should be carried out.

To put this noble building to modern uses it would be necessary to introduce systems of drainage and heating, with chimney stacks and other modern necessities which did not worry the monks of old, and such would necessarily spoil the peaceful and sylvan character of this lovely and secluded spot. We may be thankful that sufficient powers exist to prevent this vandalism, but we should all be glad to know that it is abandoned.

Fountains is unique because sufficient is still standing to enable one to trace the life and habits of the old Cistercian monks.

As Fountains is, let Fountains stand.—BANISTER FLETCHER, *The Athenaeum*, London, S.W.1.



BRINKBURN PRIORY A CENTURY AGO
See letter: Fountains and Brinkburn

If we are to have control of advertisement hearings, I think we might very well consider some control of the indiscriminate placing of drunken telegraph and electricity poles, with their festoons of thick dangling wires. It seems that these villages and areas which have fought for the preservation of the amenities of their districts, and have managed to get the wires put underground, had a hard fight with the powers that be to get such work done. Cannot the fight (for such it always has been with our officials) be made a little less severe, and the authorities given instructions to be a little more understanding and sympathetic?—J. A. BAUMLEK, 23, Hereford Road, Chingford, London, E.4.

FOUNTAINS ABBEY

From Professor Banister Fletcher, D.Lit., F.R.I.B.A., F.S.A.

SIR.—I have followed the correspondence in your columns with great interest, and hoped that those against this unfortunate suggestion had shown sufficient reasons why Fountains Abbey should be allowed to remain as one of the most informative ruins in this country. The announcement in the Press, however, that architects have been appointed to prepare plans for its dissolution fills me with horror and indignation and a desire to take a hand in helping to save this lovely old structure.

I have visited Fountains over and over again, and have always been struck with its mellow beauty in its peaceful setting, which I hope will always be allowed to remain, untouched and unaltered.

It is not necessary to go into the reasons against the proposal, because you, Sir, and your correspondents have so ably set them forth, and I think the country generally must be thankful to you for raising the case against the proposal. I should like to say that I am in agreement with you in all your statements, so carefully marshalled, and am bitterly opposed to those who have endeavoured to gild any

FOUNTAINS AND BRINKBURN

SIR.—In the current controversy about Fountains Abbey the case of Brinkburn Priory near Rothbury in Northumberland has been mentioned as an instance of a ruined medieval church restored to its former use. Some readers may be interested in the accompanying illustrations. In the print by M. J. Staring after J. Dobson the priory is shown as it was a century ago with the ruins of the monastic church and the Gothic Revival house beside it. The photograph, taken from the east, shows the choir of the church re-roofed and restored.—NORMAN LUTYON, *Hydebrook, Dorchester, Dorset*.

We have also received letters on the subject of Fountains from B.L.B., F.R.H.G. and T.S.W. which lack of space prevents us from publishing.—Ed.

CROFTING IN THE NORTH-WEST HIGHLANDS

SIR.—The picture painted by *Circumstances* in his *Farming Notes* (September 20), of Crofting in the North-West Highlands of Scotland, seems to me to be a very fair and broad-minded one, with which few would feel inclined to quarrel.

But in fairness to the Department of Agriculture for Scotland, I do feel that a word of protest should be said in regard to his fifth paragraph "Scope for Trials." I think he would be amazed, if he cared to write to the Secretary of that Department at St. Andrew's House, Edinburgh, to find out how much our crofting communities are in their minds, and what headaches we are to them, and how much they are doing, both directly and through such organisations as the Scottish Society for Research in Plant Breeding, to experiment and teach land to farm for themselves under local conditions, what are our weather, soil, and character problems in the far north-west of Scotland. This Society has actually established an Experimental Station here in Dundonnell,

which will later on become a Demonstration Centre.

Although Edinburgh is some 280 miles south of this place, we have frequently been visited by Government Committees and by biological and agricultural research experts, and although progress may sometimes seem slow, it is surely far better for them to grasp all the difficulties of our problems first, so that they may be able to educate us all the more surely. In any case, the wiser crofter would always want to be quite sure of this fact before he would be prepared to experiment himself, and to adopt new methods of farming his croft.

Your contributor's remarks throw a little badly needed illumination on the whole problem of life up here, and the possibility of arresting the decline in population. I am prompted by what he says to urge, through you, Sir, the Scottish Office to make more generally known than they do, perhaps by some such means as a Press Conference, what are in general their aims and objects, and what they are doing to try to attain them. Their eagerness to help, and manifest willingness to co-operate, give them no cause to hide modestly their light under a bushel. And, thank God, politics don't seem to come into this question at all.—MICHAEL PETER, *Dundonnell House, by Garra, Wester Ross, Scotland*.

FOXES AND BUZZARDS IN ARGVILL

SIR.—Many readers who read Mrs. Sutherland's letter in your issue of September 27 will have been glad to know how much interest in the buzzard and the measure of protection accorded to it on her beautiful island. Fortunately

A HOOPEE IN SURREY

SIR.—I have had an unusual but welcome visitor this week-end in my garden—a hoopoe. He spends his day grubbing on the lawn without doing any harm to the turf. (I wish the woodpeckers were so considerate!) I once had many friends of this species in Quetta, but I have not seen one in England before. A wonder any of your readers have had a visit from these delightful birds.—G. S. MACKAY (Major), *Weybridge, Surrey*.

THE FIRST CANAL

SIR.—In your generous editorial reference to the recently formed Inland Waterways Association (September 20), you question the statement, contained in the Association's brochure, that the first English canal was that constructed by James Brindley for the Duke of Devonshire in 1761. Instead, you advance the claim of Sir Richard Weston's Wey Navigation of 1649.

It is only fair to point out that there is a gross difference between a canal and a river navigation, and that on page 3 of the brochure, reference is made to "many lesser rivers . . . which were made navigable by means of new cuts, locks or weirs" in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Like the birth of our railway system, the development of inland waterways in this country was a slow process to which many pioneers, working independently of each other, made their contribution. Consequently the question who was first in the field is a fruitful source of controversy. But just as the Liverpool and Manchester



BRINKBURN PRIORY CHURCH AS RESTORED
AND RE-ROOFED
See letter: Fountains and Brinkburn

for the buzzard, there are many other like-minded landowners in Argyllshire who are grieved that those birds should be so wantonly destroyed when they are becoming increasingly scarce in other parts of the country. It is indeed sad to read that a group of people, presided over by the chief magistrate of a burgh, should classify buzzards as vermin. The year's kill as reported at a meeting of the Mid-Argyll Fox-Hunting Association was 178 foxes, 136 cats, 16 badgers, 7 wild cats, 122 hooded crows, 46 ravens, 14 gulls, 51 buzzards and 1 otter.

Protests have been made by the Scottish Society for the Protection of Wild Birds, but some people (as Lord Snowden once said) are "intenable by precept or experience." I suggest that the new Wild Bird Protection Bill (already framed) should be presented to Parliament with the least possible delay, by the two national societies concerned. Otherwise the buzzard will go the way of the hen-harrier, already fast on the rate to be of any consequence, while the sea-eagle, curlew, goshawk and kite are, to Scotland's eternal shame, mere vagrants to our hills and coasts.—JOHN FRANKS, "Dalriach," *Glen, Argyllshire*.

is usually recognised as the first railway as distinct from a tramway, so Brindley's Bridgewater Canal is accepted by most authorities as the first purely artificial still-water canal.

Our rivers have been used for navigation since the Middle Ages, and it is frequently impossible to determine when artificial aids to that navigation were first introduced. The most that can be said is that during the seventeenth century many more ambitious schemes for the improvement of river navigation were undertaken. In this connection William Sandys of Fladbury probably has a better claim to the title of pioneer than Sir Richard Weston. Sandys conceived a project for making the River Avon (Warwick) navigable and having obtained an order in council from Charles I in 1635, set to work in March of the following year. The scheme embraced 40 miles of waterway and thirteen locks or weirs, and by 1640 all or part of the work had been completed, for Sandys obtained letters patent authorising him to levy a toll of 12d. per chaldron on coal.

The historian Habbington (1890-1847), in his *Survey of Worcestershire* describes Sandys' locks in the following terms: "They were soe wrought

by his sluices keeping up the water in the summer as these barks may then come above Pearesboro when they cannot for want of water reach Worcester. These barks were 35 ft long and of 30 tons burden. They were bow hauled by men assisted by a mast and square sail which could be lowered for passing under bridges. Sandys work was not satisfactorily completed particularly on the upper section of the river above Evesham and it was later improved by Andrew Yarranton a great 17th century promoter of inland navigation and Lord Windsor.

In conclusion I should like to emphasize that the Inland Waterways Association does not confine its activities to still water canals but is equally interested in rivers. Consequently we are always pleased to receive information bearing upon the history of these early river navigators—L. I. C. ROSE, Hon. Secretary The Inland Waterways Association 11 Gower Street London WC1.

THE CHRISTMAS COCKEREL'S FATE

SIR We are fattening two porkers for Christmas and some cockerels. These latter occasionally fly into the sky to retrieve what remains of food are left. The other day on entering the hen run I saw over the door of the sky the last leg of a cockerel disappear into one pig's mouth while the other chewed at a wing. They must have seized the bird while it was scavenging, and turn it to bits. H. AND R. McBRIDE, Hinton, near Poole, Hants. (E. Blandford Dorset)

THE BONGO

SIR Since writing my recent article in *Big Game Hunting in the Gold Coast* (August 30) I have received a most interesting letter from my friend Mr. Russell District Commissioner at Winchi, giving me some further notes on the status of the bongo in the Gold Coast which I think may be of interest to your readers.

In his letter in status that although the bongo is not uncommon throughout the greater part of the forest belt it has rarely been seen by Europeans and probably never been shot by one. Whether this is actually the case, I rather doubt for there are two fine herds in the Gold Coast Regiment Mess at Kumasi one of which is reputed to have been killed by one of the officers.

He continues: "I do not think one would have to go five or ten miles in the forest belt country without seeing recent tracks and around Gomoa and Wudu in the Cape Coast district he is very common. He is to be found within three miles of Winchi (a town of 4,000 people in savanna country) but the bongo will go wherever there is moderate cultivation. There is no



THE BARN AT MANOR FARM, FRINDSBURY, 219 FEET LONG

See letter The Largest English Barn

doubt that his main food is the cocoa yam leaves. I believe, in found in a wild state but the bongo prefers to visit farms in cultivation or just going out of cultivation where these vegetables are often planted as a final crop (in the Gold Coast system of shifting cultivation).

The bongo is quite a formidable enemy and seldom only to the buffalo or bush cow he is especially formidable for the death of a hunter (very few years).

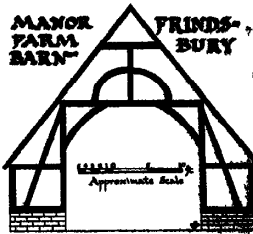
Bongo skins are commonly used as mats in chiefs' houses which small strips of the hide are bound to the handles of the State swords carried before a chief on formal occasions.

There is little similarity between the bongo and the bush buck. The latter is more numerous more friendly and picks more open country. He likes clearings near villages in areas where there is than forest. I have never met him in really thick jungle. Once I met a bush buck in the middle of the day eating on a path on the outskirts of a village. (A bongo would never do this and rarely moves by day.) The bush buck is common in the coastal plain particularly near Winchi where he lies up by day in patches of thick scrub.

I several times watched for the bush buck on the plains east of Accra towards Dahomey but found very few traces of him. He was however plentiful in the orchard bush country near Lungbangu. (C. KENNETH WHITEHEAD Greenbank Bury Lane, Shropshire)

BEE-KEEPING IN SWITZERLAND

SIR—Recently whilst in a Swiss mountain village I came across an unusual method of bee-keeping. This consisted of a wooden chalet about the size of a fowl house and containing anything from one to two dozen hives instead of the single ones as used here. From without the individual entrances were painted white blue yellow and brown. Inside the arrangement was that of a row of lockers each having a movable glass panel through which the bees could be seen at work and enabling the bee-keeper to insert a fresh frame on completion



(Right) SECTION OF THE ROOF

of that in the hives. Separate boxes for the rearing of new queens can be seen on the top shelf of the chalet—DAVID V. BARRY, 18 Prince of Wales Mansions, Battersea Park S.W. 11.

originally as stated by one of your correspondents had a north wing giving it an I shaped plan but this was pulled down and built as a separate barn measuring 128 ft by 28 ft. In its original form it would have been larger even than the barn at Cholesey.

- 8 Tabury Withdon 188 ft 3 ins. by 32 ft 3 ins. (internal)
- 9 Frocester (Gloucestershire) 187 ft by 34 ft (external)
- 10 Broomfield Kent (Parsonage Farm) 187 ft by 37 ft 6 ins
- 11 Boxley Kent 186 ft long
- 12 I dieborough Buckinghamshire Church Farm 185 ft by 30 ft
- 13 Buckland Devon 180 ft long (Andrews I H Medallion or Tulse Barn in Birmingham Arch Soc Trans 1900 vol xxvi)
- 14 Charlton Kent Sussex 177 ft by 33 ft
- 15 Bradford on Avon Wiltshire 175 ft by 34 ft 10 ins. (external)
- 16 Wootton Bassett Wiltshire 172 ft by 36 ft
- 17 Gouthwait Hall Flintshire Cockerhills 165 ft by 43 ft
- 18 Hartbury (Gloucestershire) 161 ft by 36 ft
- 19 Sturry Kent (now Milner Court) 160 ft by 24 ft—JAMES WALTON 12 B. Sydney Road Tarnham, Huddersfield Yorkshire

[Since Mr. Oldaker wrote in our issue of July 12 challenging Mr. May's claim for the barn at Bradon and stating that the barn at Sturry Kent has been claimed as the second largest in England, particulars of several still larger barns have been given from Mr. Walton's list it would appear that the largest barn still entirely roofed in England is that at Manor Farm Frindsbury near Rochester and that second place goes to the barn at Alington in Sussex.]

Mr. P. Talbot the present tenant of the Manor Farm Frindsbury has kindly provided us with the accompanying photograph and the following notes.

The building, seen from outside is nearly all roof, the system of down in places to within 5 ft 6 ins of ground level. No gables break the great sweep of roof which is just one big expanse of red tiles. Its chief glory lies inside in the timber framework which is all in good condition. Unfortunately it cannot be seen in its entirety from end to end as the barn has been partitioned off into sections for farming purposes.

The barn is not by any means just kept to look at. Starting at the top end is a general store for anything at all from two tractor spares (for implements etc.) next a large store for foodstuffs corn and artificial manures next an eight stall stable next a store for hay (the hay is then at the end) a number of pig pens which in pre-war days housed about 100 pigs. In the early days of the war a bomb fell about five yards from outside and blew off practically all the tiles thus end without injuring one pig! The damage has all been made good. I keep no pigs at present owing to feeding difficulties. This end



INTERIOR OF THE BARN AT HARMONDSWORTH

See letter on page 680 The Harmondsworth Barn

THE LARGEST ENGLISH BARN

SIR IN FLUENT TALKS OF COUNTRY LIFE several letters have been published arising out of Mr. S. P. B. May's statement that the barn at Bradon is the second largest in the country. I have accordingly labelled the largest English medieval barns in the hope that such a record may prove of interest.

- 1 Cholesey Berkshire 309 ft 54 ft Height 51 ft. This barn which is not now extant stood on pillars 4 yds in circumference and is the largest of which I have any record (see Parker's *Glossary of Architecture* (1850) p. 241).
- 2 Abbotsbury Dorset 282 ft 6 ins by 37 ft 6 ins. Now only partly roofed.
- 3 St Leonards Beaulieu Hampshire 226 ft by 77 ft Height 80 ft. Now ruined.
- 4 Lily The 13th century barn at Ely demolished in 1843 measured 219 ft 6 ins by 39 ft 5 ins.
- 5 Frindsbury Kent Manor Farm 219 ft by 36 ft (external measurements including caves).
- 6 Alington Sussex G. S. Hewins (Notes on Ancient Tulse Barns 1938 p. 40) states that this barn has a length of 300 ft.
- 7 Harmondsworth Middlesex 191 ft by 30 ft (external). This barn

is now used to store hay and straw.

"The Manor Farm is the property of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and I have been the tenant for the past 18 years."—Ed.]

THE HARMONSWORTH BARN

Sir,—The enclosed print gives some idea of the massive timber and the fine construction of the portion of the barn still standing at Harmondsworth, Middlesex. Originally it was L-shaped, as stated in your correspondence. The smaller portion—the foot of the L—was taken down and re-erected many years ago at Heath Row, some distance away, where it was blown down in a gale in the early part of the nineteenth century.—EDWARD YATES, Elm Court, Hampton, Middlesex.

A WINDMILL IN THE AZORES

Sir,—Followers of your series of letters on the subject of windmills may



UNDER FULL SAIL

See letter: A Windmill in the Azores

be interested in the enclosed photograph which shows a typical windmill as used on these islands for the grinding of maize. The mills consist of a stationary and a rotating stone with a vertical axle, both about three feet in diameter, and no attempt is made to grind a very fine flour.

The mill as shown in the photograph is under full sail, having its full rig of four canvas sails and four wooden blades. Medium winds require the use of only the four wooden blades, and in winter when gales are prevalent I have seen mills in use with the wooden blades removed and flat boards about six inches wide and three

feet long mounted on as many arms as is necessary to maintain speed.

The sails are pulled into the wind by bullocks, and appear to have very poor bearing arrangements as considerable force is required to turn them. When stripped they are capable of weathering any winds encountered here, which is quite a feat. Normal winter winds gust at up to 75 miles an hour and I have experienced prolonged gusts of well over 100 m.p.h.—I. ARROL (Pilot Lieut.), Royal Air Force, Azores Forces, J.

THE BADGER'S GOOD DEED

Sir,—It may interest the friends of Mr. Badger to hear of his good deed. The other night a few yards from the house he dug out a wasp's nest as clean as the inside of a basin 13 in. deep, 18 in. wide.—MAUR. BERTON (Mrs.), Tockham Manor, Wootton Bassett, Wiltshire.

[Badgers are great destroyers of wasp's nests and always dig out all they can find.—Ed.]

OUTDOOR TOMATO-GROWING

Sir,—While hesitating to offer any advice on a subject on which I am no expert, I am tempted to place before your readers the results of an experiment I have made this year in a Berkshire garden. Having grown tomatoes for many years both in England and in the South of France, I had noticed how crops suffer in this country from heavy autumnal rains. This year, from what I have seen in many gardens I have visited, there is little hope of anything but a very moderate crop, and the rain continues.

Last spring I resolved to try an experiment. I planted two long rows of tomatoes from the same seeds, and treated both rows exactly alike. Only, in the first row, I planted in the orthodox fashion with stakes two feet apart. But with the second row I adopted what I call the Italian method, as I have seen it used by peasants of that country. I placed the stakes 4 or 5 feet apart, and connected them, at a height of some 15 inches by a continuous horizontal bar, made of sticks or cane. These were lashed to the perpendicular stakes by ordinary



GRANITE STILE NEAR ZENNOR

See letter: A Cornish Stile

"square lashing." A tomato plant was put in at each vertical stake, but when the main stem had risen some way above the horizontal bar, it was turned down and attached to grow horizontally, being tied at intervals as usual. The result is that the clusters are not subject to perpetual drip from the leaves above.

The result has surpassed my expectations. The tomatoes on the first row have suffered terribly from rotting and are mouldy, especially the lowest clusters, while those in the second row are still mostly clean fruit, although in the almost complete absence of sunshine day by day most of them will have to be ripened indoors. I also noticed that a tomato plant grown against the wall of a house with a huge overhanging thatched roof showed no signs at all of rotting, although it was grown on an upright stake in the orthodox way, thus confirming the "drip" theory.—C. N. BUZARD, Berkshire.

LITTLE NELL AT TONG

Sir,—I was much interested by the connection traced by Mr. Huxley between Tong Church and *The Old Curiosity Shop*. It is evident, from the letter quoted from Dickens to "Phiz," that the novelist and his illustrator went over the ground beforehand. A question of even greater interest is whether Dickens conceived the character of Little Nell, or at least the idea of her coming to and dying at Tong, from the story of Helen Gwynn. I enclose a photograph of the latter's grave at Tong, which is always pointed out as that of Little Nell; and one of Mr. G. H. Boden, vergor of Tong Church, whose mother was a maid at the Vicarage when Helen Gwynn arrived there with her Grandfather. The likelihood of Helen Gwynn being the original of Little Nell, despite the analogy of her name, grandfather, and decease, seems discounted by her having died May, 1841; whereas Dickens seems to have visited Tong in 1838.—CHRISTIAN CARWIS, Alton, Hampshire.

THE COUNCIL OF WAR

From Vice Admiral J. G. P. Vinton, C.B.

Sir,—When recently I collected an eight-week-old kitten from a friend I thought it polite to introduce the new arrival to the Rhode Island Red pullets at feeding time. The pullets were interested and inquisitive until the kitten gave a playful leap into the air, when they evinced considerable anger, retreated some ten yards and obviously held council of war to decide how to get rid of this intruder.

The following morning my wife heard a terrific commotion among the poultry in the orchard; on going out to investigate she saw a pullet with a

live mouse in its beak being loudly applauded by the remainder of the flock. Very quickly the successful hunter started full speed for a nearby copse with the flock following in full cry; the ultimate fate of the mouse was not observed.

We now know that the strategy decided on at the council of war last night was to prove to us how unnecessary is the importation of a feline monster to deal with the rodent problem.—G. VIVIAN, Brook Farm, Northampton, Oxfordshire.

[We think it likely that the mouse was eaten. We have seen hens at thrashing time stand by the sick, run after, catch and eat every mouse that came out of the stack.—Ed.]

THE CORNISH STILE

Sir,—The designs for stiles vary in different parts of the country, and in west Cornwall, the land of granite, they take the form of a gap in the hedge, paved by a number of granite slabs, with gaps left between them. The enclosed photograph is of a particularly fine example well built and well kept, to be seen near Zennor, a village a few miles outside St. Ives.—G. HANFIELD, 49, Trinity Avenue, Llandudno, North Wales.

AN ENIGMATIC ROOF BOSS

Sir,—I wonder if any of your readers can suggest a meaning for this extraordinary roof boss. It is in the porch of Thorverton Church, Devon. Where the vaulting ribs abut on the walls are the four doctors of the Church seated and with books in front of them, and on the east and west sides are the four evangelistic symbols. Below the doctor on the south side is a demi-figure of a man, looking upward at the central boss presumably, and holding a small plain cross on a little ledge in front of him; this figure is open-



AT THORVERTON CHURCH, DEVON

See letter: An Enigmatic Roof Boss

mouthed. These side figures should probably be taken into account in looking for a meaning for the central boss.—C. J. P. CAVE, Stoner Hill, Petersfield, Hampshire.

[This is a carving which can be looked at both ways, as will be seen by holding the photograph upside down, but as to the meaning of the symbolism we have no explanation to offer.—Ed.]

A LATE SWIFT

Sir,—On September 17 I saw among hundreds of martins one solitary swift, at Overstrand on the north Norfolk coast. It was there until I left on September 21. I had a very close view of it, about twelve feet away, flying above and below the cliff, and it appeared to be in very good plumage and perfectly healthy. Surely this is very late. The swifts left Masefield at least a month ago.—H. S. DIXON-SPAIN, Little Masefield Manor, King's Lynn, Norfolk.



THE GRAVE OF LITTLE NELL. (Right) MR. BODEN, THE VERGER OF TONG, WHOSE MOTHER REMEMBERED HELEN GWYN

See letter: Little Nell at Tong



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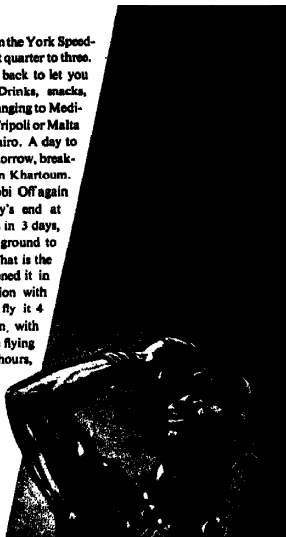
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NEW BOOKS

GAME : FISHING : PREFABRICATION

CLEAR, concise, and indicative of his gifts of observation and deduction, is my verdict on *British Game*, by Brian Vessey Fitzgerald, F.R.S. (Collins, 16s.). This should enhance the author's already high reputation as a naturalist, though why should "and wild-fowl" not be added to the title, since more than a quarter of this book is devoted to the numerous species of wild-geese and ducks, many of which are virtually unknown quantities to the average sportsman by comparison with the game proper he more commonly encounters. Perhaps these are the most intriguing chapters; one of the most interesting is that in which the author analyses the various reasons for the decrease of wild-fowl in these islands.

If he has nothing very new to say on grouse and pheasant and partridge, the chapters on ptarmigan and capercaillie are most instructive, although with a limited experience of the last-named I cannot agree that it is "the most difficult shot of all birds." I should rate a high curling pheasant or, as a bird of comparable size, a greylag, a long way ahead of the caper as a descriptive target.

Among controversial topics dealt with in an excellent review of snipe is the drumming question. Mr. Fitzgerald admitting that he has changed his mind and now disdains both the vocal and tail feather ideas in favour of what he calls the instrumental theory. So we are probably no nearer a solution to this vexed question than before, though it may be hoped, in view of the author's decisiveness on the point, that that hardy annual "Do woodcock carry their young?" will be at last decided to decent burial. He is convinced that they do.

Two chapters on game preservation and vermin are very sound, and probably every sportsman will agree that "in no circumstances should be birds or mammals be shot," though some of us may differ from the author as to the degree of culpability of the common furred and feathered raptores.

Whether readers agree or disagree on minor controversial points, they will not dispute that this is a most thoughtful and delightful book. It is enhanced by more than a hundred photographs and coloured illustrations by famous bygone and contemporary sporting artists. J. B. D.

NEW IDEAS FOR FISHERMEN

A TYPE of book which fishermen hope to find, but which seldom comes their way, is *New Lines for Fishermen*, by W. B. Sturgis and Eric Taverner (Seely Service, 12s. 6d.). Mr. Sturgis is an American, and Mr. Taverner acts as editor and critic, sometimes unnecessarily, to supplement the original writing by footnotes expressing his own ideas. He might, perhaps, have rendered greater service if he had suggested a more suitable title, for it is misleading to the uninformed and has nothing to do with new types of fly lines. The real intention of "new lines" is a line of thought. The manner may prove unfortunate to a book which is of outstanding merit.

Inside there is most useful and scientific information about the types of rods, the testing of gut and hooks, the whipping of rods and splicing of lines; there are clear instructions on how to choose the suitable line, master the whip snarl—always difficult to learn—while the chapters on fly-tying contain several new and helpful ideas. There is a most interesting account of the manufacture of silkworm gut, which the uninitiated are often tempted to be a secret of the trade. The directions for the making of hair wing flies and nymphs may be

new to fly-fishers in this country. Mr. Sturgis often uses the hair of the woodchuck. This has worried Mr. Taverner on our behalf, for there are no woodchucks to chuck wood (if they could) in this country, and, among other substitutes, the hair of an Irish terrier. This I have tried, but it is useless for dry-flies as it becomes waterlogged even when well combed.

"Is it not worth while passing on good ideas so that all may benefit?" writes Mr. Sturgis. It is indeed . . . especially if such a transfer is performed so clearly and unselfishly in this book. Besides his interchange of knowledge is so refreshing and eagerly absorbed because it comes from across the Atlantic. R. B.

PREFABRICATION

ALTHOUGH etymologically pure, unlike many kinds of recent coinage, "prefabrication" is an unpleasant term, and, as it appears in the daily Press, abbreviated to "prefab," is still more unattractive. But it is a useful word and a word that most people talking about "prefabs," or inhabiting them, the term is probably synonymous with temporary home, and it looks as though the same sort of stigma will become attached to it as has, quite unjustifiably, to the council house. That a prefabricated building should be necessarily temporary is a misconception arising from the temporary nature of the materials being used in the erection of the little boxes we see going up on all sides; but the processes and methods of prefabrication are components of permanent houses, to factories, railway stations and bridges.

LEARNING A LESSON

IT is a shortage of ordinary building materials and of building labour coinciding with a shortage of homes that has forced prefabrication and standardisation of components into the foreground of building practice. The lessons being learned now in the production of temporary houses should prove of great value when prefabrication comes to be generally applied to more permanent ends.

In *Prefabrication in Building* (Architectural Press, 18s. 6d.), Mr. Richard Sheppard discusses the principles, methods and evolution of the new building technique and gives specifications of some of the various types of prefabricated houses that have been ordered for production. He emphasises the fallacy of regarding prefabrication as a temporary expedient and criticises the Council of Ministers for dividing its housing programme into temporary and permanent categories. As Mr. Sheppard points out, "the methods used in the construction of the temporary houses resemble those used by the same firms for their permanent houses." Why, then, should not prefabricated houses have been ordered for permanent production? The answer is that the space available for homes is limited in many boroughs pending the large-scale reclamation and reconstruction of blighted areas. On the other hand, where space is available, prefabricated houses conforming to modern housing standards are erected temporarily and subsequently transferred to permanent sites. As yet we are inexperienced in the technique of the prefabricated house; many of the types now in use are singularly unattractive; and Mr. Sheppard stresses the importance of siting, grouping and surroundings if dreary monotony is to be avoided. But these in themselves

are only palliatives. The design is the thing. "In America and Sweden, where timber is a traditional material and a knowledge of timber technique is almost instinctive, prefabricated timber houses have been erected which are national in character and expression and human in scale." Certainly the Swedish designs are far and away the best, and these designs which have so far appeared in this country. A group of Swedish houses which have recently arisen in a Suffolk village look perfectly at home. A. S. O.

THREE KINDS OF VERSE

OF three books of verse just published, one is original, arresting, unclassifiable; one is iconoclastic and uncomprehensible; one is traditional and tuneful. The first of these, by Herbert Palmer, is far the best of the three. Herbert Palmer has been writing his vigorous, fearless poetry for many years now. He belongs to no school and has been boosted by no clique. But he is unquestionably a poet, even though a rather exceptionally unequal one.

A good example of this variable quality occurs in his new volume, *Desert Days* (Macgibbon, 6s.), where his *Airman of the Battle of Britain*, 1940, begins deplorably and ends magnificently. That ending, indeed, occasions in the reader "the sudden and unaccountable emotion" recorded by Huysmans in his *Notre-Dame de Paris* as beginning "in the pit of the stomach." Herbert Palmer knows the true nature of poetry.

What is *Song* save man's spirit uplifted and taking possession! *Harvest* meet and word-play *Song's* own maddest and most beautiful. This conviction is borne out by many of his poems, and finely illustrated by the best of them, such as *On the Mountainside*, *On the Cornish Hills*, *The Wounded Hawk* and *The Soul of Man*. It is also reinforced by a preface in which he states forthrightly truths about poetry that are eternally true to the moderns "never so furiously against them."

A "MODERN" WORK

SUCH a "modern" work is *Outlines of The Law of Man*, by an American writer, Kenneth Patchen (Grey Wolf Press, 8s. 6d.). Although vouched for enthusiastically by two young English writers, David Gascoyne and Alan Comfort, these productions, it is only fair to warn the reader, have neither interest nor meaning for any except the students and the teachers of laws and their disciples. It is necessary for critics to speak as uncompromisingly as Mr. Herbert Palmer if, among readers, the love of poetry is to survive and be thought upon as it is. For here is a book that, whatever it may represent to those who praise it, simply is not poetry in the modern sense of the word as it has been understood down the long ages.

The Proud And Lovely, by Padraic O'Hara (Fortune Press, 6s.) issues a challenge. Its verses are youthful, and anything too submissive to law in their metrical arrangements. But there are signs that the author may develop further. *Young Love* is a book of poems.

We are lords of the earth; we are rulers of fate
—But still we must not be out too late!

There is promise as well as charm in others among the verses, and an element of fulfilment: the brief poem: *My Father Speaks of Parnell*.

HARVEST OF LIFE

THE poems in Dorothy Wilesley's *Desert Ways* (Michael Joseph, 6s.) have the serenity and golden richness of an autumn day when, heat having

departed, warmth, glow, colour flood the landscape. In time and place this poet ranges far for her subjects; but her best poems are concerned with England and the mutions of the heart and spirit. In her last poem it is water above all things that evokes a liquid loveliness of phrase:

Water like music, music like water
—Singing . . .

With beauty which he expresses through that we all feel, as in *Night Hours*, *Poetry*, *Cloud*, and *England*, May 8, 1945:

I am glad that we stood to the blast
As of old, alone,
There was Truth's conscience
brought to book at last.

In *Song* and in *Illust* she speaks for all hearts that have known a love-unhappiness in repression. Best of all, in its tranquility and spiritual mastery, is the poem beginning:

Be true to my soul, and let this fever pass.

Anger is not the stuff
To heal the sweet of heart . . .

Not only a poet, but a musician too, to a noble philosophy have these years brought this distinguished poet. V. H. F.

READABLE HISTORY

ONE of the most successful of all Anglo-Irish institutions far too little is known in England to-day, *A History of Trinity College, Dublin* (Dublin University Press, 15s.) has now been written by Professor Constantia Maxwell, whose academic chair is named after a C. H. Locky—himself one of the great Irish literary historians. It is unnecessary to praise the accuracy and clarity of the book—they may be taken for granted. But it is a pity that the most interesting history which is readable; and in the records of T.C.D. she has no lack of appeal to all who revere the great names of the past. The names of the names of fine scholars, scientists and mathematicians many whose attachment to their own land and people was matched by their devotion to all the broader interests of mankind. The Master of another Trinity College—beside the Cam—contributes a Foreword to Professor Maxwell's volume. It is a most interesting work in which he says with truth that T.C.D. was liberal in days when little else in Ireland could make that claim. Jeremy Taylor, Bishop Berkeley, Dean Swift, Goldsmith, Burke, Browne Hamilton, and J. P. Mahaffy do not fit into any ready-made category, but their names give a good idea of the variety of the material which Professor Maxwell's fascinating history.

LOST WORKS OF ART

THE official reply on the losses in *Germany (British Area of Occupation) and Works of Art in Greece, the Greek Islands and the Dodecanese* (H.M. Stationery Office, 10s. 6d. and 2s. respectively) induce melancholy or relief according to whether you concentrate on the losses or survival. Every nation has its effective imperfections. And (many with little) in North Germany has suffered much destruction, but outside them there was comparatively little. Even in Hamburg, Cologne and Berlin, much has survived than seemed possible. Nearly all the collection of works of art and historical treasures which were protected and evacuated, in the case of the taking of the town of spasmatic wartime destruction and their theft—as with sites in Crete and monasteries at Philippi, great damage to classical art and monuments, great suffering, superficial. But the Byzantine age has not come of so well. Mount Athos is unscathed, but some of the crag-top monasteries in the mountains are wrecked, some shrines elsewhere are wrecked.

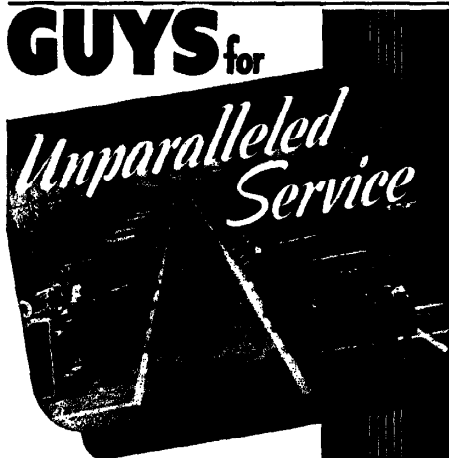
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NEW BOOKS

ARRESTING THE DECAY OF MAN

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

FEW contemporary writers have a philosophy more coherent or consistent than Mr. H. J. Massingham's. Whether you dislike it, distrust it, or admire it makes no difference. You must at least admit that it is something which had been arrived at by thought and trial. It is not a more obstinate persistence in an inherited attitude. Those who have read this author's autobiography will know that his present frame of mind and spirit is a reversal of his infancy.

In book after book now he has hammered into us his own conception of the truth, but always with an artist's power to give variety to his unchanging theme, so that one may without weariness read all that he writes. His new book, *Where Man Belongs* (Collins, 12s. 6d.), is his old story retold.

And what it is that he has to tell

they belong, their attributes flower to the fullness of their capabilities. The illustrations he uses to drive home his point range from Shakespeare to a maker of birch brooms, from Jane Austen to a blind maker of baskets, from an old lady, the last of a line living on one spot of English earth since before the Normans came, to a Birmingham business man who has discovered late what some others knew betimes.

His explorations among those who have the generations practiced country crafts have brought him into contact with some astonishing instances of continuity. Looking at a carved stone head at Stamford, he found that it was "the work of one Hibbins, a master-mason of Ketton, and Hibbins, the last of a line of village masons deep in time, died two months before I met Ireson at Stamford. He had no

WHERE MAN BELONGS. By H. J. Massingham
(Collins, 12s. 6d.)

SYRIA. By Robin Fadden
(Hale, 21s.)

CHATHAM AND THE BRITISH EMPIRE
By Sir Charles Grant Robertson
(English Universities Press, 4s. 6d.)

us? It is not too much to say that it is the expression of a feud with contemporary civilisation. He believes that the road which that civilisation calls "progress" is the broad road leading to destruction. The recent years he sees as "years in which 20th-century civilisation appears more and more tenuous and ephemeral, ever deeper in gloom as the shades evoked by itself close over it." He believes that "the more contemporary life occupies itself with security, the more insecure it becomes. The more it thinks in terms of comforts, of amenities, of material progress, of rationalising life and experience, the closer are the coils wound round it by the fantasy of money and debt." In his view, we are not, as some suppose, and many do to court their own fears, pretend to suppose, walking up the garden path to Paradise Villa. Far from it: "industrial civilisation is breaking up because it has failed to satisfy human needs and has deserted the fundamental laws of human existence on earth."

THE SOLE SALVATION

These are not heartening conjectures, and he is the first to admit it. "For a reflecting man this is no time for gladness." His remedy he puts in a phrase: "A self-supporting regional England is the sole salvation of our days." To go back to the present title, where does man belong? "He belongs to his own place, which he has almost lost. In his own place he is in touch with what is beyond space and time. The simple Christmas story affirms this to be so. Its tale of the infinite lodged in a village is absolute truth in a nutshell."

The purpose of the present book is to show how, when men live where

son to form one more link in a chain which, as I discovered later, stretched back to the Middle Ages."

"FOR EXPORT"

He talked with a chair-maker, a man who, because of love of his craft, had walked out of a chair factory, choosing to live on the razor-edge of poverty if so by he might make none but chairs that pleased him. "With quiet bitterness he told me that really good chairs could only be made now for export. It outraged him that the treasures English hands could make out of the natural riches of English country should be enjoyed by any but Englishmen, and as a sacrifice to the insensate commercial war of world markets."

This matches my own recent experience when, talking to a famous potter, I discovered his loathing of the task now laid upon him: to produce rubbish for his fellow-countrymen and to expend his finest skill "for export." He was a sick man; sick, I suspect, in more than body. Recently I met another man who said to me: "I was hoping to keep my business going and my people employed for some years yet; but now I shall retire as soon as I can wind up my affairs. I will not be badgered and chased into form-filling any longer."

One might well say, in bitter parody of Goldsmith:

*Ill fares the land to unfare-work
a prey,
Where forms accumulate and men decay.*

There are, goodness knows, cases enough of decaying men, decaying villages, decaying crafts and callings, in this book of Mr. Massingham's. There is, in his view, but one cure: the rediscovery of the deep organic

relationship between man, the earth he lives on, and God who is his Beginning and End.

DESERT HISTORY

Mr. Robin Fedden has written an uncommonly good book called *Syria* (Hale, 21s.). All over Syria, he tells us, there stand "romantic monuments," and the book is "mainly about these monuments and the way in which they have accumulated on Syrian soil in the stratifications of time. . . . The approach is chronological, and each stratum of history with its embedded monuments is taken in turn, beginning with the Phœnician towns and ending with our own time."

No one who once gets embarked with Mr. Fedden on this task will complain because "such a book inevitably involves a certain amount both of past history and present colour." The author writes so well, whether of speculations concerning what happened millennia ago or of the landscape there to-day for all to see, that the reader surrenders gladly to his guidance as he travels over this ancient battleground: "Phœnician versus Greek, Greek versus Persian, Roman versus Parthian, Byzantine versus Arabo-Persian, and so on, vis the Crusaders, to our own day."

To one who, like myself, has never cantered over these lands save in a saddleback armchair, it is a delight to be once more astride this familiar mount, accompanied by a companion who has, above all other gifts, that of evocation. He is able to make both a moment and a scene live in the eye.

A RIVER'S STORY

For example, his description of how the river Barada begins on the desert eastern slopes of the Anti-Lebanon Mountains and finally culminates in the oasis that permits Damascus to live, is one of the best things of its sort that I have come across for a long time. With him we watch this "drop of water" which makes "an almost miraculous appearance" amid "a wilderness of stone and shale and sun-baked earth." We see it grow and leap and compel greenery to grow and leap with it, strengthening and singing its way through the desert till, beyond Damascus, it peters out in a mimetic slough. But before that point it reached it has filled a city with cool springing water—"water placid in tessellated pools, slopping into stone troughs, gurgling in worn runnels, spraying up into the sunlight of courtyards."

And the abundance that this one stream creates! "The vines, the vast, swollen figs, the walnuts like cricket-balls." Of apricots alone, 145,000 tons are gathered in a year. It is as though Nature, which sees man create a dust-bowl amid abundance, shows him how superabundance may dramatically explode in the very heart of the wilderness.

If I dwell unduly on this one point of narrative it is only to give example of the excellence of the whole. With this same brilliant quality of painting, Mr. Fedden exhibits the contemporary solid merchant of Aleppo, the ancient Phœnicians inhabiting their four great towns of Arvad, Byblos, Tyre and Sidon, the Crusaders setting up their castles—"the last Levantine"—with cisterns holding water enough for a five years' siege, and everything else that he touches in the far-flung perspective of space and time in which he wanders. One part and another of Arabian land has attracted many unusual Englishmen and stimulated the begueting of many unusual

books. Mr. Fedden and his book need not be ashamed in this company.

I wrote a few weeks ago of the "Teach Yourself History" series of books to be produced under the general editorship of Mr. A. L. Rowse. The first three have now reached me, and of them I have read *Chatham and the British Empire*, by Sir Charles Grant Robertson (English Universities Press, 4s. 6d.).

PROMISE FULFILLED

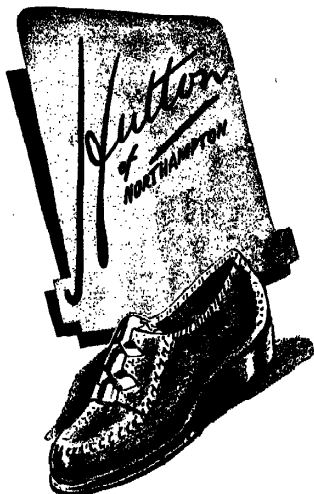
Apart from a certain headlong impetuosity and raggedness in too many phrases, suggesting a lack of revision of the language of the book, it is all that one expected to come in fulfilment of the promise. It is a great and significant period, dominated by a great and significant man. It is the tale of an Empire built in Canada and India, and of an Empire lost in "the American colonies." It is the tale of the riddle propounded in Horace Walpole's remark: "It was easier to conquer the East than to know what to do with it."

What to do with India, what to do with Canada, what to do with the American colonies. In the first two cases disaster was avoided; it would have been avoided, also, in the third, this author thinks, if Chatham had been in a position to handle affairs as he would have wished. "For the supreme quality of Chatham's statesmanship lay in his intuition and conviction that in the larger issues governments and policies are not affairs of law, as lawyers might interpret it, or of material measures, but of minds dealing with minds."

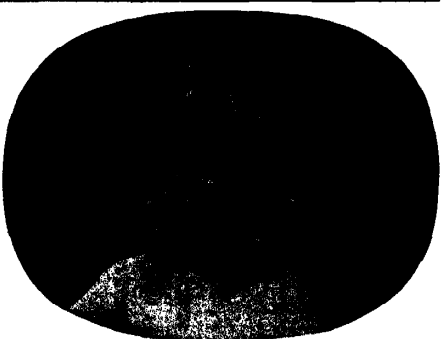
"The Great Commoner" is here no shadowy figure. The author must be congratulated on having triumphed over the narrow limits of his space, so that we are able to see Pitt not as an abstraction but as a very real, harassed man, grappling with ill-health on the one hand and the colossal concerns of Empire on the other.

A SURVEYOR'S CAREER

RECENT public acknowledgment of the importance of the Chartered Surveyor's work in war-time (and of his professional integrity at all times) was marked by the conferment last month of the Royal title on the century-old Chartered Surveyors' Institution. This event has called definite attention to the opportunities for an honourable and distinguished career which the profession offers. To be a Surveyor (Arthur J. Willis; Methuen, 6s.) is a most useful survey of the profession and its prospects from the point of view of those who think of entering it. The work of each main branch is considered in turn, methods of entry and the prospects of a career are described, and apart from a discussion of the responsibilities and chances of success of individual practitioners, particulars are given of all the principal posts open to surveyors under Government departments and public authorities. There is much tabulated information about the professional bodies—including the Royal Chartered Surveyors' Institution and the Auctioneers' and Estate Agents' Institutes—and there is a most useful compendium of the subjects of study required by the many branches of the profession. Attention is naturally called to the work of the College of Estate Management, which is of particular importance to the young surveyor who is unable to enter a university. Incidentally, it is worth remembering that the College has recently arranged a series of refresher courses for the benefit of ex-Surveyors who had qualified before the war.



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SHE



lives on the
LAND!

"Any of that pearl barley?" she asks, and the
grocer says, "Sorry, I haven't seen any for quite a
time. I don't grow it on my shelves, more's the
pity!" She smiles, but the words make her think
of the land from which the barley comes ... of
fields at harvest time ... the monotonous hum of
the threshing machine ... day-long, year-long,
age-long sweat and labour and skill. And if hard
workers are to be kept healthy, the land itself must
be healthy—nourished and kept in good heart.
What is taken from the soil must be put back into
the soil. That is why even the canteen cook, as well
as the farmer, has reason to remember that ...



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FARMING NOTES

W.L.A. RECRUITS

AT the moment the Women's Land Army has a surplus of recruits waiting to be placed on farms, and those farmers who expect to lose the German prisoners they have billeted with them will be well advised to see if they can find one or two likely soldiers available. The Government has it is the "safe" Germans who have been billeted on farms, they are the men likely to be given the first chance to return home. When farmers are prepared to take new W.L.A. recruits and train them, the Government see to their pay for the first month and for a further period of eight weeks meet part of the statutory wage, so that farmers should not lose much by taking on girls for training. So far as I have been able to judge, the type of girl joining the Women's Land Army now does so because she wants a change from industrial employment or home life and considers the conditions of service better than she would get elsewhere. The minimum weekly wage of 83 with good keep in the farmhouse at a reasonable charge makes farm work quite attractive. No doubt some of the new recruits will stay the course. It would be a mistake, however, for farmers to assume that the W.L.A. girl they get now will put her heart into the job as her predecessor did during the war. Then it was job rather than pay that mattered.

Acorns and Beechmast

ONCE again the Ministry of Agriculture reminds us that full advantage should be taken of this year's acorn and beechmast crops as supplementary food for pigs and poultry. It seems to be a poor crop of acorns this year, but no doubt there will be beechmast that can be collected in some places. School children and youth organisations like the Boy Scouts and the Girl Guides are being asked to make collections and sell direct to local pig and poultry-keepers. A fair price to pay for sound, raw acorns is 5s. to 7s. 6d. per cwt. and for beechmast in its normal state, free from burrs, 7s. 6d. to 10s. per cwt. Acorns are best fed after they have been dried. They can be spread evenly on a dry floor and turned frequently until the shells are brittle and crack easily. Fattening pigs can be given up to 1 lb. a day of acorns, and suckling sows up to 3 lbs., but be careful to limit the amount given to laying hens. Too many acorns will turn the eggs green. Up to the one ounce per head per day is enough. On no account should acorns be fed to cattle, but during the German occupation in Jersey they were successfully used in small quantities to supplement the sparse diet of rabbits. It was found best to crush the acorns when feeding in the first instance, but later, as the rabbits became accustomed to the new food, they broke the shells themselves. Hens will eat beech kernels, which are rich in oil and proteins. Here, again, the quantity should be strictly limited and beechmast should never be fed to horses.

Poor Staff

EVERYTHING seems to conspire to hinder us in these days. To help finish up harvest I took on ten Germans for two days. They looked likely lads and they came in an R.A.F. truck which was ideally suited for carting corn. Everything went well until one of them broke the handle of his prong. This gave me a succession of three other men to do so too. There were some of half-a-dozen new prongs which I had just bought to equip our extra labour strength. The handles were such poor stuff that they would not take the strain of the wheat sheaves which, I must admit, were rather heavy with moisture. The local blacksmith tells me that he can get no

decent handles now. I do not know where we used to buy the wood to make the handles of the prongs manufactured in Scotland. I expect they came from Finland or one of the other countries that is too busy absorbing new political doctrines to look after the needs of the country. The Minister of Agriculture please see that we are able to get prongs that are worth buying? I have another moan which I will bring on to the Minister. Why is it that when I want five dozen plough-shares I can get only nine, and those of assorted types? Surely both the Minister and the manufacturer knew that we should have a heavy load of autumn ploughing to do and that we should need shares?

Sir John Boyd Orr

AT the Veterinary Medical Association dinner I was glad to see Sir John Boyd Orr in good fettle after the strenuous time he had in Copenhagen affecting the affairs of the Food and Agriculture Organisation. Now he is in the United States again, pulling together the threads that he hopes will give us eventually a world wide organisation ensuring plenty of good food for all consumers and, as a corollary, steady prosperity for the food-producing community able to count on a certain market. If Sir John can realise his hopes he will do as much as any man to establish the good name of U.N.O. as a world force capable of outperforming more than talk and bickering. The call to continue his work as Director-General of F.A.O. is so strong that Sir John is giving up his seat in Parliament, where he represents the Shetland Islands. Although he has not been able to take a leading part in this Parliament because he has been away from this country, Sir John the practical farming knowledge and sound sense in matters of agricultural policy that are needed at Westminster. He has always managed to keep his feet on the ground, despite his high ideas and some of his firmest friends are among the leaders of the National Farmers' Union. At Copenhagen and previous conferences, Mr. James Turner, President of the English N.F.U., has been able to judge for himself the potential value to agriculture of the F.A.O. plans.

Feeding-stuff Rations

DROPPING the rate of food extractions from 90 per cent. to 85 per cent. is providing a little more for the cereal part of the cows' winter rations. But even so, less will be distributed from Government sources than last year. Farmers are expected to have grown more oats and other cereals for their cows. If the harvest had been normal, most farmers would have achieved a greater self-sufficiency, but Providence decreed a considerable part of the oats should be left on the ground to provide for the wild birds instead of the cows. There will be much more non-millable wheat and there will be some barley to make compound feeding-stuffs for the cows, but so far as can be seen now, the official rations will be considerably less than last winter. On the other side, which is important to balance the feed of high-yielding cows, there should be as much on the official ration as before. Good quality clover is always considered to be one of the best feeds for producing milk; unfortunately groundnuts are still scarce, but there will be a little more Argentine oilcake made from husks and seed. I must say that I am told that an edict has gone forth that fish are to be issued with their heads on so there may be a little more fish meal available. Even so, many dairy farmers will find it difficult to feed their cows well enough to get full yields in November and December. CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

WARDOUR CASTLE FARMS

TOWARDS the defraying of death duties approximately 5,000 acres of the Wardour Castle estate have just come under the hammer of Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. at Salisbury, and the auction, yielding £78,000, lasted a couple of days. The farms and the small dwellings were eagerly bid for by the tenants, who secured most of the lots. Among the holdings were 22 large and small farms, some small holdings and 70 cottages, as well as woods and land suitable for development. The sale was in consequence of the death, without any heir, of Lord Arundell of Wardour, who, as a captain in the Wiltshire Regiment, was taken prisoner at Dunkirk and died on his return to England.

SALE OF A DEVON COAST ESTATE

WATERMOUTH CASTLE and 407 acres, including the inlet known as Watermouth Harbour and a long cliff frontage, a couple of miles along the coast road from Ilfracombe towards Lynnton, were offered in lots, at Barnstaple, by order of Mr. Charles Curzon. Messrs. Jackson Staps and Staff and Messrs. John Smale and Co. were the agents, and a total of £57,030 was obtained. The castle, built about 120 years ago, has been modernised. It was requisitioned some time ago by the War Department for the storage of furniture removed from other requisitioned property and it is still held in that way. The rateable value of the castle is £138 a year, and there is a title charge on the whole estate amounting to nearly £36 a year. Ilfracombe golf course adjoins the land. The castle may eventually become a guest-house.

The oak and cedar staircase, which was once in the Battersea house of Henry, Viscount Bolingbroke, and which was in use when Charles II visited that house, is now a feature of Aldwick Place, Bognor Regis, Sussex. Mrs. Howland Rank has requested Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to sell the property. The house was built in 1829, to designs by Mr. Percy W. Meredith, and the garden was laid out according to Mr. P. Morley Horder's plans. Messrs. Tregear and Sons are the joint agents.

Nearly £19,000 was realised by the sale by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley of the contents of Crosswood, near Aberystwyth, the residence of the Earl of Lichfield. The carpets made up to £200 apiece and four-poster bedsteads were sold for as much as £140.

A MODERN RENT-AUDIT DINNER

ONE of the leading land agents, who manages a vast acreage of agricultural land on behalf of a charitable trust, writes: "I always refer your Estate Market notes with interest, and I am particularly interested in your Rent Audit Dinners' note in the issue of September 8. I have to-day received a copy of Abraham Rainbach's engraving of David Wilkie's *The Rent Day* illustration in 1877. It is a very good illustration of Cowper's verse which you quote. I have also been trying to buy a copy for over 20 years, but, although I have seen copies several times in bookshops, it was not until now that I have been able to get one."

We have been favoured with details about a rent audit dinner held in the present year. The bill of fare included (1) tomato soup; (2) roast duck; (3) new potatoes; (4) peas; (5) Fruit Mafra; and (6) coffee. The wines were cherry (Amontillado), burgundy (Bordeaux Fere et Filie), port (Blackman's 1890) and ale. The toast

list included "Church and King" and "Agriculture." It may be added that all the speeches after dinner testified to the excellent relations existing between landlord and tenant, and the sound business principles on which the ownership and tenancy of farms are almost invariably conducted.

COMPENSATION LESS COST OF REPAIRS

ACCORDING to the chairman of the City of London Real Property Company, Limited, the Town and Country Planning (Interim Development) Act, 1945, can be operated in such a way as to deprive the owner of property of the benefit of the cost-of-work compensation allowed in respect of war damage. It works out in this way. Owners who propose to lay out more than £500 on war damage are required to obtain permission from the authority that is operating the 1945 Act. If permission is granted, say until the year 1956, it brings a property within the scope of the 1945 Act; and consequently, if the repaired property is compulsorily acquired, the cost of repairs or other completed work is deducted from the compensation. As the law stands the compensation payable until 1949 will be on the basis of the value of the property in 1939. The effect of this is shown by examples cited by the City of London Real Property Company. Supposing two adjoining properties, each worth £20,000 in 1939, are compulsorily acquired for town-planning purposes, and that one had escaped damage, but the other had had £10,000 spent on it and granted as "cost-of-work" compensation, the first will be entitled to £20,000, the second to only £10,000. It is understood that the question is receiving official attention.

REQUISITIONING: A PROFIT RENTAL

OF the oddities, as well as the hardships, of requisitioning there seems no end. Sir Harold Bellman tells a remarkable story of one instance. He says that when a small hotel in the country was requisitioned in 1942 a "compensation" rental of £85 a year was allotted. In 1945 the owner, observing that the hotel was empty, applied for its return. Soon afterwards, the owner's application having been rejected, various departments of the County Council, "seemingly prompted by the requisitioning authority" sought a tenancy for their purposes. The owner was not willing to let the hotel. The next step was that the local authority, without notifying the owner, but by arrangement with the requisitioning authority, took the house and placed in it three tenants, one on each floor, receiving 25 shillings weekly from each tenant. No expense was incurred in adapting the premises to their new use, and the local authority would seem, therefore, to be drawing £168 a year while the unhappy owner receives only £85. Sir Harold Bellman says that no information or account of rentals is vouchsafed to the owner, and that he does not believe that this is an isolated instance of a similar state of affairs. If this is so, a substantial profit rental may be derived from property that is compulsorily withheld from its owner, and the inherent tendency of every official body to accumulate funds encourages in the form of financial profit. Converting hotel premises into tenements is itself a proof of what might reasonably be expected, that military exigencies do not any longer warrant the official retention of a great many properties that are, however, still requisitioned.

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remains constant

throughout the long

life of the Tractor. A

unique system of lubri-

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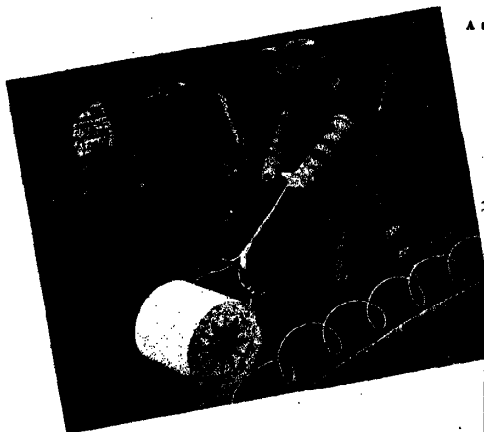


It is a far cry from the scythe and the threshing floor of bygone days down to the mighty Combine Harvester of 1940. Similarly, but not in such a spectacular way, the introduction by Aveland Barford Ltd. of steam traction equipment marked a development along the road of progress which has made CLEAN MILK PRODUCTION a reality, with a minimum of labour in the dairy. This land has always been maintained and dairy-men can be sure that if it's a Barford it's best.

BARFORD
(AGRICULTURAL) LTD.

SUBSIDIARY OF AVELAND BARFORD LTD., ENGINEERS, GRANTHAM, Lincs.
BRANCH AT STEPS, GLASGOW.

A toy kitten mannequin displays a small girl's checked gingham smock from Durrilway



Navy and white dotted cotton top, white skirt. Fortnum and Mason

THE LONDON EXHIBITION



White rayon draped with silk sleeves by "Lady in White"

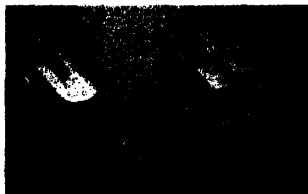
THE seamless nylons with the texture of chiffon worn by the plaster mannequins displaying the clothes provide one of the big fashion thrills of the Britain-Can-Make-It Exhibition. Delivery is in the not-distant but unspecified future, but the stockings are there for all to see that British manufacturers can make them well. The clothes have been chosen from the winter collections in London and range from the big Mayfair dress-makers' to utility mass-produced designs. They introduce some outstanding fabrics—a thick duveten for a gold-coloured coat, suiting gabardines and feather-weight tweeds, fine dress crêpes and wool georgettes, corded velvet and whipcords for country, pure silk velvet, nylon marquise for a bouffant frock, nylon taffeta, glamorous polished rayons, heavy crêpes in rayon and pure silk.

The evening clothes are mounted on a high, revolving centrepiece with frothing nylon cascading down the steps. A pansy-blue satin, full-skirted evening frock with a high décolletage, a modest V of bare skin at the throat, three-quarter sleeves and a deep band of fuchsia sequin flowers on the hip line is charming, so is a crêpe printed in floral stripes, the design picked out in sequins, and the skirt as tightly draped to the front as Cleopatra's. An elegant black crêpe dinner dress has a pouched back, and a bolero front opening over a deep band of lime embroidered with jet. Gloves match.

Day dresses I liked included a canary-yellow woollen jumper frock with jutting peplum in the utility range, a neat scarlet wool day frock buttoning down the front with a high collarless neckline and a gored skirt cut to look as if it opened over a petticoat in front. Suit jackets are cut away at



Beehive's smart leather boot. Mud shagreen



Navy suede wedge slipper corded with white. Saxon, Son and Everard. Buckskin shoe with studded "coll." Raynes



Transparent plastic evening slipper. Raynes. Right: White leather, the wedge heel enclosed in corded straps

All designs from the Britain-Can-Make-It Exhibition



Peter French

Blouses & Skirts



in
Royal Seal
Materials

FRENCH SPORTWEAR LTD (Wholesale), 25, BRISTOL ST., LONDON, W.1.



Jenners present a "dresy" coat to keep you warm and snug on chilly autumn days. Note the Dolman sleeves, two tiered shoulder line, small roll collar and deep tucks to emphasize the waist. Full swing back skirt, useful pockets, plastic buttons. In soft velour cloth, colours—lupin blue, crushed plum, brown and black. Price £18 . 18 . 1d. 18 coupons

JENNERS

the throat to a square and then filled in with fur cravats. A suit with deep double bow pleat in front of the skirt shows the dress technique of cut applied successfully to tweeds.

The children's section is enchanting, and great originality and imagination have been displayed in décor, display and clothes. Small visitors will hang entranced over the toys, and their mamma will sigh over the clothes, which are gay, practical, full of novelty and moody can be bought or will be ready soon. Toy and flower mannequins display some garden and party dresses—a cotton tabby kitten in a checked gingham smock propels a toy garden roller, and a spot muslin is shown with a rose face. Day clothes are shown in a nursery school where everything—sink, furniture, wash-basins, lockers and pegs—can be manipulated by a small person. Pyjamas and dressing-gowns are shown in a night nursery.

The classic grey skirt is transformed into a kilt with a rosette set on one side—one of the most original dress ideas in the exhibition—and is worn with a canary-yellow twin-set in cashmere, the kind of sports outfit for which Britain is world-famous. Camel coats are lined with plaid for a small girl, exactly like mamma's; brown snow-boots are lined with sheepskin and slipped; and woollen party frocks are ruffled from top to bottom. Garden clothes come in tough flannels, whipcords, corduroys, linens, non-shrink worsteds, and the 100 per cent. spun rayon of Courtaulds that resemble a tussore in texture.

Rayons, linens, light-weight wools and cottons are displayed in great bands of light, gay colours suspended from white birds high in the ceiling. Rayon satins have lost that metallic sheen and acquired the polished lustre of real silk. Heavy crêpes have a pliable, clinging quality that makes them the perfect instrument for the draped dresses of the period. Chiffon is printed with crêpe flowers that look as if they were done by appliqué.

The number of florals printed in stripes is noticeable, so are the bright, clear mixtures of colour. A crêpe with runcunculus in a pen-and-ink effect on pale pink is striking, so is a Henry Moore design in sculptured



In "Shop Window Street," pale blue knitted rayon elegant and woman, showing new length, plaidish belt and bag, hand gloves and champagne gloves with brown kid palms

squares, purple, white, green, scarlet, black and white on elephant grey. Nylon chiffon is a brand-new gossamer fabric with a crisp texture and a great future. Sheer woollens printed from 19th-century blocks in miniature tie, silk motifs are designed for sports squares and skirts, fine silks are in striped and striped wallpaper patterns, while some pure linens have the theme of their lively designs taken from Irish folk tales. Striped cottons and gingham checked in intense shades have superseded florals; foulard designs are used on fine lawns; and poplins have a silk-like handle and a crasse, restful finish.

The woollens are shown in the men's section. Tweeds are brilliantly checked or flecked in neutral mixtures. A duveten with deep pile and handling as soft as goose-down is new to this country; so are the fine woollens with a crêpe surface produced by different tensions in the high-twist yarn. The men's sports accessories will be carefully appropriated by the women. Men's sweaters, shirts, cardigans and lumber-jackets, admirably displayed on white poles right down the centre of the room, are full of ideas in design and craftsmanship. An excellent white cotton tennis shirt, woven in a mesh that looks like the nooses of a north-east stripes, is the prototype of many more.

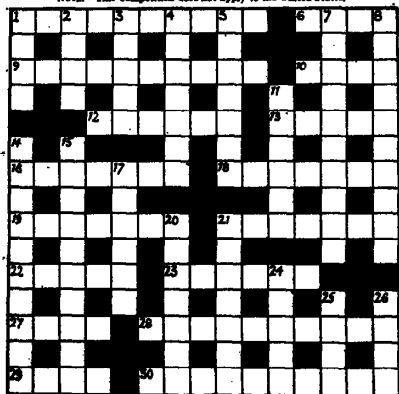
In the Shop Window Street and the sports section are some of the most pleasing displays of the exhibition. In three small brilliantly-lit windows you will find sports sweaters, a smart scarlet leather boot lined and banded with sheepskin, gloves and belts in pigskin and chamamois, a cashmere twin-set with a new twist to its pockets, winter sports jerseys and scarlet linen webbing belts with tipped purses attached. In another window is a breath-taking display of pastel towels and bed-linen. In the sports section I found a most attractive picnic basket, checked like a scarlet and white gingham and filled with cups and flasks. The exhibition concludes with the suitcase of the future, traditional in shape but carried out in plastic, opaque and pastel blue, with round handles in coffee-brown brown.

P. JONES REYNOLDS.

CROSSWORD No. 872

Two guesses will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions to a closed envelope must reach "Crossword No. 872, Country Life, 8-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on Thursday, November 17, 1946.

Note.—The Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name _____
(Mr., Mrs., etc.)
Address _____

SOLUTION TO No. 871. The winner of this Crossword, the close of which appeared in the issue of October 6, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—3, Allow; 8, Mashum; 9, Italia; 10, Unemployed; 11, Quip; 12, Unbelied; 14, Afield; 16, Head of the school; 18, Ragged; 20, Validity; 22, Isle; 24, Goldsmiths; 26, Bourne; 27, Racette; 28, Dryad.

DOWN.—1, Cannon; 2, Sham; 3, Amath; 4, Lily of the valley; 5, Wild cat; 6, Vanquished; 7, Fills; 12, Laker; 13, Bideberry; 16, Dolly; 17, Fatigued; 19, Burion; 21, Lusted; 22, Taliti; 23, Inch.

ACROSS

- 1 and 9. The high spot in the perming process? (5, 2, 3, 4)
9. Lard indeed! As made in Yorkshire (10)
10. Identify the place (4)
12. Useful extractor in underground work (6)
13. Adaptable for pears if made into a pruning-hook (8)
16. One who pays attention? (7)
18. Material from Paris, perhaps (7)
19. Is it just faintness or a lung out of order? (7)
21. "The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous—"
22. It usually gets the telescopes on its tail (5)
23. "The moonlight steeped in silence—"
24. "The ——— weathercock."—"Coleridge" (6)
27. What the fugitive exclaimed when he reached the Spanish frontier? (4)
28. Fortify (10)
- 29 and 30. Hardly a square meal even for an intellectual (4, 3, 7)

DOWN

1. Gale warning (4)
2. Boy in a whirl (4)
3. "A subject for an article to me," as the writer might say (8)
4. Red lost (anagr.) (7)^a
5. The poet Sir Rowland first gained? (7)
7. He is bound to learn his job (10)
8. Rise, repeat (anagr.) (10)
11. Attack in canvas camouflage (6)
14. Beachy Head, for example (8, 5)
16. South American port (10)
17. George III's birthday (6)
20. To make this dish stir, too (7)
21. Given now (7)
24. Send Flido away. But he lies still (8)
26. Smoke for the bird (4)
28. The downs in these gardens were not necessarily thin (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 870 is

Miss J. E. Scott,

17, Broadgate,

Beeston,

Notts.



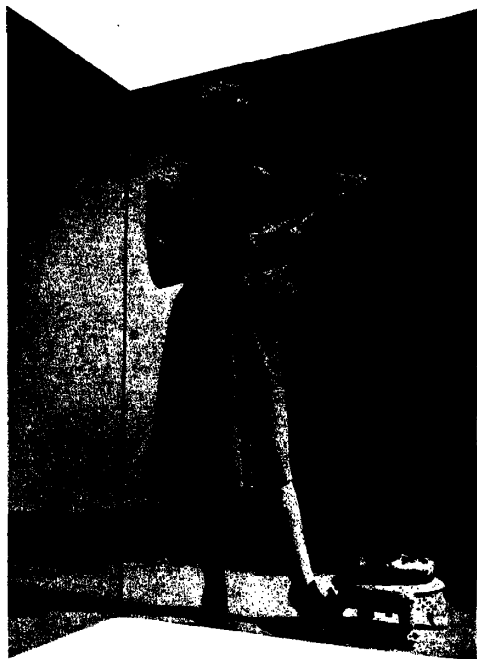
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recommends

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SAUCE DIABLE

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Sauce Mille— which made Pilsa
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OUR STYLIST says . . .

*"This Dress with its
wonderful Jewelled Belt
struck a new note—"*

*A new idea from the Speciality Clothes Salon. A
gracious dress in mat crepe worn with a wonderful
jewelled belt. In time green, claret red, brown.*

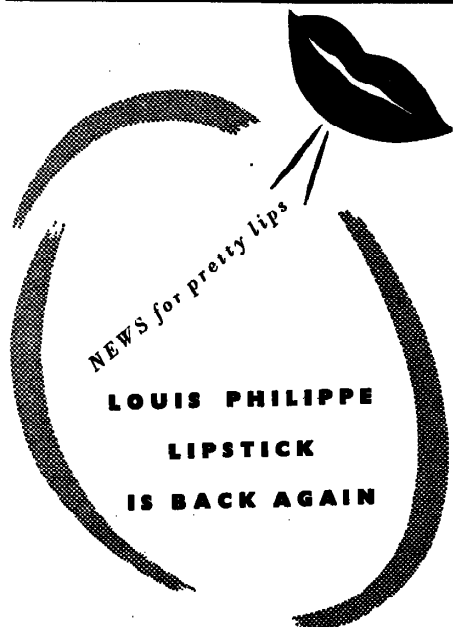
Dress 15 ^{gns.}
7 coupons

Belt 74/3

Speciality Clothes ground floor.

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FOR QUALITY



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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. C No 2593

OCTOBER 18, 1946

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY CHECKED 94

By direction of Mrs Rowland Rank

ALDWICK PLACE, ALDWICK WEST, SUSSEX

Bognor Regis Station (S.R.) 1½ miles. Occupying an unrivalled position on the western outskirts

The Residence is built of brick partly rendered, with a tiled roof, from the design of the late Mr Percy W Meredith, and is situated in a woodland setting with actual sea frontage



It is surrounded on three sides by a high flint wall and approached by a drive. The appointments are of the best quality. Four reception rooms, 8 principal bedrooms, 5 bath rooms, 6 staff bedrooms and bathroom. Compact office.

All main services
Central heating

Garages Stabling Fitted
gymnasium Two cottages



BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS including a sunken garden laid out by Mr P. Morley. Hard brack and thatched squash court and hard tennis court. Kitchen garden and greenhouse.

THE GROUNDS ARE WELL TIMBERED AND HAVE 400 FEET FRONTAGE TO THE SEA

ABOUT 13 ACRES WITH VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION

For Sale by Auction as a whole in the Hanover Square Rooms on Friday, November 8, 1946, at 2.30 p.m.

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Auctioneers Messrs TREGLEAR & SONS Aldwick Road West, Bognor Regis, Sussex and Messrs KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY Particulars 2/8

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Attractive gardens of simple charm and dignity

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Excellent garages, outbuildings, and small staff bungalow

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Country Residence

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bedrooms 3 bathrooms central

heating electric light main water Well wooded

gardens Bungalow Cottage

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stabling for 6 and garage for 3

Attractive cottage with

about 13 ACRES

An important block of

woodland.

Vacant possession of house

and land



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Sale by Auction (unless previously sold privately)
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(price 1/-) from the Auctioneers Messrs. BROWN,
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offices. Two first-class cot-
tages (detached). Three
messes. All main services
and central heating. Char-
ming, extensive grounds
and cherry orchard. In
all about 4 ACRES.

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(unless previously sold)
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MODERN
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Garage and 2 rooms.

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rooms, 4 bed and dressing
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Two cottages. Garage and
stabling. Hard tennis
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3-3 reception, 4-5 beds, 2 baths, cloakroom, domestic
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ABOUT 2½ ACRES

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HOTEL, Kingsbridge, at 2 p.m., on WEDNESDAY,
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1 mile from Virginia Water Station and 23 miles from London.

Hall, 3 reception rooms,
7 bedrooms, dressing room,
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up-to-date domestic offices.
Main electricity, gas and
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The beautifully maintained
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framed in the tall Scotch
Pines of the surrounding
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The total area is about 5 ACRES

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Principal aspect south.

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GEORGIAN
FARM-HOUSE

Seven bedrooms, 2 bath-
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rooms, electric light, ample
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Stabling, garage, pleasant
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Main electric light and water.
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Modern 4-roomed bungalow.
Garage for 8. Ample out-buildings.

Charming gardens and grounds, with kitchen garden, orchard, and woodlands.
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Charming late Georgian Residence (1780) of substantial character. Two floors only.
Hall, cloakroom (h. and c.) and w.c., 2 reception rooms, 1 bed and dressing room (dressing, h. and c.), 3 bedrooms, 2 w.c.s. Domestic offices with servant's sitting room.
Central heating throughout. Main electricity and water. Modern drainage. Large outside pleasure. Three cottages. Two garages. Farm buildings.

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Joint Sole Agents: Messrs. NORMAN & DUVALL, 100, Fawcett, Haverford, and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, (52,705)

ISLE OF WIGHT COUNTRY

LONG FRONTAGE THE SEA
Wonderful position, backing south with beautiful views.



Fine Modern House well planned and fitted.
Reception hall, lounge (48 ft. x 26 ft.), 2 large reception rooms, 2 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, complete offices. (This house is very specially planned and can easily be enlarged.)
Complete electric light and water. Central heating.
Large garage.
1 1/2 acre pasture and some 2 1/2 acres of off.
ABOUT 12 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD
Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, (50,516)

Monthly 577
(30 Days)

KINGSTON HILL

A detached house, designed by well-known Architect.

Situated on high ground facing south affording views over Coombe Wood and the North Downs.

Five bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, 2 bathrooms, gentleman's cloakroom. Telephone room. Good kitchen and domestic offices. Numerous storerooms and cupboards. Garden with fruit trees, 11/2 ponds, conservatory and rockeries in terraced formation.

IN ALL ABOUT 1 1/2 ACRES

Cottage, with garage and living accommodation.

FREEHOLD, WITH VACANT POSSESSION

Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, (34,668/7 H.L.B.)

20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

SURREY—HANTS BORDER

BETWEEN ALTON AND GUILDFORD
Hourly bus services to main line stations (London 1 hour).



Attractive residence built of brick and tile, with standard roof, approached by long drive with lodge.
3 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Central heating. Main electricity and water. Electric passenger car. Garage. Heating with rooms over. Cottages. The grounds are a feature of the property. Paddock.
ABOUT 19 1/2 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD
Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, (41,794)

Telephone:
"Callerton, Wode, London."

Reading 4441

Regent 0282/2377

NICHOLAS

(Established 1858)

1, STATION ROAD, READING; 4, ALBANY COURT YARD, PICCADILLY, W.1

IN THE TRIANGLE OF READING, TWYFORD AND WOKINGHAM

Best Berkshire. Reading 7 miles. Hunting with the Gosh. Golf at Reading, 4 miles. 1

For Sale. A Lovely Old-World Residence
(Complete modernised)

Lounge hall, cloakroom and w.c., 3 reception rooms, excellent domestic offices with maid's sitting room, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

TWO GARAGES, BARN, STABLING, 3 GREENHOUSES, EXCELLENT DETACHED COTTAGE.

Main water. Main electric light and power. Main gas. Central heating. Telephone. Beautiful garden, lawn, meadowland, in all 10 1/2 ACRES.

PRICE FREEHOLD £12,000

Further particulars from the Sole Agents, as above.

EAST BERKS

Reading 7 miles. Paddington 45 minutes.

A Choice Modern Residence

Facing south in grounds of 8 ACRES

Hall with cloakroom and w.c., 3 reception rooms, domestic offices, kitchen, scullery, larder, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 w.c.s.

GARAGE. LAUNDRY. STORE ROOM.

Main water. Main electric light and power. Central heating. Septic tank drainage.

Gardens, tennis court, vegetable garden, grass orchard, in all 8 ACRES

PRICE FREEHOLD £7,000

IMMEDIATE VACANT POSSESSION

Further particulars from the Sole Agents, as above.

Telephone:
"Nicholas, Reading."
"Nicholson, Poley, London."

F. L. MERCER & CO.

SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1

Regent 5451

SUPERB SITUATION ON SURREY HILLS

Easy reach of Wotton Heath. One of the loveliest homes within 16 miles London. Situated in private estate, country club or hotel.

INTERESTING CHARACTER HOUSE (PART 500 YEARS OLD)



Lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, billiards room, 7 principal and 3 male bedrooms, studio, 3 bathrooms.

Central heating. Main service. Garage. Two superior cottages. Fine squash racket court.

Delightful grounds.

5 ACRES. FREEHOLD
For Sale at a moderate price.

Sole Agents: F. L. MERCER & CO., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, London, W.1.
Tel: Regent 5451.

SMALL ESTATE IN BEDFORDSHIRE

Easy reach of Luton and Dunstable, 22 miles London. With delightful views overlooking the Bedfordshire Downs.

ELIZABETHAN STYLE RESIDENCE

Oak panelled galleries lounge hall, 3 other reception rooms, 7 bedrooms with fitted wash basins, 2 bathrooms.

Central heating. Electric light. Garage. Cottages.

GARDENS AND PADDOCKS.

21 ACRES

FREEHOLD. £8,750

Sole Agents: F. L. MERCER & CO., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, London, W.1.
Tel: Regent 5451.

5, MOUNT ST.
LONDON, W.1

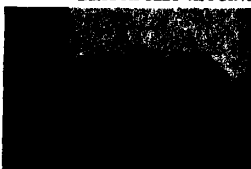
CURTIS & HENSON

GREYHOUND 2121 (2 Homs)
Established 1876

BELSTEAD HOUSE, near IPSWICH

On high ground, away from main roads.

BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED HOUSE



Perfect order. Two principal bedrooms, 5 bathrooms, 5 reception rooms, staff rooms, good domestic offices, main electric light, ample water, central heating. Garage, stabling, 3 cottages, charming gardens, pasture.

ABOUT 50 ACRES

FRESHFOLD, FOR SALE privately, or by Auction, on October 30 next.
Land Agents: Messrs. BURLINGS & HENSON, 25, PRINCE STREET, IPSWICH.
Auctioneers: Messrs. CURTIS & HENSON, as above.

SANDERSTED, SURREY

Five minutes from station. 30-minute train service. On high ground. Extensive delightful views.

A WELL-BUILT FAMILY HOUSE

In excellent order. Exceptionally well-sited. Six bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, hall, 2-3 reception rooms, servants' attitud room. Two garages. All main services. Delightful gardens of over 600 ACRES. VACANT POSSESSION. FRESHFOLD, 22,500

OR OFFER.

Agents: CURTIS & HENSON, as above.

EWHURST, SURREY

600 feet up. Magnificent panoramic views for 30 miles.

ARCHITECT DESIGNED HOUSE

In excellent order. Nine bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms. Main electric light and water. Central heating. Garage. Flat. Cottages. Lovely gardens and woodland. ABOUT 4 ACRES. FRESHFOLD, 212,500. VACANT POSSESSION.

Owner's Agents: CURTIS & HENSON, as above.

GREYHOUND 1282
(4 Homs)

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

(ESTABLISHED 1778)

25, MOUNT ST., GROSVENOR SQ., W.1

Robert Place, Basing St.,
West Walling St.,
Basing St.,
and all, Victoria St.,
Woolwich, S.W.1

BEAUTIFUL DISTRICT SOUTH OF GUILDFORD

500 ft. up. South slope. Panoramic view for 30 miles.

Architect-built Residence in 4 acres of beautiful grounds



0 bed, 3 bath, fine galleried lounge hall, 3 reception rooms.

First-rate order throughout. Main electricity and water. Central heating.

2 garages, cottage and flat.

Reduced Price £12,000

Possession in mid-October.

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, London, W.1. (A.1814)

SMALL RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE

Mixture in Red Anglia and comprising

MEDIUM-SIZED RESIDENCE

PARK, WOODLAND, SEVERAL FARMS, Cottages, etc., approx.

1,000 ACRES

ALL LET except RESIDENCE and WOODLAND and PRODUCING

Actual and estimated income of approximately £7,500 per annum.

Particulars and plan of GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, London, W.1.

5, MOUNT ST.,
LONDON, W.1

RALPH PAY & TAYLOR

GREYHOUND 1032-23

BETWEEN TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND HASTINGS

Superb position with panoramic sea and inland views.



GEORGIAN REPLICA OF DISTINCTION

recently the subject of considerable outlay and now in perfect order throughout and ready to occupy.

Your reception, 10 or 11 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms, main water, central heating, electric light. Gardens a real feature.

With mid-style cottage and almost 100 acres (IN ALL ABOUT 2 ACRES) FRESHFOLD FOR SALE AT £10,000 or with small Model Farm (small buildings) of 25 ACRES, and 2 modern cottages, £12,500. POSSESSION ON COMPLETION.

Joint Agents: CURTIS & HENSON, Basing St. (Tel. 218) and RALPH PAY & TAYLOR (as above).

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL and BEAUTIFUL WOLDS

Bus services (3 every hour).



300-YEAR-OLD LITTLE church completely underground. Two reception, kitchen (all red quarry-tiled floor), 3 bedrooms, bathroom, 5 W.C.s, oak beam and open fireplace. Main water, electric light (mainly 12V), 500V tank drainage. Small garden and very fine level lawn (underfoot with four road frontage, in all 4 ACRES. FRESHFOLD 22,500.

POSSESSION ON COMPLETION

Owner's Agents: RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.

44, ST. JAMES'S
PLACE, S.W.1

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK

REGENT 0951
(2 Homs)

By direction of J. Wilson, Esq.

MEESDEN HALL, BRENT PELHAM

Near Buntingford, Hertfordshire.

Five miles from Buntingford and 10 miles from Bishop's Cleeve (bus service), with fast train to London in 1 1/2 hours. Lovely rural district.



QUEEN ANNE RED BRICK RESIDENCE in beautiful order, 400 feet up, fine views. One mile village with shops. Approached by drive and well away from all roads. 8 real sitting rooms, 5 bedrooms, kitchen with 400 sq. ft. electric light, central heating, main water, Capital City. Garage for 4 cars, stabling with rooms over. Beautiful landscaped grounds with lawns, orchard, tennis lawn, ornamental water. About 25 ACRES in all. Owner's Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. Tel. 218. Basing St., S.W.1. Tel. 218. Basing St., S.W.1. Tel. 218.

of the Hertfordshire. Half of Bishop's Cleeve (bus service), with fast train to London in 1 1/2 hours. Lovely rural district. FRESHFOLD FOR SALE AT £10,000 or with small Model Farm (small buildings) of 25 ACRES, and 2 modern cottages, £12,500. POSSESSION ON COMPLETION.

HAMPSHIRE

Charming position surrounded by and overlooking the New Forest.

EXCELLENT FRESHFOLD GEORGIAN RESIDENCE in a SMALL PARK BARKHILL HOUSE, LYNDHURST. Really suitable as a private residence, modern, spacious, stabling and lodge. To be offered for sale by Auction (unless previously sold privately) at the London Auction Mart, Ltd., Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4, on Thursday, October 25 at 2.30 pm.—Auctioneers: Messrs. JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1 (Tel. Regent 5911). Solicitors: Messrs. STANLEY PERCIVAL & CO., 15, NEW COURT, CHURCH LANE, W.C.2 (Tel.: Holborn 9976).



25, MOUNT ST.,
GROSVENOR SQ., LONDON, W.1

BERKE. NEAR BUCKS BORDERS

One hour of London.



FIRST-CLASS RESIDENCE

In perfect order, 20 ft. up on sand and gravel soil. Lounge hall, 3 reception, 9 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bedrooms, Co.'s electric light and water, main drainage.
CENTRAL HEATING. TWO GARAGES.
Cottages. Charming garden with running stream.
FOR SALE WITH 2 ACRES
Owner's Agents: WILSON & CO., 25, Mount Street, W.1.

WILSON & CO.

Grosvenor
1401

FINEST POSITION IN SURREY

Lovely country south of Guildford, 600 ft. up on sandy soil, with magnificent panoramic views to the South Downs.



FINE MODERN HOUSE

By eminent architect in perfect order and completely up to date. Six beds, 3 baths, 1 reception, garage and hot, cottage; lovely garden, 4 acres. **STATION.** An exceptional property.—WILSON & CO., 25, Mount Street, W.1.

SEVENOAKS, KENT

Delightful position, 20 minutes London.



BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED MODERN HOUSE

In Georgian style. All main services, central heating, polished oak floor, tiled bath, 3 and 4, 6 beds, 3 baths, reception. Garage. Finely timbered grounds. Nearly 4 acres.
VACANT POSSESSION. FREEHOLD £2,500
Agents: WILSON & CO., 25, Mount Street, W.1.

LOFTS & WARNER

41, BERKLEY SQ., LONDON, W.1. Gro. 3056

COTSWOLDS

BEAUTIFUL XIIIth-CENTURY STONE BUILT RESIDENCE

In excellent order and skilfully modernised. BANQUETING HALL, 2 RECEPTION ROOMS, 3 BATH-ROOMS, and 16 BEDROOMS. Wealth of fine old timber.

Main electricity, central heating, independent hot water supply.

GARAGES. FOUR COTTAGES.

World-famous gardens and grounds including unique Alpine Garden.

Home Farm with farmhouse, buildings, and two cottages. Extending in all to about 228 ACRES.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD as a whole, or without Home Farm and only 50 acres.

Agents: LOFTS & WARNER, 41, Berkeley Square, W.1. (Gro. 3056).

FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO.

Central
0844/5/7

Established 1799
AUCTIONEERS. CHARTERED SURVEYORS. LAND AGENTS.
29, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

Telegrams:
"Farebrother, London"

THE FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL ESTATE "ROCKYLANE FARM" ROTHERFIELD GREYS, NEAR HENLEY-ON-THAMES, OXON

Exceptionally attractive Period Residence
skilfully restored and modernised.

Eight bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 4 reception
rooms.

MODEL DOMESTIC OFFICES.

CENTRAL HEATING.

FINE OLD BARN. THREE COTTAGES.



**ATTRACTIVE GARDENS, PADDOCK,
FARMLAND AND PRODUCTIVE
WOODLANDS**

In all about 98 ACRES.

which will be offered for Sale by Auction
at the London Auction Mart, 125, Queen
Victoria Street, London, E.C.4, on October
22, 1946 (unless previously sold privately).

For particulars and permission to view, apply to: The Solicitors: Messrs. FLAGGATE & CO., 75, Pall Mall, S.W.1.
The Auctioneers: Messrs. FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO., 29, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.1
(Grosvenor 7000)

MAPLE & Co., Ltd.

1, GRAFTON ST., MAYFAIR, W.1.
(Regent 4829)

HERTS, RICKMANSWORTH



Andon local surroundings, 1 mile from station. **ELIZABETHAN STYLE RESIDENCE** replete with modern comforts, tiled bath, central heating, etc. Eleven bed and dressing rooms, 4 bedrooms, panelled hall, double drawing-room, dining-room, lounge, oak floor, panelling, stained ceiling, etc. (Garage 4 cars). Two cottages. Picturesque garden. 1.45 acres. Price £10,000. **FREEHOLD TO BE SOLD WITH VACANT POSSESSION on completion.**—Agents: MAPLE & CO., Ltd., as above.

SURREY, CLOSE TO RICHMOND PARK. Georgian style House, 9 bed and 3 bathrooms, 2 reception rooms, main service. Garage 6 cars. **FREEHOLD, £15,000.**
SURREY, GUILDFORD DISTRICT. Modernised House. Fourteen, 5-7 bed, 2 bathrooms, 1 reception room, central heating, etc., garage, stabling and 12 acres. **FREEHOLD, £15,000. £10,000. £10,000. £10,000.**
SURREY, WIMBORNE DISTRICT. Georgian style House, 10 bed, 2 reception rooms, 2 bathrooms, garage (3 cars), garden. **FREEHOLD, £10,000.**
HERTS AND OXON BOWDEN. Historical 16th-Century Village House. Five bed (40 ft. long), 2 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms; garage, 3 cottages, 7 acres with lake. **FREEHOLD, £10,000.**
BERKE. FAVOURITE ELIZABETHAN DISTRICT. Picturesque Georgian House. Lounge, dining-room, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, paved terrace, lawn, 100 ft. garden, woodland, stone 27 acres. **FREEHOLD, £10,000.**
Further details of the above properties of the Agents: MAPLE & CO., Ltd., as above.

Telegrams:
"Wood, Agents, Woods,
London."

JOHN D. WOOD & CO.

23, BERKELEY SQUARE LONDON W.1

Shoyler 6261
(10 lines)

By direction of the Trustees of the late O. H. Camp, Esq.
Farnham, Surrey

GRANGE, TITHE FARM

One of the finest examples of Landscape Gardening.
Within 50 miles of London by road. Water 1 mile. Goodford
0 miles and Oakham Station 2½ miles.

CELEBRATED RESIDENTIAL ESTATE, PAIN'S HILL, COBHAM, SURREY



Lovely 18th-century residence overlooking the River Mole. 5 halls, 5 reception rooms, ballroom, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 5 bedrooms. All main services. Stables and garage. Home farm, 3 cottages. Kitchen gardens. Woodlands. Beautiful park with lake of 18 acres. Bounded by the River Mole.

IDEALLY SITUATED FOR GOOD DEVELOPMENT
WITH UNRIVALLED RHYTHM AND IMPORTANT

FRONTAGES

For Sale by Auction as a whole (unless sold privately)
at the London Auction Mart, on November 7, 1946.
Solicitors: SYLVESTER, NAYLOR & TOWNSEND, Bloomsbury
Square, W.C.1. Land Agents: HENRY & PARKER, 40,
Russett Square, W.C.1.
Auctioneers: CHAS. COMPTON & Co., Leatherhead, Surrey.
JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1.

By direction of Capt. Richard O. T. G. Mayfield.

DEVONSHIRE

Twitford 5 miles. Plymouth 5 miles.

THE WELL-KNOWN BLACKLAND ABBEY ESTATE 1,355 ACRES



BLACKLAND ABBEY, famous as the home of Sir Francis Drake, is the example of medieval architecture. Occupying a beautiful situation commanding distant views over the Tavay Valley. Beautiful hall, chapel, library, 6 reception rooms, 18 bedrooms, bathrooms, water supply. With 100 acres Home Farm, two olive farms, and several cottages. Over 2½ miles of fishing in the River Tavay. In separate lots: (1) ALFRED'S HOUSE and FARM of 240 acres, accommodation lands and cottages in and around the village of Blackland, Monmouth. To be offered for sale by Auction (unless sold privately) by JOHN D. WOOD & Co., at the ROUGHMOOT HOTEL, EXETER, NOVEMBER 25, 1946.
Solicitors: Messrs. WARRERS, 5, Bedford Square, W.C.1, and Messrs. CLARKE, JONES & NEWPORT, Cardiff, Newport.
Auctioneers: JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1 (Tel.: Mayfield 6541).

By direction of the Trustees of the late M. Hen. The Viscountess de Cygne, deceased.

WALHAMPTON HOUSE, LYMINGTON, HAMPSHIRE

On the site of the late Farnham House, the late Viscountess de Cygne, deceased.



A BEAUTIFUL AND HISTORICAL QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE

Completely modernized and luxuriously appointed throughout. Three principal drives. Central hall. Suite of reception rooms, 80 bed and dressing, 5 bath. Co.'s electric light and water. Central heating. The gardens and grounds are of exceptional beauty. Three lakes. Walled kitchen garden. Stabling. Orchard. Home Farm. Stock Farm. Several cottages and smaller houses. 425 ACRES.

For Sale with Vacant Possession of the mansion, grounds, and some cottages.

Joint Sale Agents: RAWLINSON & SUGARBY, 5, Rotten Row, London; and JOHN D. WOOD & Co., as above.

FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY THE ESTATE OF CAROLINE, BERWICKSHIRE

Berlton 1 mile, Edinburgh 80 miles.

Situated on the River Leader, between Leader and Melrose.



3,540 ACRES

including imposing
Mansion House with vacant
possession. Four reception
rooms, 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms,
servants' accommodation.
Electric light, central heating,
modern drainage.
Walled garden.
Wooded
parkland. Secondary residence
with 5 bedrooms,
electric light, hot or cold
water. 4 excellent farms
and estate, one smaller
holding. Mixed shooting.
 Trout fishing.

GROSS RENTAL £2,121 PA.

Further particulars from the sole Selling Agents: Messrs. WALKER, FRASER & STEWART
22, Charles Street, Edinburgh; or JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square,
London, W.1.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE

Southern near Cheltenham-Gloucester District.

A TUDOR MANOR HOUSE of exceptional interest and occupying a delightful
situation at the foot of the Cotswolds.



Dining hall, double drawing
room, library, sitting room,
9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms,
maid's room. Main water
and electricity. Lodge,
garage, grounds and parkland,
17 ACRES. Adjoining
woods and parkland
147 ACRES.

For Sale by Auction at
the BELL HOTEL,
GLOUCESTER, on NOV.
EMBER 2, 1946, at 5 p.m.

Solicitors: HUNT, NICHOLSON, ADAMS & Co., Gray's Inn, W.C.1; WILKINS & Co.,
4, Arundel Street, W.C.1.
Joint Auctioneers: BRYCE, KNIGHT & Co., Abbot Chambers, Gloucester;
JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1.

ESSEX-SUFFOLK BORDERS

New Constable Country.



LOVELY OAK-FRAMED TUDOR HOUSE

Large hall, 3 reception
rooms, 5 bedrooms,
bathrooms.

MAIN WATER AND ELECTRICITY.

Garage. Stables. Out-
buildings. Gardens. Paddock.

4 ACRES. PRICE £1,000 WITH POSSESSION

Joint Sale Agents: C. H. BARNARD & Son, 23, High Street, Colchester;
JOHN D. WOOD & Co., as above. (35,528)

Opportunity to acquire Privately on a lease, stock and barrel lease as a going concern.

Well-known fully mechanized STOCK AND GRAZING FARM

1,800 ACRES available and 700 ACRES of good hill pasture, capable of carrying
800 head of cattle and 600 breeding ewes. Previous owner famous pedigree Aberdeen-
Angus breeder.

Residence in wooded
parkland with entrance drive,
3 reception, 4 bed., bath,
2 servants' rooms. Electric
light. Garage and stabling.
Attractive dower house.
Extensive well-equipped
stabling. 15 HOUSES and
COTTAGES IN HAND.
SMALL FARM, CROFT
AND COTTAGE LET.
Woodlands with market-
able timber. Few grouse
and excellent low ground
shooting.

The whole estate beautifully situated in good agricultural country between Den and
Dumfries.

Sole Agents: LITTLE & ANDERSON, Ltd., 214, Union Street, Aberdeen (Aberdeen 5780);
and JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. (Mayfield 6541).

FOR SALE WITH VACANT POSSESSION

BUCKS, BETWEEN OXFORD AND AYLESBURY

Station ½ mile, Aylesbury 6, Princes Risborough 6. Leicester, 5, Oxon and Wharfedale Chase
country.

This beautiful specimen of
16th- and 17th-century
architecture. Seven bed,
4 bath, billiards and 3
reception. CENTRAL
HEATING, MAIN ELECTRICITY
AND WATER.
Lovely old barn. Garage
for 5. Stabling. Walled
garden with 1200-year-old
caveats. Paddock.



ABOUT 8 ACRES

Inspected and recommended by JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1.
(46,764)

HERTS-ESSEX BORDERS

CHARMING HALF-TIMBERED HOUSE

Three reception, 5 bed-
rooms, 3 bathrooms.

MAIN WATER, ELECTRICITY AND DRAINS.

Central heating,
cottages. Attractive gar-
dens and paddock.

7 ACRES



TO BE SOLD WITH POSSESSION. PRICE £2,750

Inspected and recommended by JOHN D. WOOD & Co., as above. (55,497)

ESTATE

Hamington 1490
Telephone
"Estates, Harrods, London"

HARRODS

34-36, HANS CRESCENT, LONDON, S.W.1

OFFICES

Country Office
Local Offices
and Representatives

HIGH UP IN THE CHILTERN

40 mins from Town close to golf course enjoying brilliant views without taxation

c.4

THIS PERFECT EXAMPLE OF
MODERN TUDOR ARCHITECTURE

Designed under the supervision of Haillo Scott Esq
FRIBA

With a wealth of oak beams open fireplaces and oak flooring throughout. Lounge hall 3 other reception rooms 8 10 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms 2 staircases

ALL ON 8 MAINS EFFICIENT CENTRAL HEATING

Independent hot water Telephone Mains in bedrooms

Strongly recommended by the Agents HARRODS LTD 34 36 Hans Crescent Knightsbridge S.W.1 (Tel Kensington 1490) Plan 805



GARAGE FOR 3 OR MORE CARS

USEFUL OF THE BUILDING

WELL MATURED GROUND with specimen trees and shrubs grass and hard tennis courts rockery with waterfalls wide herbaceous borders prolific orchard kitchen garden

IN ALL ABOUT 3 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD ON ADVANTAGEOUS TERMS

WITH IMMEDIATE VACANT POSSESSION

Magnificent opportunity for all-round sportsman. Hunting, fishing, shooting, yachting, etc.

IRELAND

c.6.

Standing on raised ground on the Tipperary side of Lough Derry about 250 yards from the shore

HANDSOME MANSION RESIDENCE



with 17 1/2 acres including pleasure grounds. Very substantially built some 70 years ago. Two halls large double drawing room 4 other reception rooms 16 bed and dressing rooms bathroom kitchen with Aga cooker and Ideal built-in electric and gas oven (the house is fitted with furniture and 12 men's rooms and 12 women's rooms and 12 bedrooms)

Water from lake by 4 h.t. (crank) engine. Spring water is also available

Partial central heating which can easily be converted to all rooms. Artificial gas lighting. Hunting, fishing, large range of farm buildings. 5 horse boxes. 3 stables, 2 garages, etc. The grounds comprise pleasure gardens also a wooded garden of 1 1/2 acres, fully stocked with fruit of all sorts. About 600 acres of woodland in the hands of the land being available and extensive all to 17 1/2 ACRES

PRICE FREEHOLD £14,000

HARRODS LTD 34 36 Hans Crescent Knightsbridge S.W.1 (Tel Kensington 1490) Plan 814

SUSSEX COAST

c.4

High up with glorious sea and downland views

GEORGIAN-STYLE FREEHOLD RESIDENCE



Accommodation with fast train to London. Lounge hall 3 reception and 10 bedrooms (bathrooms) 3 bathrooms central heating. Main services. Garage for 2

Hard tennis court

ABOUT 2 ACRES £13,000 FREEHOLD

Joint Sole Agents Messrs JOHN BLAY & SONS Devonshire Place Regent-street S.W.1 (Tel 747 14) and HARRODS LTD 34 36 Hans Crescent Knightsbridge S.W.1 (Tel Kensington 1490) Plan 808

HERTS RURAL SURROUNDINGS c.3

Lands to a picturesque village about 7 miles from Bishop's Cleeve

CHARMING OLD COTTAGE-TYPE RESIDENCE

with oak hall and 12 bedrooms

Two reception rooms 1 bedroom bathroom Modern drainage

COMPANY WATER

GARAGE

Will keep 4 cars also wood fruit trees

Most ideal



IN ALL ABOUT 4 1/2 ACRES

PRICE FREEHOLD £4,000

HARRODS LTD 34 36 Hans Crescent Knightsbridge S.W.1 (Tel Kensington 1490) Plan 807

WEST SUSSEX

c.4

ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE

Half house 22 ft x 40 ft dining room 8 bedrooms bathroom good office Garage and useful out buildings Electric light and power to a water telephone Gas central heating

Delightful garden

Terrace whole length of house lawn orchard 150 trees kitchen garden



3 ACRES £5,750 FREEHOLD

Sole Agents HARRODS LTD 34 36 Hans Crescent Knightsbridge S.W.1 (Tel Kensington 1490) Plan 806

SOUTHERN ISLE OF WIGHT

c.2

Within sight and sound of the sea

RESIDENCE UNIQUE IN BUILD
AND DESIGN

Incorporating all labour-saving appliances and beautifully fitted throughout. Two reception, 1 bed rooms (all with bath and c) 2 bathrooms, main sitting room

MAIN WATER AND ELECTRICITY CONSTANT HOT WATER GARAGE

Inexpensive garden and a paddock

3 ACRES.

FREEHOLD £4,500

VACANT POSSESSION

BOURNEMOUTH:
WILLIAM FOX, F.S.I., F.A.I.
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We ask your continued generous sympathy in the cause of those who have fought and suffered in the Service of their Country. The support of hunting people by means of special Remembrance "Caps" has been of great value to the British Legion in past years, but it is more than ever necessary now that the need is so much greater. Remember that your gifts will help ex-Service Men and Women of ALL Ranks, ALL Services, and ALL Wars, their families, and the widows and children of the fallen. We must not fail them, in THEIR time of need.

BRITISH LEGION APPEAL

(HARDY'S FUND)
RICHMOND - SURREY
(Incorporated under the War Charities Act, 1940).

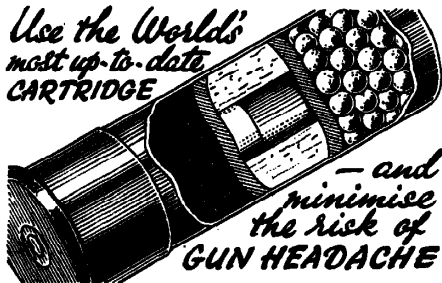
Ladies who will give their services as poppy sellers on Saturday, November 9th, are asked to apply to their local Committees.

POPPY

DAY

NOV. 9

Use the World's
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THE MOST EFFICIENT YET EVOLVED

The easy action of "Pneumatic" Cartridges minimises the risk of Gun-headache, a wonderful advantage during a long day's shooting, and particularly appreciated by experienced lady shooters. For Trap-shooting they are invaluable, as you can use them all day without fatigue.

Gun-headache is the result of shock caused by recoil. "Pneumatic" Cartridges remove, to a very large extent, the cause of Gun-headache with its accompanying fatigue, simply by reducing recoil. The "Pneumatic" Air-chamber Cork Wed replaces the old-fashioned felt wed, and acts as a "cushion" which absorbs much of the force of the inevitable backward "kick." The Cork Wed combined with the Damped Cartridge also provides a perfect gas check which increases velocity, gives greater range, cleaner killing, and lowers barrel pressure.

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BRIDGFORD INN AT 6 p.m.

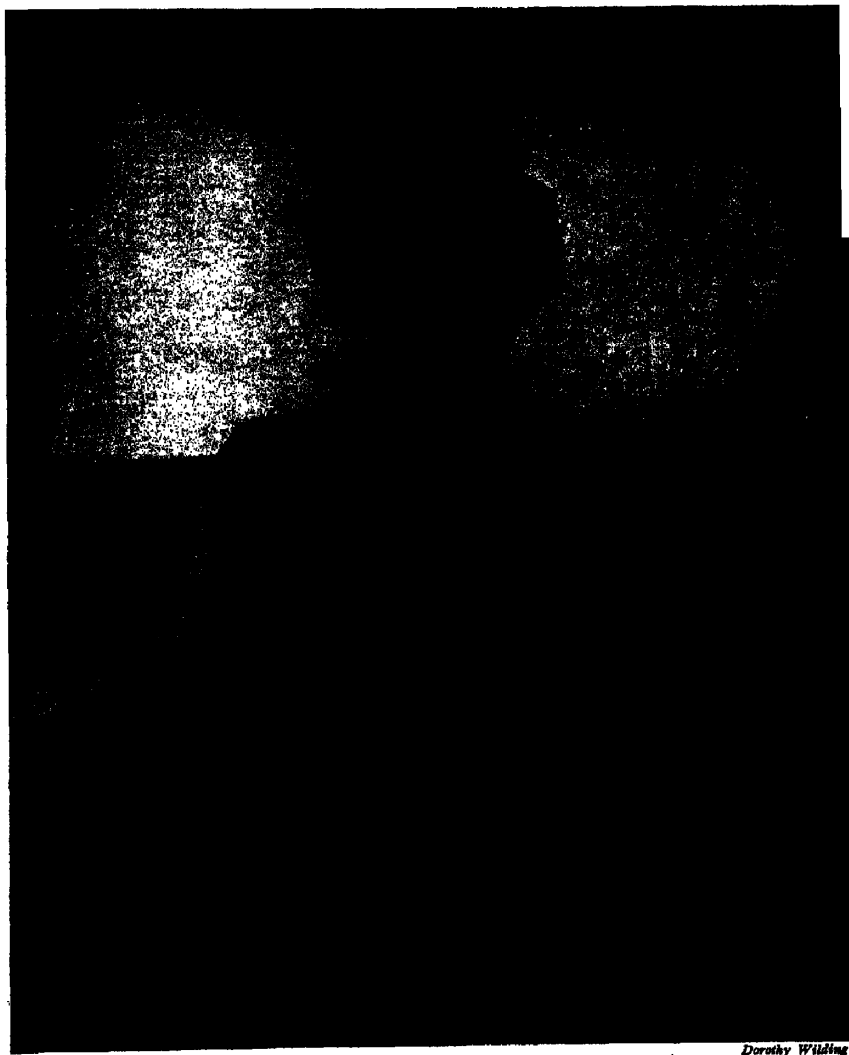
The Senior Angler shook his head,
"There is no catch in it" he said;
"You cannot say a story's tall
If you can nail it to the wall.

These trophies prove that I'm not bluffing—
The proof of the fish is in the stuffing.
But why the Guinness, you'll be thinking?
The proof of the goodness is in the drinking!"

COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. C No. 2596

OCTOBER 18, 1946



Dorothy Wilding

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

A new and hitherto unpublished portrait

COUNTRY LIFE

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TOWN AND COUNTRY

WITH the Lord Mayor of London as host at the Mansion House, no better setting could have been desired for the inaugural dinner of the Association of Agriculture. The aim of the Association is to foster by co-operation between town and country the well-being of agriculture, on the principle that only when the soil of a country is in good heart can the rest of that country's system be in good heart also. The leaders of industry and commerce in the City of London enjoyed their dinner in the company of the foremost men in the agricultural world. The Minister of Agriculture was there to give the gathering the Government's blessing. But pleasant as was the occasion most of the speeches fell wide of the mark. Many guests must have wondered, as they left the Mansion House, what practical measures were to be taken to cement the bonds between town business and farming, so that fuller recognition is given on every occasion to the essential part which British agriculture must play in a sound national economy. Business men know well enough that they are a poor country to-day, and the most strenuous efforts will be made to expand the export trade even to the pre-war level, and that alone, with our loss of foreign investments, would not enable this industrial island to feed her people as well as she must.

What practical steps then should be taken? As the Minister pointed out, there is now established through the county committees the closest contact between the farming community and the Government and "a unique partnership has been established between the agricultural industry and the State." The partnership is based upon the system of assured markets and guaranteed prices, calculated on established costs of production, which, with the approval of all parties, is now, Mr. Williams assures us, to be made permanent. That constitutes an enduring basis of stability, so long as the preponderantly industrial people of this country remain convinced of the importance of maintaining our agriculture at its present or even a higher level. It has taken a war, unfortunately, to convince them of it and to make them understand and see in the right perspective such ideas and schemes affecting world food production as were put forward the other day by Sir John Boyd Orr at Copenhagen. As Lord De La Warr said at the Mansion House when explaining the educational aims of the new Association, the towns have tried for the last few generations to live their own lives to themselves, yet ruthlessly demanding an ever-increasing standard of living based on low returns to food producers in this and other countries. They now realise for the first time how completely that scheme of things has broken down and that be one of the Association's main tasks to help that realisation alive

by every device of modern publicity—exhibitions, lectures, short films, teaching in schools and so on.

Mr. Walter Elliot, who is chairman of the Association's Executive, pointed to the overwhelming consideration which demands the establishment of a real partnership between industry and agriculture—the estimate he gave of a guaranteed market of \$800,000,000 in the provision of goods needed by home farmers. If that sum were to be obtained abroad, said he, how they would compete for it! Meanwhile, fortunately, there is increasing evidence of broad and statesmanlike views developing on both sides. The National Farmers Union, whose outlook has widened much of late, has recently prepared a comprehensive scheme of rural electrification, and representatives of the Electricity Supply Companies have now given their approval to this Five-year Plan. State financial aid will not be sought. The supply undertakings have estimated that a capital expenditure of £45,000,000 will be required to connect up 15,000 farms in the first year, 57,000 in the second, 82,500 in the third, 30,000 in the fourth, and 15,000 in the fifth. Both parties to the agreement intend to press the Government for the necessary priorities, believing, as they do, that this is equally in the interests of the farmers and of the nation as a whole. With corresponding collaboration on the part of the many departments of State concerned, there is no reason why an immediate start should not be made on a really practical measure which will at once serve to prove identical the interests of agriculture and industry. The address of the new Association, which is appealing for a wide membership, is 32, Bedford Square, W.C.1.

TO . . .

*THE trees look burnt-out, autumn-spoiled,
Which yesterday seemed glowing-red.
To-day the rose is old, shop-sold,
Which then held high her royal head.
The green, the white, the very red,
Which then ran singing towards the sea—
Flushed with his sunlit errand gay—
For yesterday You walked with me.*

R. J.

POSITIVE HEALTH

IN days gone by most people thought of themselves healthy so long as they were not suffering actual pain or exhibiting the symptoms of any recognisable malady. This negative and flabby outlook on life has now fortunately been replaced to a great extent by an essentially positive conception of physical fitness as a condition to be desired and enjoyed—to be admired in others and to be consistently sought for oneself. A Report recently issued by the Council of Physical Recreation (which has as members 154 of such associations as the F.A., the M.C.C., the A.A.A. and the A.B.A.) shows how this positive view of health is nowadays irradiating every form of recreational activity. It is no longer a conception of physical training as a painful and laborious business of jerks to be endured at unseasonable and unreasonable hours. "The keynote nowadays," we are told, "is rhythm and enjoyment."

The first National Recreation Centre has been opened at Bisham Abbey, near Marlow, for the training of sports leaders and others in games and various other forms of recreation. Lord Astor, Lord Hampden and Lord Wigram have appeared for £20,000 to equip and maintain this centre. Funds for it and for other National Recreation Centres which it is intended to establish in other parts of the country will also come from the new National Sports Development Fund recently inaugurated by the Central Council. It might be a very good thing, indeed, if these Centres could be organised on a county basis. The Sussex Rural Community Council's recent planning book, *To-morrow in East Sussex*, contains some very carefully thought-out proposals for a recreational centre where the sports and games of the whole county would find a place of congregation and an arena for friendly rivalry. A useful little pamphlet, just issued, contains an account of the day-to-day services provided for the people of Worcester-

shire by their County Council shows that other county authorities too are keenly alive to the possibilities of such centres.

ENCOURAGING THE TOURIST

LIKE on grounds of friendliness and business we want as many tourists as possible from other countries to visit our own. We therefore welcome the statement lately issued jointly by the Home Office and the Board of Trade, that next year visas will be granted to tourists allowing them to come to Britain. They will also have to obtain leave to land from the immigration officer at their port, but this will present no difficulty to a genuine tourist coming for a short visit. This is eminently cheering as far as it goes, but we must hope that it will not be long before it goes further still. Regulations, even though they may, in fact, entail no great amount of trouble, are yet to the traveller as the rose leaf that keeps the princess from her sleep. We know this from our own experience in other countries when we are perhaps a little afraid of foreign laws and foreign officials. The ideal is to go to a nation and buy a ticket for any desirable spot that we want to see. It is one not perhaps immediately attainable, but Mr. Bevin has given it his blessing, and is anxious to cut down restrictions to a minimum. So it is reasonable to hope that we may soon be able to visit other countries and that visitors from other countries may come to see us, without being wretched in official documents like so many Lascos.

A CHAMPION RETIRES

TO go while the going is good is a piece of advice often given but not always followed by the champions of games. Joe Davis has not hesitated and has now resigned his two championships of billiards and snooker respectively while he is at the very plenitude of his powers. He has not been in any apparent danger from any challenge, but doubtless his long period of invincibility has entailed its strain, and he is wise to go now in a blaze of undiminished glory. When Tom Cribb retired from the ring it was decided that he should be given the title of champion for the rest of his days, and many of us will contrive to think of Davis as champion, though others win that honour. It is doubtless vain to compare the careers of the two players of games; probably they are all of them entitled to pinnacles of exactly equal height, but it is at least safe to say that none of them has carried skill to a more exquisite degree than has Davis. He has, moreover, done one remarkable thing: he has put the game of snooker on the map, and the fact that there are to be thousands more who play it than there used to be, is very largely due to his example. He will not, like Cavanagh the five-player, "leave a gap in society," since he is far from retiring altogether. There will be plenty more chances of watching him, while he himself may enjoy his games the more from a lessened sense of responsibility.

ALL IS VANITY

A RECENT advertisement in the personal column of a London paper must have caused some readers blink:

Great Fun. Make believe you are in New York. Envelope and letterhead of New York hotel sent. You write, and return. We mail in New York. Price 2s. 6d.

But this is an old American custom, *viz.* some American magazines of 1940 and 1941.

Surprise friends with letters from New York City, 10s. . . .
Letters mailed, 20 (twenty) cents each. Souvenirs, shipped from Arizona and Mexico. Stamped envelope for details.

But another advertisement from a magazine dated just before the war reached the lowest level of this particular snobbery:

Sophisticate your suitcase—adorn anything: 10 colourful baggies stickers of South American hotels, airlines, etc.

Long before that possibility had been thought out the description "vanity bags" was being applied to the much-labelled baggage of the traveller, but it surely required the utmost ingenuity to give a triple meaning to the word "vanity."

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

OFTEN I wonder if there has been a single case on record where the introduction of an animal or bird to a locality in which it is not indigenous has been a success. Either the immigrant fails to establish itself and dies out immediately, or it increases and multiplies to such an amazing extent, with a general deterioration of morals, that the next generation have to spend vast sums and mobilize special forces to deal with a pest which menaces crops or other forms of wild life. We should by now have learnt that old Dame Nature knows her job thoroughly and strongly resents interference, and, if we try to help her by doing things which she would have done herself if it were practicable, we are asking for trouble.

As cases in point of this lesson, one may quote, on the one hand, the many ineffectual attempts to introduce grouse to the moors of southern England, and, on the other, the introduction of rabbits to Australia and the grey squirrel to this country. The peculiarity of the grey squirrel, whose behaviour in this country is now almost worse than that of the common rat, is that in its native land, America, it is well-behaved and harmless, and it is the red squirrel which is the fruit and corn pest, and which interferes with birds' nests.

I WAS about to add to the list of undesirable aliens the lion parrot of New Zealand, which attacks live sheep and which, I thought, was introduced to the southern island from Malaya for some purpose or another. I find, however, that this parrot is indigenous and, though naturally a fruit and vegetable eater, it learned bad habits and obtained a taste for meat by eating the offal thrown out from up-station slaughter-houses. In the course of its investigations it discovered, as have so many others, that the kidney is the best part of a sheep, and to obtain this it adopted the tactics of alighting on a live animal's hindquarters, and digging its beak through the flesh to get at this important item of the breakfast table. I should imagine that the lion parrot is unique in the natural history world as a bird which, in the lifetime of a generation, has changed its diet entirely.

I HAVE received a letter from a Sutherland correspondent who says that the grouse shortage in that particular part of Scotland may be partly due to the badgers, which are not indigenous to the district but which were introduced to the area some thirty years ago when the proprietor of one of the moors imported two pairs from the south of England to assist in keeping down the rabbits. The badger in his natural habitat in England has, I think, a fairly clean sheet and, if we did have two clear cases of poultry-house raiding in these parts some years ago, I have heard of none recently. Although badgers are more plentiful than ever, there is one occupied badger's earth within a hundred yards of my poultry-run, and I have no reason to suspect that they are responsible for the feather-strewn areas which mark the spots where idiotic hens, who do not understand the stigma Safety First, have tried to sit on a stolen-away nest, and died in the attempt. On the other hand, I have had visible proof during the summer that the badgers are very active at night, as every swamp nest in the vicinity is dug out to its foundations.

In Sutherland the English badgers have increased enormously and, as most of the rabbits have been exterminated during the war years, they are obviously short of food, for the moor keepers say that they raid grouse nests



THE INTERIOR OF THE CENTURIES-OLD BARN, RED TILED AND WITH CLAPBOARD SIDES, AT GREAT PEDNOR, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

From a drawing made by Sydney R. Jones for the owner, Mrs. Bruce Ingram, to whom we are indebted for permission to reproduce it

far more extensively than do the hill foxes. They range round the villages at night and make daring raids on poultry-houses; being a far more powerful, and incidentally more daring, animal than a fox, nothing is proof against them, particularly in these times when, after seven years of severely rationed wood, such a thing as a sound poultry-house is almost as rare as a pound of rice.

ONE of the few pleasing features of the unpleasant spring from which we suffered this year was a most satisfactory sailing forth into the garden of all our hibernating butterflies on the rare sunny days we experienced. Their numbers seemed to be far greater than in normal years, which was probably due to the absence of severe frosts in the preceding winter. There seemed every reason to expect a goodly show of colour in the autumn, with peacocks, tortoiseshells and red admirals fluttering around the saloon bars of the buddleias, and paying occasional visits to the dahlias where, apparently, they find the notice "bar closed" displayed. They always seem to hurry back to the buddleias after a cursory inspection of these showy, but otherwise unsatisfactory, dahlias.

In the middle of the summer, I noticed several specimens of the clouded yellow and many brillianthes on the few days when butterflies could come forth, and on the nettle clumps the caterpillar hatch of the three autumn regulars—the aforestad peacocks, tortoiseshells

and red admirals—was phenomenal. I had to endure the presence of several nauseating clumps of this pernicious weed in prominent positions, because one cannot apply sodium chlorate to the roots of the growth, and cut the food from under their feet, when one's garden favourites, in a dense black mass, are drawing their rations from the upper leaves.

THERE was one particularly poisonous cluster of nettles by the gate of the chicken-run; it was controlled by an evil spirit who lashed out at me with a venomous stalk whenever I came within range, but when I went down to it with the glint of murder in my eye, carrying a water-can filled with an extra strong solution of sodium chlorate, I found every leaf occupied by a dense crowd of red admiral caterpillar squatters.

If, however, I spared them in their extreme youth, and saw to it that their wants were supplied during adolescence, somebody, presumably the Clerk of the Weather, has interfered with them before they reached puberty, for I have seen only one solitary red admiral—a very under-sized and shabby one—this autumn. Whether the chrysalids of the many hundreds failed to hatch owing to the cold, or whether the insects on emerging decided quite reasonably that it was mid-winter and went into hibernation at once, I cannot say. At the same time I must admit that this year the buddleias were not worth coming out for.

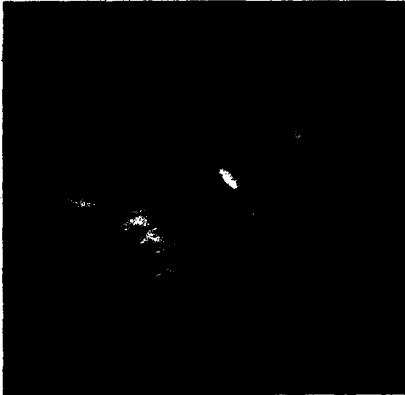
AN OWL THAT COMES TO SUPPER

It was a cool, but fine, evening in mid-August when, at the invitation of Col. R. H. Woods, we motored down to his house in Stevenage, Hertfordshire, to take some photographs of an owl that he had successfully tamed. As readers may know, we have had considerable experience of owls in the wild state and have photographed them hundreds of times; but here was something out of the ordinary, and as we neared our destination we wondered what we should be up against. Col. Woods soon reassured us, however, and over supper he told us his story.

Written and Illustrated
by **ERIC HOSKING**
and
CYRIL NEWBERRY

In May he was walking across a field at Much Hadham when he found two young tawny owls on the ground. They were very small—no larger than a clenched fist—yet they were at least 60 yards from any tree, and he could find no clue to the whereabouts of their nest, or how they came to be in such a place. Having facilities for rearing such orphans, Col. Woods took them home and put them in a large aviary in which were suitable perches with foliage which provided the owlets with cover by day. Each evening, at dusk, he fed them by hand, giving them about a couple of mice or a sparrow each and leaving a further supply on a tray for the owlets to take for themselves during the night.

One of the birds was smaller than the other and it was noticeable, particularly as they developed, that this smaller bird was much tamer than his brother. He was always ready to come to the hand for food, whereas the larger one was rather more shy. It seems that Col. Woods must have exercised very great patience night after night for several weeks, for even when the owlets had developed sufficiently to be able to fend for themselves this one, in particular still came down readily to his hand to be fed.

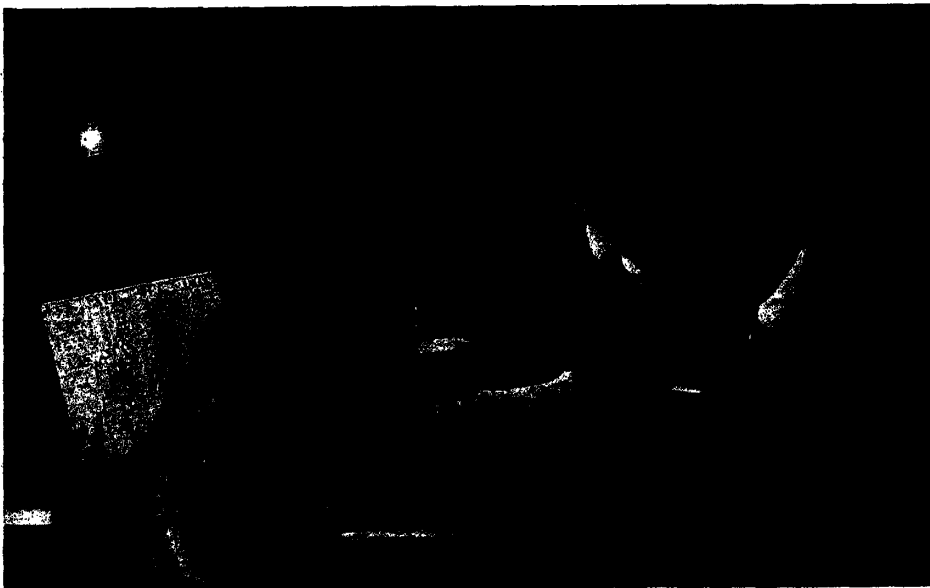
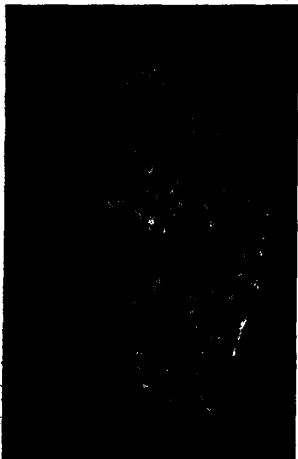


JIMMY, THE TAME TAWNY OWL, ENJOYS A TASTY MORSEL

(Left) PERCHING ON HIS FAVOURITE CHAIR

About this time—it was towards the end of June—the owlets were beginning to show a certain restlessness as darkness fell, so Col. Woods released them from the aviary. He did, however, leave food available for his wards in case they wanted it. Both birds lingered in his garden for their first two days of freedom, and the smaller one still came down from the trees at dusk to be fed; but the larger one moved farther afield to a neighbouring garden and became quite independent.

Jimmy, as the faithful one came to be



WAITING WHILE COLONEL WOODS FINISHES WRITING

called, has remained appreciative of his guardian right up to the present time. Every evening at dusk he flies into a tree in the centre of the lawn. He snags out an occasional *Aes-uis* as if to announce his arrival and waits there to be called for his supper. Col. Woods opens the window of his smoking-room and calls to Jimmy. He is answered almost at once by the sight of the round, blunt head set between the outspread wings as the owl glides down to his window-ledge. We were fascinated by the sight when we saw it. It seemed so unreal for this creature, wild and free to go as it chose, to be coming in at the window in response to a human call. But there he was, and we set about getting a series of photographs as Jimmy made himself at home with Col. and Mrs. Woods in the smoking-room.

The back of an arm-chair seemed a favourite perch and he sat there for a while to receive a few tasty morsels in the way of moths and beetles that his host had enthusiastically caught for him.

Between times he would look about the room—interested in the progress of sundry flying beetles and moths that, attracted by the light, had come in at the open window.

His feeding antics were most extraordinary to watch. One attitude is illustrated; he stood balanced on his right leg and used the talons of the left foot to pass a moth up to his bill.

Jimmy would readily follow Col. Woods about the room, even if for no higher motive than that inspired by a measure of cupboard

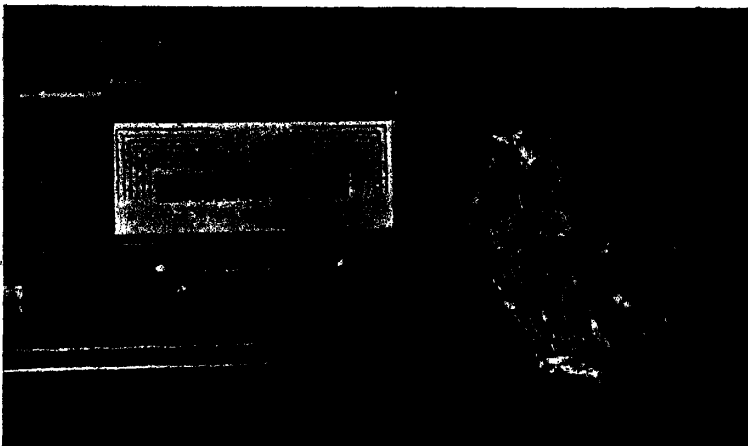
JIMMY BENDS AN ATTENTIVE EAR TO THE RADIO

love, and he waited upon him as he sat at the writing-desk. The stand by the barometer was another regular port of call, and the wireless set had a special fascination. Our host told us that Jimmy would often sit for long periods apparently listening to the B.B.C.

One point that struck us was that at times the owl exhibited a certain measure of playfulness. It would pull at a fox's brush that was hanging by the barometer and it seemed to take a delight in pulling Col. Woods's hair. Fear seemed to be practically unknown in the bird and when, as on one occasion, it alighted too heavily on a photograph frame and toppled it over, it was not the slightest bit put out by the resulting crash: neither did it take the slightest

notice of the photographic apparatus or the flash.

After his evening visit—and his supper—Jimmy takes leave of Col. Woods and, usually with an extra large piece of rabbit as a parting gift, he flies out again through the open window, and is lost to sight in the darkness. He keeps close around, however, and sometimes in the night can be heard perched on the roof or even at the bedroom window. But we understand that his host does not get up to provide another meal in the middle of the night. Jimmy goes off either to hunt for himself or to roost and no more is seen of him until the following evening, when, sure enough, he will be there to keep his supper appointment with Col. and Mrs. Woods.



THE STAND BY THE BAROMETER IS A FAVOURITE PORT OF CALL. (Right) A PLAYFUL PULL AT COL. WOODS'S HAIR

SECOND THOUGHTS in MODERN ARCHITECTURE

THE SWITZERLAND PLANNING AND BUILDING EXHIBITION

THOSE who have managed to see something of Britain-Can-Make-It, and have compared what they saw with the more modern designs of before the war, must have been agreeably impressed by the evidence afforded of the broader, humaner approach to design noticeable, which has resulted in a more homely, yet no less lively, character in the things, with less straining after novelty for its own sake. In some classes of products there is clearly a healthy movement to restating in contemporary idiom our national tradition of design. Where social feeling, mechanical principles, and tradition are truly combined we feel that the design is alive, in the sense that a Georgian chair is still alive, because it has been generated by a way of life.

This essential vitality, reflecting both the contemporary and the traditional spirit, is, I believe, becoming the aim of designers in all fields. The twenty-year-old vogue for the grimly functional has everywhere begun to look out-of-date, pre-war, of that epoch which believed, so mistakenly we have discovered, that science was necessarily introducing a new age of perfection. The last seven years, besides begetting a nostalgia for the past, have opened the eyes of idealists and realists alike to tradition as a source for some of the assurance and grace which are lacking to-day. And they are beginning to find what they seek.

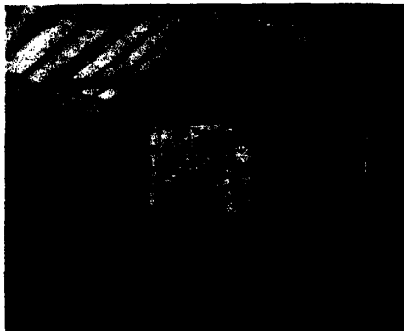
Architecture affords the biggest scope for demonstrating this new feeling of assurance, though in this country there has yet been little opportunity for developing it. But the kind of building which results from it can be seen in the Swiss Exhibition at the Royal

Institute of British Architects, Portland Place, W.1. Going round this beautifully displayed collection of photographs of recent building and planning, the question one asks oneself over and over again is, why exactly are these modern Swiss buildings so attractive, while so many of ours—clever, original, practical, and all that—yet leave one cold? The answer—and several leading Swiss architects confirm it in their prefatory notes to the catalogue—is that design in Switzerland has now got over the doctrinaire functional phase and is now in understanding contact again with the national tradition and national background. In its simplest statement this contact is illustrated by the mountaineering-but in the Valais (Fig. 1); and the living-room of a country cottage (Fig. 2); more subtly in the apparently simple country house at Zollikon (Fig. 3); and the housing scheme at Zurich (Fig. 4)—both typical of recent work to be seen all over Switzerland.

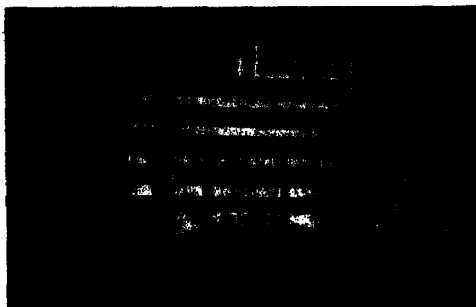
One notices in these examples a process of simplification applied to traditional forms with, however, a fastidiousness, a consciousness of Swissness, that makes them unmistakably of their time and place. In the landing of an office building (Fig. 5) and still more in the staircase (Fig. 10), this fastidious simplicity that appears to be a national characteristic is developed with constructive imagination to produce pure architectural forms; but still one feels the results to be Swiss. The laboratory building (Fig. 6) is earlier than some of these examples (1937); still strongly influenced by functionalism, as a laboratory must inevitably be. Yet it has, besides, the elegance and the sensitiveness to its natural setting which are

characteristic of more homely Swiss buildings. In the photographs of recent churches (Figs. 7, 8, 9) we see this contemporary restatement of tradition expressed very differently, because the religious and local traditions are themselves different: classical and Roman Catholic in the church at Geneva (Fig. 7), an austere Protestant "meeting house" tradition in Figs. 8 and 9. Architecturally the two latter are the more interesting and illustrate the application of concrete construction to the building of light, dignified, simple churches.

The difference of these two kinds of church is typical also of the very mixed racial, linguistic and cultural backgrounds that in part have gone to making the Swiss confederation and so of its architecture. There are 22 cantons, many of which occupy valleys, separated from their neighbours by mountain barriers, and there is wide climatic diversity. The frontier cantons have always been subject to the cultural influences of powerful adjacent states, yet it is this diversity, which might be expected to have prevented the formation of a single national culture, that actually has fostered its growth. As Mr. Conrad Furrer, one of the leading modern Swiss architects, has pointed out: "a national spirit exists because the cantons, though jealous of their own rights, have had to make common cause against both the forces of nature and potential invaders. Despite diversities of language and religion, there always has been a Swiss people unified by a will to independence and possessing a common outlook on matters of art and technology." This common outlook has taken the form of absorbing—from France, Italy, Germany, and



1.—SKI HUT IN GRISONS, 1936. R. Christ. 2.—LIVING-ROOM OF LAKESIDE COTTAGE, 1945. C.H. Brockhüser. 3.—COUNTRY HOUSE AT ZOLLIKON, 1933. H. Lenzinger. 4.—HOUSING SCHEME, SEEBACH, ZURICH, 1944-45. A. Saxer.

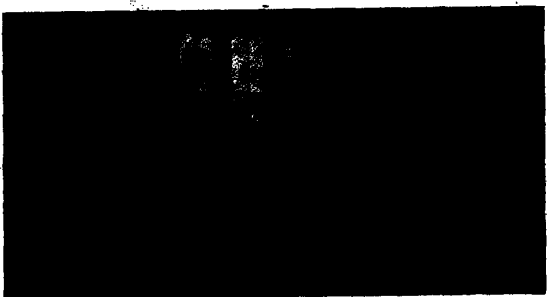
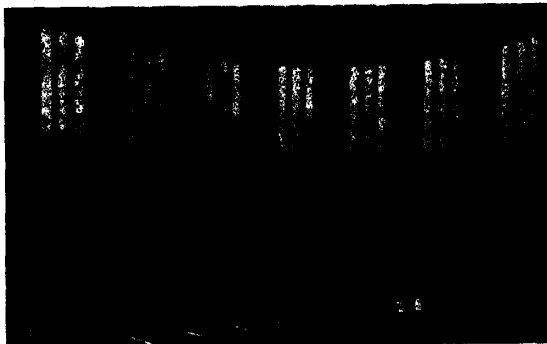
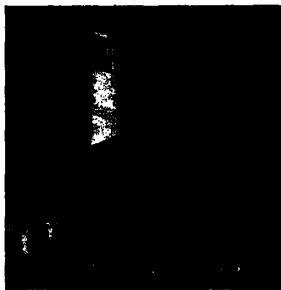


to some extent from England—the current cultural ideas and also of adapting them to the special needs of Switzerland imposed by climate and the bourgeois social structure. Hence such varied but typically Swiss forms as the mountain chalets, the guild halls, and the demure town houses of Geneva and Basel.

Swiss culture and architecture, in Mr. Furrer's view, have been formed just as much by the historical fact that the Swiss are a nation primarily of farmers and in the second place of craftsmen, which can only live by exporting goods of high quality. The development of the watch-making industry is an outstanding instance of the latter. And this has given rise to the feeling for quality in workmanship and design which I have stressed above as fastidiousness. To achieve high quality, whether in watches or building, the craftsman has had to think, to develop an analytical approach. When, therefore, a new method of construction such as concrete came along, or a new form of building, such as a hospital, it was subjected to the same elaborate thought-process as had been the older traditional crafts and forms. Says Mr. Furrer: "It is now realised that a town or a village is an object to be fashioned as lovingly and as carefully for both practical and aesthetic purposes as is a building or a watch."

Switzerland, which has produced in Le Corbusier and Perret two of the most revolutionary modern European architects, has thus returned, after the mistakes and experiments of the past hundred years, to appreciate the value of her national tradition. As another famous Swiss authority, Dr. Hans Hofman, expresses it: "We no longer believe in the omnipotence of science and technique, nor in the validity of functionalism as such, nor in the unquestioned authority of the intellect. We are seeking in our work a synthesis of rational working method with artistic imagination. . . . a rich architectural language sufficiently varied to deal distinctively with traditional buildings such as a house or church and emancipated ones like a factory or office block. The opposition of the public to buildings of the modern school can be largely explained by the austerity of the interiors offered and the break with the tradition of homeliness. We recognise this opposition as legitimate. In recent domestic buildings, generally speaking, the familiar brick, and tiled roof, are used again, and a simple and sensible architectural treatment recalls the sound tradition of indigenous building in the past. Where, however, we have to deal with a high block of buildings, we shall logically build in steel or reinforced concrete and employ a flat roof for aesthetic reasons."

This sensible and sympathetic exposition of architectural thought in one of the first European countries to adopt the modern approach to architecture, and one of the few in a position to develop its implications fully in recent years, accords exactly, I think, with the feelings of most of us in Britain. There is reason to hope, from the general trend of design as seen in the South Kensington exhibition, that it will be the attitude of British architects when we build again. If it is, we may look forward, in the 1950s, to seeing British buildings as gracious, varied, and sensibly efficient as these examples from Switzerland. C. H.



5.—LANDING AT POLICE H.Q., BASEL. 1937-41. Von der Muhl and Overauch. 6.—LABORATORIES, BASEL. 1937. Prof. O. R. Salvisberg. 7.—ST. THERESE CATHOLIC CHURCH, GENEVA. 1944-45. A. Guyonnet. 8.—ST. ANTHONY PROTESTANT CHURCH, BASEL. 1926-27. Prof. Karl Moser. 9.—PROTESTANT CHURCH, WOLLISHOFEN, ZURICH. 1936-37. H. Moser and Wittsch. 10.—STAIRCASE IN LABORATORIES, BASEL (see Fig. 6). Prof. O. R. Salvisberg.

THE DENHAM MONUMENT AT EGHAM

By KATHARINE A. ESDAILE

KNOWN instances of a patron altering a sculptor's design for a monument are obviously rare, since documents, let alone designs, relating to English monumental art have, in few cases, survived. In 1886, John Gage objected strongly to Gerard Johnson's design for the brasses representing his wives, at Fife, owing to their fashionable costumes, and they were consequently dressed thirty years out of date.

A second case—at Egham, Surrey—of an alteration of a far more serious character, resulting in a masterpiece incomparably finer and more original than the work at first proposed, has just come to light, and its intrinsic magnificence justifies a detailed account of both designs.

The proposed monument of Sir John Denham, Baron of the Exchequer (1559-1630), is to be seen in a sculptor's coloured drawing recently acquired by Sir Robert Witt (Fig. 1). It represents the judge in scarlet and ermine robes and coif, holding a scroll and leaning on his elbow on an altar tomb flanked by decorated pyramids (the obelisks so frequent on tombs of the time and alluded to by Shakespeare, Milton and other poets).

On the back is a three-line inscription: "Sir Drew Deane, Baron Denham, winding sheets" (Fig. 2). The last two words give us the clue to the glorious Resurrection figure (Fig. 3) which was to replace the commonplace judge; "Baron Denham" is, of course, an impossible title, a sort of shorthand, but why Sir Drew Deane was involved I have been unable to find out. We can only conjecture that he was an executor, since he clearly gave the commission, but Denham's will at Somerset House appears to be a hasty later summary, giving no executors' names; it states that Denham desired to be buried with his wife at Egham. Probably his only son, the

poet, was also an executor, since he had recently come of age.

The judge "died the 6 of January about 4 of the Clock in the Morning and was buried the 10th of January at 9 of the Clock at Night, 1630," says a note in the parish register copied by John Aubrey in his *Survey*, and his account of the work, together with his drawing, of which more presently, may be seen in his MS. at the Bodleian which is far more valuable than any reprint indicates. Aubrey's description of the monument is as follows:—

"The Monument of Sir John Denham one of the Barons of the Exchequer, in alabaster, two black marble pillars with Corinthian heads of alabaster gilt, his figure naked (but winding sheets) arising out of his coffin: looking upwards; on the Coffin written in golden letters *Præterita Spero, a little lower* I see his scarlet robes and square cappe: under that *Skeletons* (among the skeletons or like, as arising at *ys Resurrection*) his owne figure and his ladyes as rising: above this written *ex ossibus armati*." The words in the latter pair of brackets are an insertion.

Aubrey's otherwise elaborate drawing leaves the ossuary blank—the elaborate pattern of bones was probably too much for his pencil; but in the blank space on the right he has written "Sir Jn & lady," over the spot, that is, where the best preserved figures of the dead are. Sir John's shrouded body starting up at the Judgment call is, in fact, almost unaltered—the face, very subtly studied, closely resembling the large rising effigy above, but more fallen in, his wife is recumbent below, with hands joined in prayer; her shroud, too, is not yet cast off. Against Aubrey's drawing of Sir John the antiquary has also written: "the figure they say was very like him, and resembles his son John who (they say) was like his father."

A careful re-inspection of the work shows that the judge's robes and cap are no longer there, but there are three unexplained breaks in the projecting edge of the slab on which the coffin rests, where the robes and cap may have been. Probably they were badly damaged when the monument was moved, and projected over the edge where the breaks are, so that the whole was taken away. It is impossible to look on to the top of the ledger for traces of dowel holes, etc., owing to the height and inaccessibility of the work, placed on the wall of the gallery staircase, but they may easily be there.

The text of the other inscriptions is not given by Aubrey, but they are so characteristic of the whole that they must be quoted. Nor does he mention that the Corinthian columns support small figures blowing pipes, or that between them is an arch surmounted by an inlaid armorial pediment. Below each figure is the inscription *VENI A SORORIBUS*, Awake out of sleep; on the edge of the coffin (in small letters) *xx*



Girshkin

1.—THE SCULPTOR'S DRAWING OF HIS DESIGN FOR THE PROPOSED MONUMENT



Girshkin

2.—THE INSCRIPTION ON THE BACK OF THE DRAWING

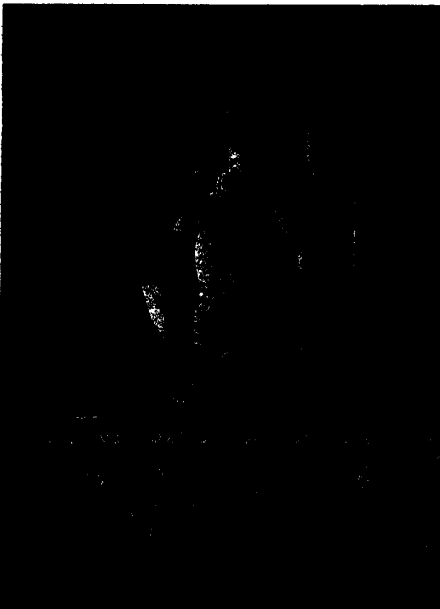
OSSIBUS ARMATI, above the ledger SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI (these words are no longer visible); on the coffin, as Aubrey notes, *PRÆTERITA SPERO*; on the inner arch *QUAMDIU DOMINE JESU. QUAMDIU, VENI, O DOMINE JESU, VENI*; and on the edge of the arch, *VITA, VITA ET RESURRECTIONE MEA EST PER JESUM CHRISTUM AD AETERNAM BEATITUDINEM CUM SANCTIS*. The background bears the following:

FUTURA SPERO UT A PECCATIS IN VITA SIC A MORTE POST VITAM ET SECUNDA REDDAT PRIMAM ET ULTIMAM IN CHRISTO RESURRECTIONEM EX OMNI PARTE PERTINAM.

In fact, Sir John's resurrection body is represented as perfect *omne pars*, and we are to understand that the figures in the open ossuary below are on the way to the same persuasion, stirring into life at different stages, even the mere bones being instinct with emotion.

We have here one of the few really intense monumental designs of the period, the finest, probably, of the Resurrection type in the country, and the inscriptions are of corresponding intensity, betraying a devotional spirit such as befits a contemporary of Donne. It is a remarkable fact that in 1633 Sir Drew Deane (so he wrote his name) had erected a monument to his mother at Great Maplestead, Essex, which represents her shrouded figure rising from an urn above his own figure extended at her feet; this, as we know from Sir Edmund Verney, was by William Wright of Charing Cross.

It is clear that Deane's taste in and experience of monuments were responsible for Denham's "winding sheets"; but the work as we have it is certainly not by Wright; its authorship must wait for the moment, while we turn to the future Sir John Denham, poet. He may have



Fulton, N.B.R.

3.—THE GLORIOUS RESURRECTION FIGURE WHICH REPLACED THE COMMONPLACE JUDGE

been one of his father's executors, and he had already appeared as a small boy in a red cloak on the monument in the same church erected by the judge to his two wives. He was to have appeared, kneeling at his father's head, on the design first submitted and rejected. We may probably enquire whether the poet's verse suggests any interest in mortality or Resurrection subjects, as he, the only living member of the family, if not an executor, must have been consulted about his father's monument. (The poet had caused his father anxiety by his extravagance and gambling propensities, and may not have been named as executor.)

Most of us know only Denham's famous apostrophe to the Thames out of his *Copsey's Hill*, beginning "Oh, could I flow like thee," and much even of that poem must be admitted to be uninspiring; but the following passage is not without interest in connection with the judge's monument: From the poem on *Old Age*:

*The wise and virtuous soul, with clearer eyes,
Before she falls, some happy poet describes.
My friends, your fathers I shall surely see,
Not only those I lov'd, or who lov'd me.
But such as before ours did end their days,
Of whom we hear, and read, and write their praises.*

The elder Sir John surely describes some happy poet as he rises from the grave, whether we look at the perfect body above or the still mortal Sir John in the osuary below.

Or take these lines on Mr. John Fletcher's Works:

*So shall we joy, when all whom beasts and worms
Have turn'd to their own substances and forms,
Whom earth to earth, or fire hath chang'd to fire,
We shall behold more than at first entire,
As now we do, to see all thing they own
In this my Muse's resurrection,
Whose scatter'd parts from thy own race, more wounds
Hath suffered, than Actæon from his hounds.*

Such Resurrection imagery, surely, was not written without a glance at the Resurrection of the "scatter'd parts" on his father's tomb.

The summary of Denham's will desires that he shall be buried at Egham, where his wives lay. The monument he erected to them is an attractive work showing one in profile, the other



T. D. Kendrick

4.—TRUTH SUPPORTING COLT'S MONUMENT OF LORD SALISBURY AT HATFIELD, HERTFORDSHIRE

full face, holding the babe at whose birth she died, her son John kneeling in the corner. Against his description Aubrey has written twice over the words, "This is a very pretty monument." It is said that the figure of the future poet was stolen, found by Flaxman in a local junk shop, and by him restored to its place.

We still have to tackle the artistic problem, and find a man capable at once of the fine but not original Sir John of the drawing—"the judge in his formalities," to use Anthony à Wood's phrase—and of the superb study of the human form, at once anatomical and imaginative, which we see at Egham, evolved out of the simple order "Winding sheets." The coloured drawing for the first design is fortunately closely linked with the drawing of the Lord Shrewsbury (d. 1818) in Westminster Abbey by Maximilian Colt in his *Book of Monuments* at the College of Arms; no one comparing the two can doubt

that they are by the same hand. (We cannot compare the writing on the back of the Denham, which is ordinary cursive, with the inscription in *The Book of Monuments*, as those in the latter are elaborately written titles, not in cursive at all.)

Can we see Maximilian Colt as author of the monument actually raised? Yes, I think undoubtedly we can. Not only is there the likeness of the Denham drawing to the documentary Shrewsbury drawing, but the monument of Elizabeth's Lord Salisbury at Hatfield represents the statesman (to whom Colt sent a model of his tomb for his approval in 1677) recumbent in his robes on a ledger above a second ledger on which a skeleton lies in the same posture; the first ledger rests on the shoulders of four kneeling cardinal Virtues. So we have a skeleton to show Colt's mastery of the bones for comparison with the osuary, and we have the half-naked figure of Truth (Fig. 4) to show his power of representing the human body; the man who carved that charming virginal figure was the same master of carving the risen body of Sir John Denham.

Maximilian Colt, or Poultrain, was a refugee from Arras who came over in 1695 to join his brother John, who had come in 1588 and had made the funeral effigy of Mary, Queen of Scots, and translated his name into English. He married a sister of Marc Gheeraert—apparently when he had just received the appointment as Royal commissioner for the monument of Queen Elizabeth in the Abbey—and, settling in Smithfield, was a near neighbour and friend of Le Sueur, into whose studio he introduced his nephew, John Colt the younger. He lost his wife in 1645, and survived to within a year or two of the Restoration, as John Currey's petition to Charles II for his uncle's Office as Carver to the Crown shows.

We have a very long list of documented works—far more than any account of him has yet suggested—and as a sculptor he stands head and shoulders above Nicholas Stone and other contemporaries. The exact date of his death is unknown, for while under the Commonwealth were, like Registers, confused and ill kept; but he was working in this country for over fifty years, and must, as the *Dictionary of National Biography* long ago recognised, be reckoned an English artist. But he executed no more original and imaginative work than the monument to Sir John Denham, which is the glory of Egham, and which owed its character to Sir Dru Domes's simple order, "winding sheets."

ENTENTE AT THE DOG SHOW

By LORNA LEWIS

THE young French student holidaying in the village is mad about dogs. What better, therefore, than that I should take him to the local dog show, combining pleasure with a study of English traditional life?

It will not be, I explain, a grand affair like Crufts, but he will see many interesting types, for there is quite a number of dog-breeders in our neighbourhood; and many dogs of excellent pedigree. I hope to impress him by this, because the dogs he has seen in our village could not raise a pedigree between them, admirable animals though they be; the exception being our own grey Cairn Nelsiegh, now busy at our feet searching her person for harvester-bites and not looking at all like the product of good forebears.

So we go to the show, a few miles away, and I tell Jules that he, he will not actually see *chiens de chasse*, as in France, but there will be other sporting breeds, and many terriers no doubt.

I was right to warn him that this would not be a grand affair, though it is a gay scene, with riage surrounded by a few benches crowded with adult and child spectators. The school sports pavilion (the show is held on the playing-field) is temporarily converted into a stand for small silver cups, one side, and for ice-creams and lemonade on the other. A quantity of dogs of various kinds gambol aimlessly around on leads, or sit having their paws combed, their

whiskers brushed and other finishing touches put to their toilets. Some sit on benches, with their owners standing meekly beside them; some sit on their owners, watching their fellow competitors parade in the rings.

I point to all this as a typical informal English entertainment.

Jules seems a little worried.

"The dogs are not in cages?" he asks. "In France the dogs would be in cages."

I reply: At Crufts there would be a form of cage, or separate compartment, for each competitor; then they would parade in the ring. But at a local show, no cages.

He looks around and his face brightens. "A Danish dog!" he cries. I point out that we call it a Great Dane, and refer him to the bull-mastiffs, five in number, now displaying their good qualities in the ring. Also to some quivering terriers in the other ring, whose owners arrange the animals' four legs in beautiful positions, using their short tails as handles to pull them smartly up. All very fine, and no dog disgraces himself by wagging that tail at a friend until the order for release is given.

At my elbow Jules is clamouring to see a "Santalre." I offer him two Irish Setters, and he is delighted. But he has not yet found an *Apogee*. I point out a gang of Cocker spaniels, Chamber spaniels, and Springers. He likes them, but they are not what in France they call *Apogee*. So I divert his attention to a mixed

class of Labradors, retrievers, and a deerhound.

Jules asks gallantly: "Will there not be any dogs like Nelsie on view?" I have already noted various Sealyhams, West Highlands, and a Cairn, looking rather moodily at each other in a group, waiting their turn to parade.

So the show goes on, and Jules cannot take his eyes off the sporting dogs, the shooting dogs, the handful of Scotties that temporarily give a black centipedal appearance to the ring, and the lovely little black-and-white spaniel who digs her toes in and won't move one yard and so misses her chance of a first prize.

We come at last to the curiously-assorted class made up of a huge St. Bernard, a whippet, some spaniels, a bull terrier, a French poodle (*chien de caniche*, says Jules) and a perky little Cairn.

I expatiate on the merits of the French poodle. I speak with truth of his intelligence, his charm, his unsuitability, the grace of his movements, his affectionate disposition, his sporting instincts. Jules is moved. He grows pink. He accepts my compliments on behalf of his great nation.

Then he bows towards the Cairn terrier, now looking rather small among these bigger creatures.

"For myself," says Jules with a charming smile, "I prefer the little Nelsie dog."
Honour is satisfied.

COURT OF HILL, SHROPSHIRE

THE HOME OF LT.-COL.
ANTHONY FIELDEN, M.C.

Built 1683, high on the slopes of Clee Hill, by Andrew Hill, incorporating an earlier house on a site that had been the home of Hills since the thirteenth century.

By
CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

COURT of Hill is an ancient building, spacious, not uncomfortably so, situation particularly fine. The house stands on a steep knoll which is laid into paddock, from three sides of which 'tis impossible to conceive a prospect more beautiful, except for want of water. You look from a vast eminence down on valleys so sweetly diversified, then the country rising mountain above mountain, almost reaching to the clouds; Malvern's famed hills just in front, and as you look round part of eight counties are at once in view—Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Herefordshire, beyond these the Welsh ones of Brecknock, Radnor, Monmouth and Montgomery. Behind the house is a fine grove bounded by a vast mountain called Clee Hill, dreadfully steep to ascend but dimly so to descend, tho' they make nothing of it in their coach or on horseback. At the top indeed one is rewarded for all the frights and trouble in the view around you."

This account, given by Mrs. Lybbe-Powys, describes Court of Hill, set half-way up the southern slope of the Clee Hill, as well to-day as in the August of 1771 when the letter was written. She had gone to stay with her husband's cousin, Thomas Hill, whose grand-



1.—THE SOUTH FRONT, OVERLOOKING MOST OF HEREFORD AND WORCESTERSHIRE

father, Andrew Hill, had rebuilt the house at the end of Charles II's reign—his arms and those of his mother, with the date 1683, are set over the former front door in the centre of the front overlooking the wonderful view. The builder was a young man at the time and did not marry Anne Powys, of Henley Hall (described August 16 and 23) till 1697.

The Hills had been living at Court of Hill certainly since the fourteenth century, if not continuously since 1221 when William de la Hulle held the vill of Hulle, as the hamlet was

then called. Humpbrey Hill, in the time of Henry V. had four sons, the second of whom, Ralph, is the ancestor of the Hills of Hawkestone, now represented by Viscount Hill; the youngest, Sir Rowland, becoming Lord Mayor of London, and the eldest, William, living at Court of Hill. Thus this upland manor is the cradle, and the Clee the namesake, of the widespread Shropshire clan of Hills.

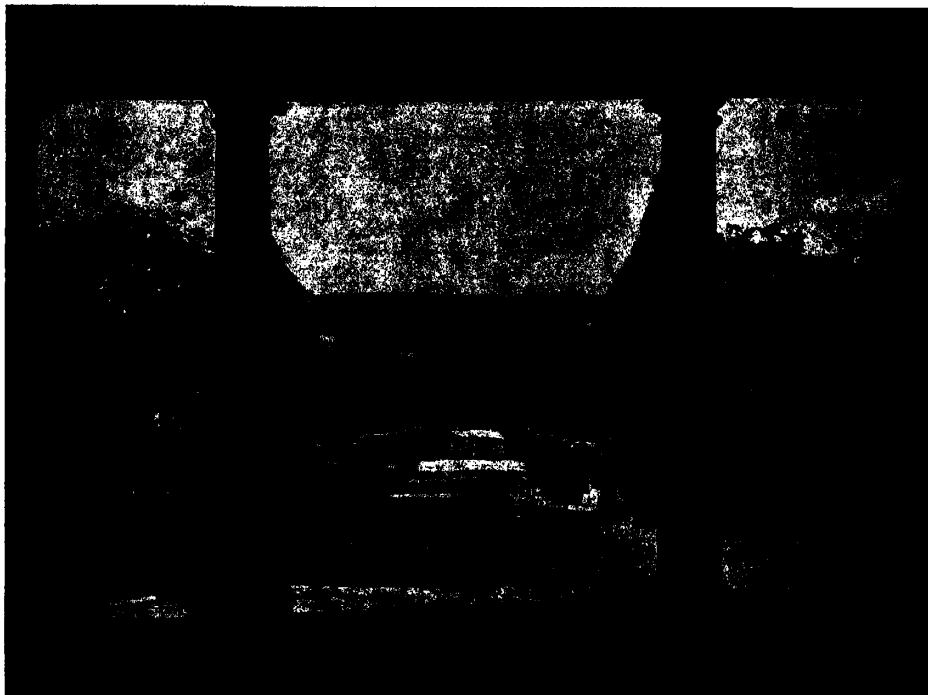
Part of the east side of the house is built of rubble masonry that, although retaining no datable features, is evidently of greater age, perhaps c. 1500; and the brick chimneys, though reconstructed, are of early Tudor type, so aligned as to suggest that an H was the plan of the original house, of which the forecourt to the south was filled in by Andrew Hill. His remodelling, in plum-coloured brick with stone facings, and wide hipped roof, was characteristic of country masons' rendering of the new style.

The window frames have blocks in the imposts where the wooden transoms of the original casements abutted and which were never replaced on the south front till the present modern casements were inserted.

The main approach is now, and probably always was, from the west whence an avenue leads to that side of the house, where a modern porch is the present entrance. For the latter part of its course the avenue is flanked by the stables to the north and the old garden to the south, where a dovecot, its vane dated 1767, overlooks a long and deep border filled with great masses of herbaceous colour in nicely calculated disarray (Fig. 2). The original entrance court to the south is now a rose garden with stone-flagged paths and steps descending between lawns to a low wall



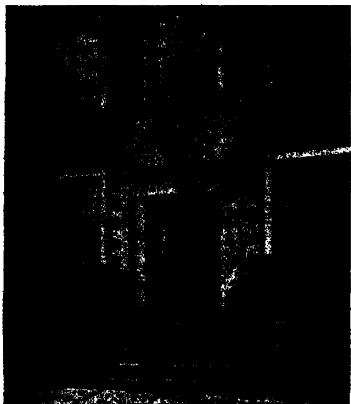
2.—THE GARDEN AND DOVECOT ALONGSIDE THE WEST APPROACH



3.—LOOKING OVER THE TEME VALLEY TO THE WELSH HILLS FROM—



4.—THE PORTICO IN THE KITCHEN GARDEN



5.—THE OLD ENTRANCE IN THE SOUTH FRONT, DATED 1683, and 6.—THE HALL INTO WHICH IT OPENS.

The massive oak table has always been in the house

bounding the paddock noticed by Mrs. Lybbe-Powys. She made, however, no allusion to another garden that, had it then existed, could not have failed to excite her to the exclamations it evokes from a visitor to-day. This lies at the end of the avenue and across the road, on the west slope of the hill, and consists in a large walled kitchen garden.

In the middle of the upper side a portico, modelled on that of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, forms a porch of entry and a summer-house (Fig. 4); looking between cypresses down a stepped grass walk

at a most glorious view over northern Herefordshire and the mountains of South Wales (Fig. 3). Though the shifting here of the kitchen garden probably dates from the first part of the nineteenth century, the Temple was surely built by Thomas Hill or his daughter.

They were a large and cheerful party as described by Mrs. Lybbe-Powys that August in 1771.

Their (the Hills') manner of living is always in the superb style of ancient hospitality, only their winters are spent in London. You see hospitality blended with

every elegance of fashionable taste; but they have a vast fortune and only two children, both girls, one ten, the other five. Their house, Mrs. Hill says, is ever full of company, as at present. Our party, sixteen in all, relations; but they have nine good spare chambers. . . . The Miss Hills each have a servant. I've already seen eight maids; how many more there be I know not.

Some of the rooms occupied by this delectable if, by modern standards rather close-packed, gathering of relations, are seen in the illustrations. The front has three



7.—THE CHARLES II STAIRCASE



8.—ON THE FIRST-FLOOR LANDING



9.—THE OAK-PANELLED STUDY



10.—WAINSCOT CUPBOARDS IN A BEDROOM

reception rooms, in the middle the hall (Fig. 6), now lined with panelling not belonging to the house, but with its original ceiling and a very massive oak table always in the house, at least 300 years old and most likely made for the kitchen. At the south-west corner is an attractive drawing-room, with an early 19th-century ornamented ceiling and inserted pine panelling; at the south-east corner a study (Fig. 9) retaining its excellent bolection oak wainscot. Behind the hall rises the admirably massive and well preserved oak staircase (Fig. 7) with above it a very fine silver chandelier of c. 1700, and below it a great oak press with the original brass mountings and of Welsh or at least Border

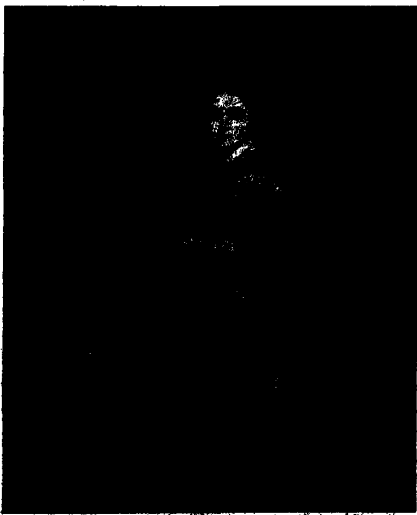
ancestry deriving from tridarne and court cupboard. At first-floor landing double doors set in a full entablature (Fig. 8) give into the centre bedroom through the thick spine-wall of the house. This may be the outer wall of the Tudor structure. It contains the chimney-breasts, advantage of which was taken to provide cupboard-space in the thickness of the doorway. Several of the bedrooms have their bolection wainscoting, in one case with inset cupboards worked into the panel pattern (Fig. 10).

Thomas Hill's wealth was no doubt partly derived from the lime workings and quarries on the Clec Hill, which Mrs. Lybbe-Powys visited and described in due course. He was M.P. for Leominster, but the last of the male succession to live at Court of Hill. When he died in 1776 the elder of the two daughters, who had married Thomas Humphrey Lowe of Bromsgrove, succeeded him. In 1926 Mr. A. N. V. Hill-Lowe sold the estate to the late Edward Brocklehurst Fielden, M.P. for the Exchange Division of Manchester, of Condovery Hall, Shrewsbury, and of Dobroyd Castle, Todmorden, father of the present owner.

That is how it came about that, in this remote part of Shropshire, we find vivid recollections of that remarkable character John Fielden of Todmorden (1784-1849), the Cobbett of the cotton mills. A great industrialist, founder of the Fielden family fortunes, he came of yeoman Quaker stock and represented fervent radicalism in the Parliaments of the 'thirties. Having worked as a boy in his father's primitive mill—and permanently injured his health thereby—he made the Waterside Mills, between 1811-30, the largest plant in the kingdom. A warm admirer of Cobbett, he stood in alliance with him for the Reformed Parliament of 1832 and thenceforward was unremitting in his efforts for shorter working hours and

improved conditions in factories. With Ashley (later Earl of Shaftesbury) he carried the Ten Hours Bill in 1847—which Fielden, in the interests of both masters and workers, had rather had been for an eight-hour day. "Honest John Fielden," as his friends called him, was known to his opponents as "the self-acting mule," for he did not shine as an orator. In the House his voice was weak, he spoke with a strong Lancashire accent, and neither his formidable statistics nor pathetic first-hand descriptions of the horrors of early industrialism were relished by his fellow Members.

At Court of Hill is a miniature replica in marble of Foley's bronze statue of him at Todmorden (Fig. 11). The bent, spare frame, the noble, ascetic, intellectual head, present that other side of the Victorian age which, in its more familiar aspect, is so cosily summed up in the portrait of his daughter-in-law, Ruth Stansfield (d. 1875), first wife of his son John Fielden, of Grimston Park, Tadcaster.

11.—JOHN FIELDEN OF TODMORDEN
Marble statuette, height 39 in., by Foley12.—RUTH, WIFE OF JOHN FIELDEN OF GRIMSTON
(d. 1875). Oils, 36½ in. by 25½ in.

TOPOGRAPHICAL ARTIST of the 18th CENTURY

By H. RONALD HICKS

THE importance of topographical works by Devon artists of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries has often been recognised, as the many exhibitions containing works by such eminent artists as John White Abbott (1768-1851), Samuel Prout (1783-1852), William Traies (1788-1872), Frederick Richard Lee, R.A. (1786-1879) and Nicholas Condy (1788-1851), all sons of Devon, testify. To these names must be added that of William Payne, active 1776-1850, an artist, whose work, until recently little known, merits our consideration and without whom no conception of 18th-century British topographical art would be complete.

It is to the topographical artist that we must turn when we wish to recall the social life and customs, the landscape and architecture of a century or more ago. Their faithful records have done much to give us an accurate conception of the contemporary scene. Georgian transport and costume are carefully recorded, and fields and country lanes now absorbed within the heart of a 20th-century city are preserved for all time to posterity by artists whose works, apart from natural charm, are important as records of scenes which have since vanished.

William Payne, traditionally a Devonian and claimed as a son of Plymouth, was employed as a civil engineer at Plymouth Dock—now Devonport. A Devon directory for 1780 records that the "Clerk of the Survey" in the Dockyard (a position corresponding to the Superintendent Civil Engineer to-day) was a certain Ralph Payne, and that the "Second Assistant to the Master Shipwright" was William Payne. The name Payne occurs so frequently in the old Plymouth and Devon directories that reference to him as a Devonian and even as a Plymouth artist is justified.

From 1776 to 1780 all the known drawings by Payne are of West Country subjects, recording the scenery in and around Plymouth, on the banks of the River Tamar and the River Tavy, Lydford Gorge, Brent Tor and the valley near Tavistock and Okehampton. Unlike many of his contemporaries in search of subjects, he does not seem to have been particularly attracted by St. Ives and the Cornish fishing villages; as far as can be ascertained, Looe was the most westerly point that he reached on his sketching tours.

Plymouth from the Exeter Road (coloured etching) is an interesting example of Payne's topographical work. The attention is at once centred on the coach as it wends its way

slowly down the hill. A note on the back of a similar etching states that this is the Exeter to Plymouth Dock Coach which, according to Howland's 1792 *Guide to Plymouth Dock*, called at the Prince George Inn, Plymouth, before completing its journey to the dock. On the left the flag is seen flying over the Citadel. In the middle distance is Drake's Island, known once as St. Nicholas Island, and on the right are the spire of Charles' Church and the tower of St. Andrew's, both buildings since destroyed by enemy action. The distant trees are those of Mount Edgumbe Park, while the horseman riding behind the coach is a local character whom Payne included in many of his drawings. This old man, a messenger in the Dockyard, was conspicuous for his red coat, and would often pose for Payne so that his presence in a drawing is almost a signature. The colour, which is exceptionally pleasant, has been applied in clear firm washes. In some coloured etchings it is difficult to decide the purpose of the etched line, whether it is primarily a basis for water colour, as an outline in pen or pencil might be, or merely means of mass producing water-colours.

In some instances Payne used the etched line as a simple means of producing sketches which would prove suitable for students to colour. He developed, in his later years, a lucrative teaching practice, and tribute to his success as a teacher has often been made. While many deplore the easily acquired style, there is no doubting the patronage he received or the success he achieved. W. H. Pyne, the editor of *The Somerset House Gazette*, records that during the period when Payne taught in London, "elegant groups of youthful amateurs" might be seen in St. James's Square, "manufacturing landscapes à la Payne."

A pair of water-colours, *Plymouth from Stonehouse Hill* and *Mount Edgumbe from Crennill Passage*, once the property of Queen Adelaide, suggest that he was patronised by Royalty. Both these drawings are typical



PLYMOUTH FROM STONEHOUSE HILL.
WATER-COLOUR. By William Payne

examples of Payne's composition formula, for in them appears a variation of his favourite theme: a noble tree or a vertical house, framing a distant landscape view which gradually fades away into the distance and enabled him to use his famous Payne's Grey, a colour for which he is still remembered. The constant repetition of this formula led to a similarity in his works and gives a feeling of the theatrical. *Mount Edgumbe from Crennill Passage* illustrates his method of giving vitality to the foreground by parallel brush strokes of strong colour, which eventually developed into mannerism. Mount Edgumbe, like many other interesting and historic buildings in the environs of Plymouth, was a war casualty, being destroyed by fire.

The water-colour *Plymouth from Stonehouse Hill* records country walks, now lost, within the heart of the City of Plymouth. The quiet path-side has given place to busy streets and roads, and the rapid growth of business, industrial and service life has caused the countryside to recede rapidly from this spot. In the centre foreground can be seen the edge of Stonehouse Pool or Creek.

Two volumes of drawings by Payne, in the collection of Devon books at the Exeter City Library, contain no fewer than eighty-six water-colour drawings, the majority being signed "W. Payne," and a number dated 1788. In size they are approximately 5 ins. by 6½ ins., and bear as their titles the names of many country houses. All these water-colours are pure topography, and while they delineate the country seat of the Devonian nobility of the eighteenth century, they subordinate its necessary presence to the beauty of the landscape. There is a marked difference between the drawings in these volumes and much of his later work. Earlier paintings are often found by the shackles of topographical draughtsmanship, but the paintings completed in the first years of the nineteenth century reveal that freshness and spontaneity which marks the emancipation of water-colour drawing from pure topography.

Western Mill, near Plymouth, dated 1780, appears to have been a favoured subject, if the numerous occasions on which he sketched the Mill are any indication. The unusual manner of painting trees, seen at its best in this drawing, was peculiarly his own: he had a practice of splitting the brush to give the effects of various forms of foliage.



PLYMOUTH FROM THE EXETER ROAD. COLOURED ETCHING

Mount Edgcombe and St. Nicholas Island from the River, a coloured etching, depicts a vessel wrecked against the cliffs of the Sound, beneath the Hoe at Plymouth. This famous scene, known to travellers throughout the world, has been the setting of many historic events. In more recent days, it has seen the commencement of many naval actions. Payne in his own distinctive style records it as it was known to him at the close of the eighteenth century.

Many other local scenes of Plymouth and its neighbourhood were faithfully recorded. In many of them one's attention is drawn to the small groups of people busy at their work, the girl with her fishing nets, the men with their horses and boats. *Penitentiary Castle on the Tamar* is an example of his mature work. The innovations Payne made as a water-colour painter made charming effects look easy to obtain. The beautiful pen drawing of many of his earlier works reveals the care and handiwork of the professional draughtsman. As the years passed and he was able to master and develop a new technique he abandoned the use of the pen. Many water-colours reveal the use of Indian ink and occasionally lamp black for effective foreground shadows. Carefully toned into the distance with the use of Payne's Grey, these colours, while in many cases effective, were often forced beyond natural limits. To give the foreground texture he developed a trick of dragging the colours and even taking out the lights by wetting the surface of the drawing by rubbing with a damp rag. Thus having prepared a strongly contrasting light and shade, he delicately tinted the foreground and middle distance. In some instances added power was given to his work by the use of a rough absorbent paper.

Payne achieved fame outside his native county, exhibiting at the Royal Academy from 1786 to 1790 and receiving the commendation of the President, Sir Joshua Reynolds, his most distinguished fellow Devonian, for two water-colours of Plymouth, the President's birthplace. Between 1763 and 1787, S. Middelman published his *Select Views of Great Britain*, engraved from pictures and drawings by the most eminent artists, with descriptions—a collection of fifty-three drawings among which are examples of Payne's work. It appears obvious, therefore, that his work must have been sufficiently well known for him to be chosen to represent Devon.

Coloured aquatints were engraved after Payne and published by John B. Thompson of Great Newport Street in 1803. Examples of these are *On the River Tamar and Millway, Plymouth*, both coloured by Payne with characteristic colouring and over-lavish use of gum.

The fact that Payne also painted in oils is often overlooked. Col. M. H. Grant, in his monumental work *Old English Landscape Painters*, instances Payne as one of those artists whose fame as aquarellists has completely obscured their more masterly work in oils. The effects of sunlight in many water-colours reveals that at heart Payne was a colourist, despite his love of artificiality and for pale greys and greens. In his oil paintings this sense of colour comes into its own, for gleaming reds and greens shine from the canvases.

Payne was elected a member of the Old Water Colour Society, but, as he withdrew from membership early in the nineteenth century, his name appears to have been forgotten and no record of his death exists.

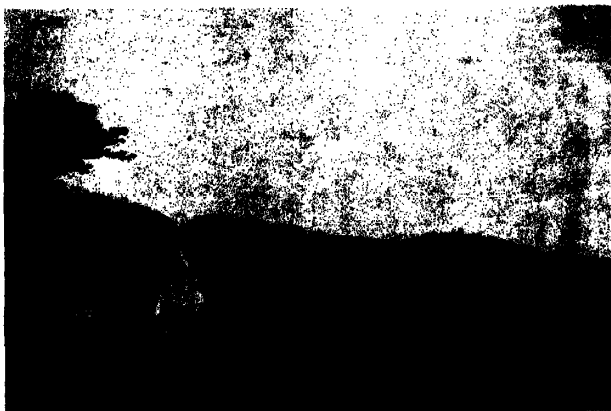
His works are often signed, "W. Payne," in script, each letter separate. Sometimes works are dated, and on many examples the title appears in full on the back in handwriting which may be that of Payne.

It is indeed fortunate that the cult of topography coincided with the changing face of Britain which commenced more than a hundred years ago. It had been the practice for landscapes to be recorded merely as a background for portraits and conversation pieces. Payne and his contemporaries did much to popularise landscape painting, and it is to them that we are indebted for this important record of our island life.

(The illustrations in this article are reproduced by courtesy of the Plymouth Art Gallery).



MOUNT EDGCOMBE AND ST. NICHOLAS ISLAND FROM THE HAUT.
COLOURED ETCHING



PENITENTIARY CASTLE ON THE TAMAR. WATER-COLOUR



WESTERN MILL, NEAR PLYMOUTH. WATER-COLOUR

NEW CARS DESCRIBED

THE WOLSELEY 14/60

By J. EASON GIBSON

THE Wolseley 14/60 is probably the best known of the cars in this firm's range, partly owing, no doubt, to the extensive use made of them by so many police forces. In common with the other Wolseley models at present available, this one embodies no new features of design but follows the lines that have been tried over a period of years.

Owing to the similarity of appearance and dimensions it is difficult to distinguish this model from the 18/85 (COUNTRY LIFE, April 12, 1946). I think that it must be the roomiest 14-h.p. car on the market just now, the internal body width over the rear seats measuring 48 inches. All body dimensions, with the exception of the width at the scuttle, are identical with those of the 18 h.p., and it might be expected that the performance would suffer accordingly. This, however, is not so, and it is of interest to study the reasons.

Although the brake horse-power is 55 against 70, this has been obtained at 4,200 revolutions per minute instead of 4,000. As the 14 h.p. car has been kept 2 cwt. lighter than the 18 h.p., and as lower overall gear ratios have been used, it will be seen that the performance of the two cars should be comparable. This is borne out by the figures obtained on test. The figure of 27.4 sec. for accelerating from 0 to 80 m.p.h. is, in fact, identical with the figure previously on the 18 h.p., while the times achieved for 10-30 m.p.h. and for 20-40 m.p.h. are only as little as 1 sec. slower. Over 60 m.p.h., of course, the greater power and higher gear ratio of the 18 h.p. begin to be felt, and the maximum speed shows a difference of 6 m.p.h.

The specification is conventional throughout and follows lines similar to those of previous Wolseley models. The chassis is of deep channel section, and is stiffened with cruciform bracing. The suspension is by long, flat, semi-elliptic springs assisted by Luvax-Girling shock-absorbers. The springs used by this firm are known as "phased," in which the periodicity of the front and rear springs varies widely, thus largely preventing pitching on bumpy roads. The brakes are Lockheed hydraulic with brake drums of 10 inches in diameter. All four brakes are operated by the brake pedal, while the handbrake is operative on the rear wheels only, by cable.

The chassis is provided with built-in hydraulic jacks fitted to both axles. These can

be worked from the driver's seat and lift either one or both sides together. The ground clearance is 6½ inches, which should be ample for all conditions, particularly as there are no projections below frame level. As the car is not unduly low there is no necessity for a transmission tunnel with its customary inconvenience to the rear passenger.

Bi-metal pistons of new design are used, with wire windings around the piston skirt. This controls the rate of expansion of the pistons and permits them to be fitted with smaller clearances than usual, thus preventing piston-slap when the engine is cold. The lubrication system incorporates a Tascamit full-flow oil filter, and the oil feed from the sump has a constant level feed, floating on the surface of the oil. This prevents

long run. Instead of the more usual dipping mechanism the switch puts out both headlamps and brings in a Lucas pass-light mounted on the nearside bumper. This system has a good deal to recommend it, as the long, flat top beam of this type of light is the very thing needed when meeting oncoming traffic. The fog-lamp, also mounted on the bumper, is operated by a separate dashboard switch. The steering column is adjustable for both rake and length. For people either over or under average height, this advantage is well worth having, and contributes greatly to comfort and safety at the wheel.

On test I soon discovered that the 14/60 has the dual personality that I have previously noticed in other models from this factory. The car appeared happy no matter how it was driven.



THE WOLSELEY 14/60

the pump from picking up dirt or sludge that might be lying on the bottom of the sump. The oil filter is on top of the overhead valve cover and is easily reached for replenishment. The dip stick could do with lengthening slightly, to obviate the necessity for those below average height to lie across the wing when checking the oil level. The battery is fitted under the floorboards and not under the bonnet on this model.

The bodywork is coachbuilt, of steel paneling on a wood framework, and the finish is of a high order. The makers have apparently taken a great deal of trouble to prevent the effects of sound and heat from reaching the occupants of the car. All the carpets are interlined with heat- and sound-resisting material, and all body and door panels are treated with anti-drumming compound. The distance from floor to roof is 47 inches. The car is easily capable of carrying five passengers in comfort, and a folding armrest can be brought into use should there be only two passengers in the rear seat.

The absence of a transmission tunnel, with its accompanying foot wells, makes unnecessary the performance of maintaining feet when getting in or out of the car. The door-handles and window-winders, although not recessed, are well placed and do not prove an inconvenience at any time. A large luggage boot is provided at the rear, the spare wheel having a separate compartment below. There is thus no need to shift all the luggage to reach the spare wheel. The luggage boot can be locked with the ignition key, but the spare wheel is locked with a key of salway-carriage type. A proper key would be better, as any skilful person with a screwdriver could open the compartment.

The contours of the seating appealed to me as better than average. The seats give good support both in the small of the back and under the thighs, where I for one always suffer on a

One could do practically everything on top gear and drive in a rather lazy manner; or, with enthusiastic use of the gear lever, the car could be driven at its highest speeds all the time. Even when driving gently the car covered the ground rapidly, as the acceleration on top gear from about 50 m.p.h. right up to the cruising speed of 55 to 60 m.p.h. was very good.

When one is trying to get the utmost out of the car the performance for such a large vehicle is refreshing, and even at the highest speeds possible it comes in an accurate and steady manner. It is a useful car to drive, largely owing to the excellent visibility, which enables one to relax and yet be in full control of the situation. There is no need to sit up, even when driving through narrow gates or similar hazards. There is ample room for the driver's left foot beside the clutch pedal, and the dipping switch is conveniently close. A certain amount of my testing was carried out after dark, and I found that the dipping arrangements worked well, causing no annoyance to other road users. Despite the size and weight of the car there was apparent no tendency for the front wheels to wander, even on very bumpy corners.

The braking figures which I give do not tell the whole story. It is always possible to adjust the brakes to give a good figure at the lower speeds, but what matters to most motorists is the manner in which the brakes respond at high speeds and in an emergency. I made a real crash stop on one occasion from 80 m.p.h., and although I removed my hands from the steering-wheel the car pulled up in a straight line.

To summarise, my criticisms are few and of a relatively minor nature. I would like to see the dipstick lengthened; the spare-wheel compartment provided with a proper lock; and the elimination of external door-hinges. For me the charm of the car lies in its dual personality.

THE WOLSELEY 14/60

Makers :

Wolseley Motors Ltd., Ward End, Birmingham.

SPECIFICATION

Price ..	£264 7s. 2d.	Final drive	Spiral bevel
Tax ..	£18 15s.	Brakes	Lockheed
Cubic. Cap.	1818 cc.	Suspension	Semi-elliptic
B.S.	61.5 x 102	Wheel base	8 ft. 8½ in.
Cylinders	6	Track front	4 ft. 6 in.
Valves	Overhead	Track rear	4 ft. 8 in.
B.E.P.	55.4	O'ail length	14 ft. 4 in.
at ..	4,200 r.p.m.	O'ail width	5 ft. 7 in.
Carb.	Twin S.U.	O'ail height	5 ft. 6 in.
Ignition	Lucas coil	Gcd. clearance	6½ in.
Oil filter ..	Tecamit full-flow	Turning circle	39 ft.
1st gear	21-186	Weight ..	37 cwt.
2nd gear	12-205	Tyre size	6-00 x 16
3rd gear	8-47	Fuel cap.	10 galls.
4th gear	5-33	Oil cap.	1½ galls.
Reverse	21-186	Water cap.	3½ galls.

PERFORMANCE

Acceleration	Top 2nd	Max. Speed	71.6 m.p.h.
0-20	12.5 sec.	Petrol Cons.	29.5 m.p.g.
20-40	11.3 sec.	at average speed	35 m.p.h.
0-60	27.4 sec.		

BRAKES

30-0	15 ft.	89 per cent. efficiency
40-0	34 ft.	on dry macadam road
60-0	61 ft.	

MEDAL WEEK

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

Nearly everyone has one book from which he can produce a remark more or less apposite to any situation which may arise. Gairbith is particularly applicable to a great work with which many people have lately been making their first acquaintance on the wireless, invariably had recourse to *Robinson Crusoe*. I myself prefer *Pickwick* for life in general, and for golf in particular the *Bedminton* volume. It is from the latter that I find words precisely applicable to the Autumn Medal at St. Andrews. Here they are from the chapter on Match and Medal play: "On some days there seems to be a species of epidemic golfing paralysis in the air. With all conditions in favour of fine scoring a large field of crack players will sometimes, for some inscrutable reason, send in universally bad returns."

The weather on the Medal day was never really difficult, though there was a fresh breeze blowing in the morning. It grew downright easy in the afternoon. There was a large number of good players, and the onlookers continually remarked that sooner or later somebody must do it not a brilliant at least a really sound score. But nobody did, and at the end of a long day only four players had succeeded in beating 80, and that by a narrow margin: there were one 78 and three 79s. Admittedly the course was playing long, and for short drivers it was even very long. I played one round myself, not on the Medal day, and realised that it was altogether too much for one of my now miserably restricted powers. But for the long driver it was by no means terrific, though an unquestionably good test of golf.

The general lament was as to the putting, and yet the greens were good and not unduly keen. Certainly the ball that looked as if it would lie stone dead often slipped five feet past; but that is always the way with the Old Course, and, even so, why should that five-footer be so consistently missed? One very fine golfer said to me that competitive putting was always appallingly difficult unless the players had plenty of it, and perhaps the majority, though not out of practice in a general way, had not yet had enough card-and-pencil putting. I am baffled by the problem of why and remain only

sure of the fact that the scores were quite unworthy of the field and the occasion. Many people must have wondered at night how in the world they had taken so many strokes, and one of the best of them told me that as a rule he was dreadfully addicted to a post-mortem after a round, but this time he just gave it up.

Dr. J. C. Lawrie did a great deal in winning this much-desired medal at the first attempt. He was a good golfer when he was captain of Oxford, but is a better one now, with a style both sound and graceful, and he entirely deserved to play for his fine homeward holes 36, after a 42 out might have made him feel that all was lost. I think, however, that the real hero of the day was Mr. Willie Murray, who tied for the second medal at 79, and with his handicap of five easily won the Silver Boomerang. He is now a year or two past sixty, I believe. At any rate, it is a long while ago since I went down to play in a match against him, and had as my opponent a young Scotsman, of whom I had then never heard but who was said to be very good.

Though a truly admirable golfer, he was never among the big hitters, and at this time of day—when he played at the windiest time of the morning—he was bound to find the loose course very long. He made the best possible use of the relatively short holes at the far end, getting three at the 6th, 7th, 8th, and 10th. Then came the 11th, the dreaded high hole, and I know no one more likely to put his tee shot through the green, floating in the air, and of Strath and the Charvatis of the Hill bunker. But alas! he hooked into the worse of the two, the Hill, and took two to get out. After that he was rather tired and the homeward holes meant a long dog for him, but he struggled home in 42, a most determined effort, and was a weary but delighted man.

Of the other two who tied for the Gold Medal, Mr. Blackwell had a tremendous finish; he chipped stone dead for a four off the path behind the 17th green, as perfect a shot of this kind as ever I saw, and then holed a putt for three at the home hole. Mr. Donald Cameron, a brand-new member though a well-known

Scottish golfer, was the third, and ultimately won the tie. He suffered from a bad start and ill-treatment of a really magnificent second to the second hole which cost him six. He will win more Royal and Ancient medals unless I am much mistaken. Finally, with all respect to everybody else, the best golfer in all that field seemed to me beyond question Mr. Tolley. The 11th undid him, and he had a piece of bad luck in playing the wrong ball which cost him a penalty of two strokes; but his first ten holes were in his grandest manner, and I do not believe that he ever swung better or drove farther than at the present moment.

After all, however, though everyone would have liked to do a good score, nobody minded very much that he had not, because the real point lay in the re-union of so many friends and the re-establishment of a traditional ceremony after eight long years. From the moment that the new captain, Mr. Withered, hit his inaugural ball, rigidly straight down the course, at an hour when the more comatose were still shivering, till the time when he made a wholly charming speech at dinner, everything was delightful. If ever there was an occasion as to which a little gushing is permissible, this was it, and I feel I must quote the account of the converted Seneca at the Christmas party: "Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, won-der-ful happiness!"

Incidentally a resolution was passed at the general meeting of the club, which may be termed one of only local interest; but then St. Andrews is much more than a local institution. Hitherto the Calcutta Cup and the Jubilee Vase have come early in September, and then after an interval the Medal day in the last week. Only those who can take long holidays or those who can make two journeys to Scotland could partake of all these good things. Now by a rearrangement of dates the Calcutta Cup will come in the first week, the Vase in the second, and the Medal in the third week after it in the third. There seems to be everything to be said for the change and nothing whatever against it. Next year all the truly energetic will be able to have, in Allan Robertson's words, "sic a belly-full o' growl as they never had in all their days."

GEHAZI AND THE LAMP-OILED FLY

By E. MOORE DARLING

ON one of June's few really hot days I had the luck to be fishing Lynn Wenlas. Towards noon (fisherman's noon, which is taken from Greenwich and is unaffected by Orders in Council), just as one could reasonably expect a hatch of fly, the wind dropped, first to a rattle and then to a dead calm, so that the Lynn was as still as a pond.

"Darro me," said Gehazi, "there is a rise starting but hopeless is in this calm." As he spoke, one fish after another began to feed, so that the smooth surface of the Lynn was spotted with widening ripples. Quickly I changed my wet fly cast for one tapered to 4x, and chose a fly from the case of dry flies I always carry even when loath fishing. "Put me on a drift to take us across the middle," I said. Gehazi, grunting and muttering about waste of time fishing Wenlas in a dead calm, did so with his usual uncanny quietness, and as I knotted on a fly said, "And what might that be?"

"They call it a Brown Variant," said I, rummaging in my hold-all for the paraffin bottle, and proceeding to anoint the fly. The old man watched me respectfully. "No use is that on Wenlas," said he. "Tried it by a gentleman from London who said that everyone did it on the Test, but see you, not on a test we be but trying to catch trout in Wales. It will do. They will smell your lamp-oil a mile away."

"It's not lamp-oil," said I. "They won't smell it, and I'm going to catch trout in Wales—big ones—so put me on a drift." He got us into position, and from a boat which hardly seemed to move I put the Variant over a rising fish, letting it stay on the water as long as possible in the hope that that fish or a neighbour would

come back that way on his cruise. At about the third cast there was a good rise and as the fish slipped the fly under I struck. He was safely hooked, played and landed, as were two others.

Even Gehazi's cast-iron conservatism was a bit shaken. "Well-well," he said. "Well-well. Believe it would I not had I not seen it, and never will it happen on another day, for never has it happened on Wenlas before. Like is it to the record trout for all England which was over twenty pounds and so good to eat." He leaned on his oars, as the boat lay still on the now unbroken surface of the water, and settled down to his story.

"Seen was that fish by countless fishermen. His beat was by the wall of a factory, and every way had they tried to catch him, but no. He could think, see you, could that great trout. Flies, worms, maggots, live bait, spinners of every sort and size—offered to him were they all but his superstition was always aroused, and take the bait would he not. One man even tried to shoot him when he was baking, but the great fish dived at the flash and was not touched."

"Then came a man from Welshpool to work at the factory. Every day he would look at the great fish and go away to think, so that at last the right thing came. To a wire trace he whipped a triangle hook, sunk it into a piece of pork, and left it in the sun for three days. Then at dusk he threw it in where the great fish lay, fastened the trace to a staple in the wall, and went home to bed."

"Did he get it?" said I. "Yes," replied Gehazi. "There it was in the morning. He landed it in a clothes basket and twenty pounds and over did it weigh, but

no good to eat. In a case in a public in Birmingham is it, I am told. Yet, never was trout caught so in that river before and never will it be again, for these things only happen once, as to-day with your lamp-oiled fly. Told you have I of the English gentleman who was given permission to fish the Mill Pool at Penfar?"

The wind was just beginning to move the surface of the water again and, better still, it was blowing between the two hills which block one end of Wenlas, so I let Gehazi's snappy, for its time we were fishing again.

"Not for five minutes will it be time," replied Gehazi, "And in that five minutes will I tell you. Pritchard had the Mill, and the English gentleman who was a bottom fisher paid him ten shillings for a week's fishing. A very romantic story was it, and looked like. But Pritchard said that good was it to start before ten, so every morning at that hour the gentleman came, threw in his ground bait and began to fish. At once he caught a roach, but as it was undersize and as Pritchard was watching him he put it back."

"Each day did it happen so, and each day did he go on fishing, hoping for more, but no more had he: one roach each day and that had to go back."

"I don't think much of that story," said I. Gehazi twinkled with mirth.

"See you," he said. "Pritchard had emptied the Pool in the spring and sold all the fish to a fishing club—all save one roach, and that he had to feed at a 'ole-day in the morning. That roach earned him ten shillings a week until it grew too big to put back, when he had to let a gentleman keep it."

CORRESPONDENCE

THE USEFUL CUCKOO

SIR.—When I read Mr. Bury's letter in your issue of September 6, I was pained to hear that his cook's sense of justice was so misdirected as to kill the useful cuckoo. The cuckoo is one of our most useful and interesting birds. The position as I see it is this: Something had to be done about the hairy caterpillars and the gooseberry caterpillars. No birds could eat them, as it requires a very complicated stomach mechanism to digest such things. When a suitable stomach was devised with all the necessary complications, it was found that it required a very large bird to fly it about, and that as the supply was very seasonal, the bird would have to do a great deal of flying to keep a large frame going on a diet of such small and unnutritious fare. This

any new buildings which may be required. Perhaps no other site can be found, in which case controversy will continue as to what style of architecture is to be adopted in the process of rebuilding.

Some will say that it should be rebuilt as nearly as possible to the original design. Others will vote for a style in sympathy with what remains of the old buildings, but without following the original plan. Another school of thought is that the new buildings should be in a style which disassociates itself from anything belonging to the past, "expressive of the age we live in." A successful building may be achieved in any of the above ways, if the right kind of architectural genius happens to exist.

But in deciding what is to be done, I would like to remove at least one idea which confuses the issue in this and in other similar discussions; namely that it would be incorrect to build to a Gothic design in the twentieth century. Such buildings often took many centuries to build. Cologne Cathedral was begun in the Middle Ages, and finished, I believe, about 1880, all according to the original design (made by Satan, according to the legend). Had each generation added their piece in the style which happened to be fashionable at the time, it would have presented a stranger appearance to-day than it does.

Had Hawkmoor built the western towers of Westminster Abbey in the Baroque style, they would no doubt have been as good in themselves as his Gothic towers, but the building as a whole would have looked an odd mixture, and I think it is fortunate that he was obsessed by no such self-conscious ideas as seem prevalent to-day of "expressing the age we live in."

In this connection, and since Coventry Cathedral has been mentioned in the correspondence, may I say that I regret the decision not to rebuild it in its previous form? I never saw it when complete, except in pictures, and afterwards as a ruin, and now I suppose I never shall, and I feel that many who knew it will share my regret that the damage caused by German bombs is not to be repaired, as at the time we took it for granted it would be.

As to the purpose of the new buildings at Fountains (in the event of

its being rebuilt, which many will regret), I do not imagine the requirements of ecclesiastical or monastic buildings have radically changed since medieval times, though no doubt more modern drains, electric light, central heating, etc., will be considered desirable, so that the style of architecture to be adopted need not be determined by any fundamental difference in their purpose. Nevertheless, like many others who have not so far had an opportunity of seeing the famous ruins of Fountains Abbey in the state with which we have become familiar through pictures, I still hope for some day.

I fear I have made no constructive suggestion, nor do I feel particularly qualified to do so, but have endeavoured to clear the air of irrelevant theories which tend to obscure the direct and objective approach which such a subject seems to demand.—*PATRA FLEATWOOD-HARRIS, Mistle Hall, Southport, Lancashire.*

CARVINGS AT FOUNTAINS ABBEY

SIR.—In view of the controversy about Fountains Abbey, I thought you might care to see the enclosed photographs showing two carved stone panels from the Abbey. They are now kept in the basement of Fountains Hall along with other fascinating survivals of the Cistercian community.

One panel gives a rather charming portrait of an evangelist (?) who is writing at a desk, beneath which an animal—perhaps a dog—gratches. The other panel depicts a mitre and crozier, together with the initials M.H., beautifully wrought and signifying Marmaduke Huby, who was Abbot of Fountains from the year 1404 to 1538. It was Huby, of course, who erected the famous tower at Fountains, which, though a glorious piece of architecture, registered a complete departure from the simplicity to which all Cisterrians pledged themselves.—*C. BERNARD Wood, Ramsdon, Leeds.*

THE SWAN ALIGHTING

SIR.—I hope your readers will be interested in the snapshot which I am sending you. It shows a mute swan alighting on smooth water. One is accustomed to the swan's dignity and grace on the water, and to his lurching waddle on land; my photograph,



A CARVING FROM FOUNTAINS ABBEY COMMEMORATING THE ABBOT OF MARMADUKE HUBY

See letter: Carvings at Fountains Abbey

representing as it does an intermediate state, shows some of the peculiarities of both. The action of the legs looks particularly odd and unexpected.—*C. S. BRUNNEN, Marlow, Buckinghamshire.*

[There are few more dramatic things in Nature than a mute swan in the act of rising from the water or when it comes down from the sky. This photograph shows the bird with wings extended, tail fanned, and feet held forward as it taxis across the water endeavouring with all brakes on to check the momentum with which it descended. It may seem that this most stately of birds has for the moment lost something of his dignity, but it no doubt has many things to think about. We congratulate the photographer on a remarkable snapshot.—*ED.J.*]

THE FIREMAN'S DOG

From Lord Northbrook.

SIR.—In your issue of October 4, the writer of the letter *The Fireman's Dog* says "perhaps some of your readers could hazard a guess as to Chance's pedigree after studying his picture."

Might I suggest that an old-fashioned sporting bulldog or old-fashioned bull terrier must have been among his ancestors?

Perhaps I might add that I have known Chance and the rhyme about him from my earliest youth, as my old nurse, who came from a very old London family, had a picture of him.—*NORTHBROOK, Woodlands Farm, Bramden, Alresford, Hampshire.*

BETTER BRITISH SHOW JUMPING

SIR.—With reference to Mr. Board's article in your issue of September 6, entitled *Better British Show Jumping*, may I express the opinion that as long as your riders continue to enlorge a horse as that depicted in Mr. Board's sketches they will never reach the first rank in international show-jumping, no matter how well mounted they may be.

I am sure Mr. Board's sketches are as accurate as they are spirited and delightful, and they all show the horse anywhere but where it belongs. As this part of the human anatomy is the pivot around which the entire modern position revolves it should no more move from its place than the hinge of a door or a box should be loose. As an illustration of what I affirm I can but refer your readers to the photographs of those foreign horsemen Mr. Board himself sets up as examples.

If accurate and meticulous technique can be dispensed with in the hunting field, without dire consequences, the high competitive international arenas of our day do not allow any liberties to be taken with them.—*P. SARRITT, Palazzo Borghese, Rome.*

A PANEL FROM FOUNTAINS ABBEY: EVANGELIST AT A DESK

See letter: Carvings at Fountains Abbey

was difficult enough, but for the bird to rear a family as well was just impossible. So, as otherwise the hairy caterpillars would have inherited the earth and ruined it for every other bird, a few had to suffer for the many and do something towards the essential work by rearing the cuckoo's young for it.

The cuckoo is a hard-working, useful member of bird society, and no decent other bird would think of objecting to doing its bit to help keep the scheme going. The cuckoo has no easy time of it at all. It is very difficult to tell right away in Africa when the English spring is going to start, if at all, so as to be on the spot at the right moment. It is no fun, either, half the time when you do get there after a frightfully long flight, with very poor refueling facilities most of the way, to find yourself among leafless trees in an icy wind trying to keep yourself alive on earthworms which don't suit your special stomach at all, and being fired at in mistake for a hawk by every numbskull with a gun. Cuckoos don't mind the country getting rather over-populated; it means more gooseberry caterpillars anyway; but if the public is going to kill the baby cuckoos because they don't appreciate all the facts, the outlook is going to be very black indeed. What is more, my gooseberry bushes are going to be ruined. They were in a bad way last year, but five cuckoos made a dead end at the caterpillars and saved the situation. So please let us remember that Nature knows best.—*MICHAEL HAWORTH-BOOTH, Haslemere, Surrey.*

AT FOUNTAINS ABBEY

SIR.—While confessing that I sympathise in general with those who deplore the scheme for rebuilding Fountains Abbey, may I make a few observations?

I should like to ask whether the actual site of Fountains Abbey is the only one available or procurable for

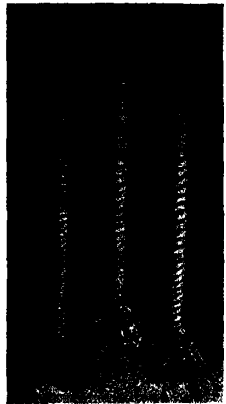


"WITH ALL BRAKES ON"

See letter: The Swan Alighting

FOR THE HARVEST FESTIVAL

Sir,—I was interested by the photograph reproduced in your September 27 issue, showing a countryman with a pair of painted crooks made for the harvest festival. We have in our possession three beautifully made corn dollies which were the work of an old inhabitant of the Hertfordshire village of Ashwell. He made them every year until his death. The old man always came round at Christmas and sang carols solo. These Hertfordshire dollies, as will be seen from the photograph, are not carved at the ends into crooks like those you illustrated.—P. F., Hertfordshire.



HERTFORDSHIRE CORN DOLLIES

See letter: For the Harvest Festival

INLAID FURNITURE OF WILLIAM MOORE

Sir,—Mr. A. K. Longfield's letter in a recent issue throws interesting light on the affiliations of Moore (fl. 1782-1815). His advertisement in the *Dublin Evening Post* of April 26, 1782, (only twelve days after the 3rd Duke of Portland landed as Viceroy) reads like an announcement that he had lately come from London to set up his own business. Habits of work and style so readily devolved from master to man that special interest attaches to his experience "with" the authors of the *Universal System of Household Furnitures* (1759-60).

In contradistinction from Hogarth, Thomas Johnson, Thomas Chippendale I, and others, Ince and Mayhew must be accounted a galleopli firm. Their book of designs was published partly in French, and it appears from a trade-card of the firm, cited by Mr. Edwards and Miss Jourdain, *Georgian Cabinet-Makers*, 1944, p. 80, that they were in the way of importing "an Assortment of French furniture consigned from Paris." This example, not least, produced "beautiful cabinet work," wrote Lady Shalborne in 1788. Their French connection may be contrasted with that of Pierre Elie Langlois (1738-1808), M.E. of Windmill Street, whose trade-card in French (transcribed in *Country Life*, June 8, 1946) leaves no doubt that he imported Paris furniture from his French headquarters, and perhaps partly fabricated pieces for English completion.

In Moore's technical "pedigree" there is earlier French influence. On one side he descends through William Ince from Mr. West of King Street, Covent Garden, an "ambulant" cabinet-maker and upholsterer, with one of the best addresses in the trade. West's tastes and work are not known. But

through John Mayhew, Moore is the technical "grandson" of the great house of Bradshaw (*Georgian Cabinet-Makers*, p. 80), a multilateral firm with William Bradshaw as founder, "George Smith" Bradshaw and Paul Saunders variously as partners, and many heads and connections among the French tapicers in Soho.

It remains to be seen whether William Moore will prove to be any actual relative of the well-known James Moore I, cabinet-maker of Sherb's Gardens (fl. 1708-1728) or of his son, James Moore II (d. 1734), chair-maker and cabinet-maker to the Prince of Wales (G.C.M., p. 24).

An element of obscurity in Moore's elegant marquetry has already been suggested (*Country Life*, May 3, 1946, p. 807) by his fine sense of cut and colour in wood. It is by no means inconsistent with his migration from so "French" a firm to "the Vienna of the West." His quality appears in two pieces which may now be added to the corpus of his work. The first of these is a side-table formerly at Lismore Castle, County Waterford, which was sold at Christie on July 11, 1929 (Lot 39), for £1,080 (*Christies* 1929, p. 288 illus.). It was no doubt an original Irish purchase. In form (W. 4 ft. 2 in.), as in much of the marquetry, it seems to belong to the type which Moore called "pier-tables," and found to be in "greatest demand." The Portland and Victoria and Albert Museum tables are of the same sort, priced by Moore at 3-20 guineas.

Moore's No. 4, the corner cupboard in the accompanying illustration, was on loan to the Victoria and Albert Museum in 1923 from Miss Julia Bruce. It has many Moore characteristics and shows what he could do in pieces other than pier-tables. He advertised small pier-tables, card-tables, and "every article in the Inlaid Way." Some of these no doubt exist; it may be hoped that they will increase the variety of his recorded work.—W. A. THORPE, 7, Holly Place, Hampstead, N.W.3

GEORGE III AT WEYMOUTH

Sir,—On the sea-front at Weymouth George III stands on a massive pedestal

above the heads of the passers-by. The monument was erected by "the grateful inhabitants," as the inscription records, "on His entering the 50th Year of His Reign." The name of James Hamilton appears as "architect" on the monument. Was he also the sculptor? I am informed by Mr. R. W. Vine, the Borough Engineer and Surveyor, that Hamilton was the architect of a portion of one of the terraces on the front, Nos. 1-4, Gloucester Row. No mention of him is made either in the *Dictionary of National Biography* or in Bryan's *Dictionary of Painters*, and possibly one of your readers will be able to supply more information about him.

On VJ Night last year the monument was the object of an attack made during the hours of darkness, when the unicorn which forms part of the composition was seriously damaged. It has since been repaired, however, by Messrs. Master of Cheltenham. The statue appears to be made of a very hard and thick cement-like plaster and had suffered no dislodgement or crumbling of any kind, in spite of its exposed position on the sea-front, until this vandalistic incident occurred.—R. W. Bristol.

POT-POURRI

Sir,—Miss Jekyll devotes a whole chapter in *Home and Garden* to the making of pot-pourri. She did it on a large scale, but her directions and explanations are so clear one could easily adapt them to reduced circumstances.

Gum Benjamin, or as many old pot-pourri recipes call it simply, "Benjamin," is a hoarse name for benzoin, the balsamic resin used in the making of friar's balsam, also incense and pastilles.

It was formerly used a good deal

in medicine, specially for coughs, colds, etc., and has antiseptic and disinfectant properties, besides a pleasant scent. Combined with water-soothing powders and rose-water, it was esteemed (in pre-war luxury days) when stirred into a bath of hot water, an excellent skin tonic.

The *Family Dictionary*, by William Salmon, Professor of Physic, 1708, gives directions for making "Tincture of Benjamin," which wonderfully whitens the Face and Hands, and is an excellent Wash to take away Spots or other Deformities; but you must not put above a dram of it into four ounces of Water, which is sufficient to turn it to the whiteness of Milk.

Hannah Glasse, in *The Complete Confectioner*, 1770, ends her instructions to make Oil of Benjamin—"and keep it as close as possible thing." It remains that both the leaves and flowers of aromatic plants are used in the composition of the "pot-pourri," and the making of sweet-smelling sachets or bags.

Her Confectioner of Red Roses is less complicated than most. Take red rosebuds, bruise them in a marble mortar, adding by degrees fine powder, sifted, to the quantity of three pounds; beat them till no particles arise, and till the whole becomes a firm and solid mixture.

In modern everyday life, a reasonably pleasant utility pot-pourri can be made of any dried rose petals available, with well-dried lavender mixed in, and a few sprigs of any nice bath salts.—A. MAYO, Worthing, Sussex.

THE ADVENTURES OF CRESSIDA

Sir,—I thought that your readers might be interested in a account of my much-travelled lustre, falcon Cressida, when perhaps two years old, came to grief at Camber in 1942. She had a broken wing, and a slight shotgun wound in the right side. With the aid of a bamboo splint, and the professional help of a doctor of the R.A.M.C., her wing was set and the wound disinfected. Eventually the bone mended, but Cressida, though able to fly remarkably well, has never quite regained her old dexterity.

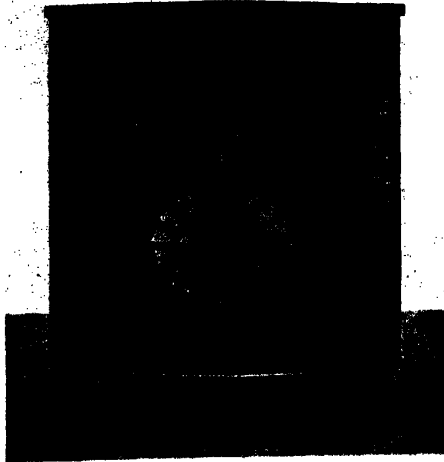
For some days she had to be forcibly fed, the mandibles being pried open and small pieces of meat (beef, rabbit or field vole) slipped over her tongue, when she instinctively swallowed them. Before long, however, she condescended to feed while perched upon my gloved left fist, in the manner approved by falcons.

All this time I was serving with the Sherwood Foresters, who looked upon Cressida as an unofficial mascot. Whenever the battalion moved, Cressida went, too—either riding on a



THE MONUMENT AT WEYMOUTH COMMEMORATING GEORGE III'S JUBILEE

See letter: George III at Weymouth



CORNER CUPBOARD OF WILLIAM MOORE

See letter: Inlaid Furniture of William Moore

truck or perched upon some article of my equipment, preferably one of the Bren gun magazine pouches. Soon she was so remarkably tame that she would remain in the Nest but that formed my platoon billet, or else perched happily on some tree branch in the immediate vicinity, never straying far beyond our lines.

Finally, we were sent overseas. Cressida, of course, went too. On the voyage to North Africa, she was one of the few who did not suffer horribly from sea sickness. She fed from the officers' kitchen, and never did her appetite falter. Arrived in Algeria, she accompanied the battalion on its training exercises, finally going with them into action at Sedjenne, where she and I were both wounded (by the same grenade) and both became prisoners of war.

With me, she went into a German military hospital at Matur; with me she was moved to camps at Sicily,

A NEST IN A NEON SIGN

Sir,—One view from my desk is that of a large vertical neon sign on the building across the street. It consists of a number of large letters, forming the name of a firm, and extending the height of three storeys. Last year I was greatly intrigued to observe the nesting developments of a pair of pigeons in the very centre of the highest letter—an "O," a most original selection. And now that spring is once more with us, I have again observed movements within the "O" and further signs of nest-building—a really ingenious home site, and with the added convenience of heating those chilly spring nights! —MYRA MORGAN, Red Cross House, Adelaide, South Australia.

IN THE RAINBOW

Sir,—The accompanying photograph shows the phenomenon known as "The Brocken Spectre." It was taken from about 3,000 ft. up on Ben Vail, the mountain mass overlooking Ballachulish. The time was about four o'clock in the afternoon; the sun was brilliant, but mist was drifting against the eastern crags above which I was walking—a mist just thick enough to show my shadow, haloed brilliantly in rainbow colours. Though I have seen this spectacle before, it has never lasted so long as on this occasion, accompanying me for some time as I climbed towards the peak. Imagination must supply the beauty of the colours of the nimbus, shown here as a pale white ring.—W. KENNELLY HOLMES, 17, Shankers Street, Glasgow.

HINTS FOR BEE-KEEPERS

Sir,—After extracting the honey it was for some years my practice to return the shallow frames to the hives for the bees to clean them up, & make use of any honey which the machine had failed to force out. Moreover, a bee-hive is a good drying medium. In about a fortnight's time the frames, clear and dry as parchment, could be stored for the winter.

Experience, however, has shown the snags of this procedure. For one thing, unusual excitement was noticeable among the colonies, due to some extent to the presence of robber bees from neighbouring apiaries. Occasionally a stock, depleted by summer flying, and therefore too weak to resist invaders, was completely robbed out. Such carnage, occurring during the early autumn days, is natural and understandable. Store in the brood chamber are low. With the shortening days flowers are fading, nectar and

pollen become negligible. The wet sweetness of the newly extracted shallows attracts the foragers and pandemonium reigns in the bee-garden.

Another matter for concern was the condition of the frames. Unpacked in the spring-time in readiness for the seasonal honey flow, it was found that the grub of the wax moth had destroyed large areas of drawn-out comb. Several frames needed new foundation. Newspaper and moth-balls had failed to keep the pest at bay.

In the late summer of 1944 I changed my storage method. Instead of returning the empty frames to the hives, I stacked them in their crates one above the other in an airy unused room, with a stannil under the lower one to catch the drippings. No moth came to attack a wet sticky surface for obvious reasons. Newspapers and a mackintosh sheet excluded the dust.

Undamaged, the frames were placed on the hives at the beginning of May, when bees are fully occupied with the abundant flows of the countryside.—M. A. S. EVELING, Northamptonshire.

A COMPLICATED SUNDIAL

Sir,—I am enclosing a photograph of a very unusual sundial to be seen on the wall of the church at Eyam (the "plague" village of Derbyshire). It is described in an old journal thus:—

"This complex piece of mathematical ingenuity, which is one of the finest of the kind in the kingdom, was constructed by Mr. Duffin, clerk to a former magistrate of Stoke Hall, near Eyam. The workmanship was executed by the late Mr. Wm. Shore, a local stonemason, in 1778. It is a vertical plane declining westwards and from certain mathematical principles connected with conic sections, the parallels of the sun's declination for every month in the year, and the scale of the sun's meridian altitude—an azimuthal scale—the points of the compass, and a number of meridians are well delineated on the plane from the stereographic projection of the sphere. The plane being large, the hourly scale is well divided; the upper or fiducial edge of the style is of brass, and an indentation therein representing the centre of the projection, casts the light or shade of its point on the



THE SUNDIAL AT EYAM (1778)

See letter: A Complicated Sundial

hyperbolic curves and other furniture of the dial."

The time at Eyam is compared with Jerusalem, Rome, Mecca, London, and other cities. The dial bears the inscription *Induce animus Septemium* (to excite a wise or enquiring mind).—R. RAWLINSON, Rock Bank, Whaley Bridge, near Stockport.

ANOTHER SWIMMING BAT

Sir,—With reference to the letter in your September 27 issue about a swimming bat, while fishing the Gloucestershire Coln at 4 p.m. in May, I saw a long-eared bat hovering over the water and then alight on an aldy, catch a mayfly and be borne by the eddy against the current to a tree, which it ascended to devour its prey. I wonder whether it achieved its purpose by radiolocation.—FRANCIS CADOGAN (Commander), Quenington Old Rectory, Fairford, Gloucestershire.

ALFRED STEVENS

Sir,—I have undertaken the formation of a *catalogue raisonné* covering the whole art of Alfred Stevens as architectural sculptor, painter, designer and worker in metals, ceramics and furniture. It will be of great service if all those who possess material, including letters or other MSS., would report them to me, at the address given below, for examination and recording. It is especially required that works once known to have been in Italy and in the United States of America should be traced and documented.—KIMMERS ROSSNEY TOWNSEND, Thrale Lane Studio, West Chilton Common, Sussex.

DOGS AND D.D.T.

Sir,—Certain people are affected by the use of D.D.T., and probably there are instances of dogs that make a lethargic after its application. A well-known breeder of spaniels used it extensively in his large kennels, and with great success; and I think it was used freely in the Army War Dog Training Kennels. I heard of an instance where D.D.T. was used weekly to spread over stables, kennels, and one man suffered from sickness after doing it, while the other men were not affected. So far I have not had any bad results from its use.—M. P., Hampshire.

THE BROCKEN SPECTRE

See letter: In the Rainbow

Naples, Carpi (near Bologna), and finally to Germany, after the Italian capitulation.

Furthermore, none of the many enemy authorities into whose hands she and I passed showed the least resentment at my keeping her with me. The only difficulty, and one which constantly presented itself, was the question of food. Fresh meat was often almost unknown, and yet so great was Cressida's adaptability that she would eat corned beef, sardines, and even tinned salmon! This, of course, was after much careful teaching. Mice, luckily for her, were generally plentiful and, so, somehow, despite Allied bombs, Gestapo men and other perils, she managed not only to survive but to thrive, until that great day in April, 1945, when together we boarded a Daken transport plane, en route for England and freedom!

Here she has lived with me, both in the Army and since my demobilisation, and she is, I am pleased to say, still going strong—though at least six and probably seven years old.—G. L. SUMMERS, 17, Chester Row, S.W.1.

ELEPHANT COMBATS IN RAJPUTANA

Sir,—In parts of Rajputana in India elephants are still pitted against each other in mock battles. Owing to the value of these animals to-day, however, they are not allowed to hurt each other. In days gone by much male elephants were chosen as the combatants, and to make them more ready to fight they were often dosed with intoxicants beforehand. Elephants are wise creatures, however, and as soon as one of them knew that he was beaten he would usually turn and flee through the watching crowd, hotly pursued by the victor. In the accompanying photograph the combatants are two elderly gentlemen who were obviously very reluctant to start the fight, and who needed a good deal of persuasion on the part of their mahouts to attack each other. The photograph was taken recently in Bundi State in eastern Rajputana.—FRANCIS STEWART, Shepperton, Finchampstead, Berkshire.



LOCKED IN MOCK BATTLE

See letter: Elephant Combats in Rajputana

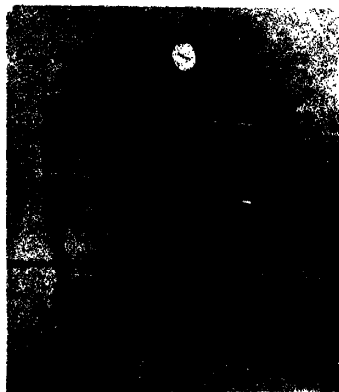
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BEVIN, FROM FARM TO CABINET

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

I AM unable to verify this, but I imagine there is one fact in the life of Mr. Ernest Bevin which is without precedent in British political history. He did not enter the House of Commons till he was in his sixtieth year, and five years later he was Foreign Secretary.

There are in contemporary history factors which help to explain the dazzling rise. For one thing, it was necessary during the recent war, as it must be in any war fought on modern "total" principles, that "Labour" should be re-assured, should have the feeling that in the innermost councils its voice found expression and its

farmer's boy, living in at the farm, working from dawn to dusk for his keep and sixpence a week. He was thirteen when he quarrelled with the farmer, packed his box, and took himself off to Bristol. It was young to be facing the world alone.

He took the first job that came to hand: washer-up in a city restaurant, van-man for a firm of mineral-water sellers, conductor on the tramways, and again mineral-water van-man. He settled then to this job for a long time, earning 18s. a week, plus commissions on sales, which averaged about 7s. a week. On these resources he married, his wife being a woman whose relations

BEVIN. By Trevor Evans
(Allen and Unwin, 10s. 6d.)

ENGLISH PRINTED BOOKS. By Sir Francis Meynell
(Collins, 4s. 6d.)

AN IDEAL VOYAGE. By Sir John Shuckburgh
(Chatto and Windus, 8s. 6d.)

interests were represented. In this sense, the war may be said to have "made" Mr. Bevin as a national figure.

For another thing, there was the post-war swing which put Mr. Bevin's party into power, the necessity to fill the great offices of State, the scarcity within this party of men with political experience. But when all the factors are taken into account, Mr. Bevin's achievement is a remarkable one, and remarkable achievements never stand to the credit of unremarkable men.

Therefore it is not surprising that we now have the biography, tersely entitled *Bevin* (Allen and Unwin, 10s. 6d.). Let it be said at once that its author, Mr. Trevor Evans, the Labour Correspondent of a London newspaper, has done his job well. He has visited the "sources." He has gone to the West Country villages where Mr. Bevin's childhood was spent and talked with many people who knew him as a boy. Thence he has followed the career, step by step, the documentary information becoming more and more plentiful as his subject attracted first local and then national attention. Finally, the book has Mr. Bevin's own approval, though whether it is a good thing that a biography should be read and approved by its subject is a matter of doubt.

BOYHOOD DAYS

Anyways, here we meet first of all the village boy, living in Somerset under a shoulder of Exmoor, a boy who never knew his father, for he was dead some months before Ernest was born; a boy who knew little of his mother, for she, too, was dead when this, her fifth child, was but six years old. The other children were all much older than Ernest. The child was taken into the home of one of his sisters, married to a railway worker, exchanging the fringes of Exmoor for the fringes of Dartmoor.

When he was eleven, he had finished with schooling and became a

were artisans about the docks; a fact that was to have its influence on his life.

That "Nonconformist conscience," more powerful among Labour men than now, had its part in shaping him. There was a Bristol minister who organised classes and discussions, and young Mr. Bevin took advantage of these. He was soon so ready and convincing in speech that a career in the Nonconformist ministry was proposed to him. He did not pursue this, but for some years he was a lay-preacher.

A DRAMATIC GESTURE

His belief in the importance of organising working-men had early been arrived at, and his first official position was that of unpaid secretary of a Right to Work Committee. He already had an eye for the dramatic gesture. While he was secretary of this committee, he marched two files of poverty-stricken men into a prosperous church. The affair was a model of law and order. There was no speaking, no interruption of the service. The men simply stood, a long accusing string of them in either aisle, till the service was ended; then marched away as quietly as they had come. It had a profound effect. The starting of public works was the consequence.

Wherever there was speaking to be done for Labour in those days he did it so far as his daily occupation permitted. He organised the carmen's branch of the Dockers' Union and was its first chairman, the work still being unpaid, but six months later, when he was thirty, he became for the first time a paid trade union official. The pay was less than £2 a week. This was in 1911.

Just after the 1914-1918 war had ended, he set up his home in London; and there is little need to develop the story further. For one thing, it is well enough known; for another, almost without exception it is the early years that are of interest in a man's life. The late years are the man in action:

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the early ones are the man himself, the bad from which action unfolds. Given the circumstances in which he was to find himself, one could deduce easily enough from the Bevin of the response that would be made to those circumstances by the Bevin of sixty. Mr. Trevor Evans, who tells us the whole story, is especially to be thanked for these early pages.

HOW A BOOK IS MADE

To that series of books, published by Collins at 6s. each, called "Britain in Pictures," Sir Francis Meynell contributes *English Printed Books*, and this, you may be sure, is a subject which is safe in the hands of the founder of the Nonesuch Press. The printed book is to Sir Francis "the architect form of printing"—a point of view which few would contest. Every aspect of this noble form (except the author's word, which is not the concern of this volume) is here given consideration by a great expert: type and the layout of the type on the page, binding, paper, corporal bulk, illustrations, and the placing in the letter of the swells in the curved strokes. "Nothing is too small for his attention, because he knows that the grand total which is a printed book is the addition of small perfections."

He of all people would appreciate the story which he tells us, Paul Valéry related of Stendhal's visit to the printer Bodoni in Parma. "He had just finished the arrangement of a title-page. The word *ŒUVRES* was centred above the word *DE*, and that was centred above *BOLEAU DESPRAUX*. 'Look, Sir,' cried Bodoni, in a fervour of self-appreciation, 'Boleau-Desproux is a single line of capitals! I have searched six months, Sir, before I was able to find this arrangement!'"

Is this an exaggerated enthusiasm? Can—indeed should—a line of type mean as much as that? Well, he is certainly a poor fellow, who has no sense of perfection in his own work, whatever it may be, no urge to rejoice when he feels he has attained it. We shall be that much the worse off when there is nothing left in our labour to write from us the exultant *Eureka!*

MORRIS'S BELIEF

It was William Morris's belief that this joy in excellent work was in the hearts of all "workers." Sir Francis Meynell says: "The contrast of Morris's socialism with his production of books for the few, the rich and the eclectic, has often been commented on. What has been overlooked is the fact that Morris was convinced that the social revolution was just around the corner, that the workers would seize the factories and destroy all that were substitutes for hand-labour, and that then men would make for themselves their own textiles and tapestries and furniture, and even books, precisely because untripped."

Alan, poor Morris! I wonder what he would say if he could hear the complaints of the Labour members on our neighbouring borough council when asked to sanction the spending of a little money on cataloguing our library! The idea is monstrous. "Books! If people want 'em, let 'em come and find 'em." Well indeed may Sir Francis comment: "Morris was politically ingenious."

But this is getting away from the theme of this excellent book, whose not least alluring part to me was the author's personal recollection of his earliest contact with the written and printed word in the home of his

parents, Wilfred and Alice Meynell; of the "critical press-days" of the journal his father edited and the presence of friends urged into service. There was the small boy under the table at which the great ones worked—Francis Thompson, Coventry Patmore and many others—and "more familiar with their feet than with their faces." From his father the boy learned his first steps in the art of which he is now a master, deeply imbued with the knowledge how so delightfully distilled.

A POLISHED ESSAYIST

Of all the books that come before a reviewer, none—if the experience of this present reviewer is anything to go by—is more difficult to deal with justly than the good book of essays. To begin with, it is of the essence of an essayist's mind that it should be various, and the field covered is apt to be so wide that the reviewer cannot hope to speak of its small ingredients one by one. Merely to say that the book deals with everything from cabbages to kings is hardly informative.

All we can do is to say that it does it heartily in the case of *An Ideal Voyage*, by Sir John Shuckburgh (Chatto and Windus, 6s. 6d.)—is to say what we think a good essay should be and that our author conforms to this preconception.

Surely, like all the essays in this admirable collection, a good essay should perform the miraculous task of being as leisurely as it is brief. It should be nicely-mannered, seasoned with apt but unexpected allusion, like the conversation of an educated gentleman. It should make us feel that here is a man who, if he would, he would, do more expensive and arduous work, but he is held up by the very qualities that make him a good essayist: an urbanity that scorns the heat of the contest, a delight in trifles so deep that it finds its cherry-stones too engrossing to permit an encounter with a block of marble.

We feel that our present author is describing his sense of words as well as sherry wine when he says: "It must not be gulped down promiscuously as though it were beer or claret-cup or even champagne. It is for the closet, not the room; not to the hour of meditative calm... it must be wooed with ceremonious phrase and motion, not assailed with the violence of passion."

THE SHEPHERD OF BANBURY

NOT many of us could probably give very informative answers to questions about the position of the Shepherd of Banbury in the meteorological hagiology. At the most we might know that his *Rules to Judge of the Changes of the Weather*, alleged to be based on observations made by the shepherd, who gives an outline of the underlying facts which govern English weather and produce the effects which weather-wise shepherds recognise, adding to our store of folklore. The idea is monstrous. "Books! If people want 'em, let 'em come and find 'em." Well indeed may Sir Francis comment: "Morris was politically ingenious."

But this is getting away from the theme of this excellent book, whose not least alluring part to me was the author's personal recollection of his earliest contact with the written and printed word in the home of his

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FARMING NOTES

HARVEST TALLY

ALMOST all the remains of the 1946 harvest have now been mopped up. Travelling from the North to London last week I saw only a dozen or so fields with barley yet to be carried. The amount of rakings lying in rows across the stubbles was evidence of the wasteful harvest we had endured. These rakings will go to poultry and we may hope will produce more eggs than the consuming public would have had but for this doleful harvest. I noted, too, the vigorous growth of the clover in the fields which had been under-sown, but I suspect that some of the verdure was shed grain that should be in the ricks. When it comes to threshing we shall know better the extent of the loss of grain. Some fields of barley had little more than half the heads intact when the binder went in, and threshing yields from this kind of crop are bound to be poor. Some of the barley coming off the combine harvesters has been thin and, as one would expect, much weathered. The germination is bound to be affected and the malsters will not find it easy this season to buy what they want even within the limits of quantities set by the Minister of Food. This thin stunted barley will go to make compound cubes for our dairy cows. The fibre content is bound to be on the high side, and, with an abnormal admixture of non-millable wheat which the Minister of Food will also take for compounding, our cows will not have a highly sustaining ration of concentrates.

October Hay

FORTUNATELY most of the July hay was got in reasonably good order in the south and counties and it is the quality of hay which tells in the milk bucket from November onwards. In the North where the hay crop is light, following a dry, cold spring, farmers will be hard-pressed to give their cows what they need to produce good yields. The worst off of all, probably, are the upland farmers of Wales. Their poor flocks, were still struggling to get their hay in last week. October hay may be worth saving if there is nothing else for the cattle to live on during the winter. But the outlook is desperate for these hill farmers who have also lost the straw from their oat crops. I hope that the N.F.U., which is now concerned with the financial results of farming, will be able to give the country a clear picture of what this harvest has meant in loss of income to farmers in each county. We know that by the terms of the price-fixing agreement the vagaries of the weather cannot be used as an argument for an immediate increase in prices, but the facts of the present situation should be stated plainly.

Hill Grazings

CAPTAIN A. R. McDONALD, who farms in Berwickshire, spoke words at the Farmers' Club last week when he declared that the tenant farmer who seeks to improve hill grazings is frustrated at every turn. No tenant can be advised to embark on wholesale improvement of his farm and pastures unless he has a lease of 20 years or so, and unless he takes great care to have records made at the start and watches the law carefully, so that he may reap where he sows. As the Agricultural Holdings Act stands to-day, the outgoing tenant has no claim in law for compensation in regard to new pastures after the first year, although the establishment of a really good sward may have cost him £10 an acre or more, and it may reach its prime between the second and fifth years. It is true that landlords in some counties have a "gentleman's understanding" that these highly pro-

ductive leys should be reckoned to the advantage of the outgoing tenant, but a change in the Agricultural Holdings Act is needed to give this claim statutory force. No self-respecting landlord would wish to enter into such benefits of good husbandry which a good tenant leaves behind him, but there are some new landowners who take this obligation as it suits them. Capt. McDougal also had some critical things to say about the feudal game laws which interfere with a good farmer. If the owner is solely concerned with deer or grouse and the tenant dare not burn the heather or shoot rabbits except from September to December, there is not much encouragement to the improvement of hill grazings.

Advice from Experience

AFTER 46 years' experience of A Lammernhill grazings, Capt. McDougal gives seven points which seem worth quoting: Plough out the old pasture, if at all ploughable, and plough deep. Crop it, grazing as much as possible and growing at least two green crops to be eaten off. Manure with not less than 12 cwt. of high-grade slag applied to the green crop, say 25 cwt. in the rotation. Lime as required, preferably one ton of ground limestone sown with the grass seeds. Sort the drains. Limit the ryegrass in the seeds mixture and sow plenty of cocksfoot, fescue and timothy with white clover. Treat the good grass decently, resting it for two months in early spring and do not over-graze in early summer. Grass cattle when the herbage is rough. Cap the sward, ensure no great loss of ryegrass. In his opinion, 6 lb. of ryegrass is the maximum in a seeds mixture for hill grazings. The only ryegrass in the herbage in the first year, as ryegrass never fails to germinate. It should not be sown thickly as it crushes out the natural grasses and dies itself after the first year. This is one of the reasons for pasture failures on poor land. There are sometimes other reasons. In my experience lack of phosphates is often the trouble.

Links with Canada

MR. J. A. YOUNG, an Ulster man, has just been appointed as Britain's Agricultural Representative in Ottawa. He will under Mr. A. N. Duckham, who, as the Agricultural Attaché at the British Embassy in Washington, and Agricultural Adviser to the British High Commissioner in Canada, must have an impossibly wide parish. It is most necessary in these days that we should have close official touch with the agricultural world in Canada. Mr. J. A. Hudson, when he was Minister of Agriculture, realised that there are some things we can learn from the United States and Canada, and a string of technical missions have crossed the Atlantic in the last couple of years to report for our benefit on North American farm machinery, their methods of cattle improvement and milk marketing, and their practice in the development of labour-saving equipment and buildings. Mr. Young, who has been working on the staff of the Ministry of Agriculture for Northern Ireland, will have plenty to do, keeping us posted about trends and policies in Canada, and helping the Canadians to understand that the wartime expansion of British food production has come to stay. Under the auspices of the Food and Agriculture Organisation there is much to be gained by close co-operation and understanding between the food producers of the world and more particularly those who have priority claims in the British market.

CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

HIMLEY HALL TO BE SOLD

THE Earl of Dudley intends to dispose of his Staffordshire seat, Himley Hall, where the Duke and Duchess of Kent spent their honeymoon. The gardens, the park, the home farm, and other land, in all 700 acres, will come under the hammer of Messrs. Edwards, Son and Bigwood and Mathews, together with about 2,000 acres of the farms on the Himley estate. The auction will probably be held in December. Himley Hall is five miles from Wolverhampton, Stourbridge and Dudley.

DEFRAYING DEATH DUTIES

WHETHER it is due to doubts about the adequacy of the official valuation of property or other reasons, such as the wish of executors to enable tenants to acquire holdings, the procedure of payment of death duties by the surrender of real estate instead of cash has so far been adopted in very few instances. This method of settling claims for taxes has been brought very prominently to the notice of the public this year and hailed in some quarters as a new expedient typical of the current economic tendencies. But it is no novelty, inasmuch as the Finance Act (1909-10) embodied a few words enabling the offer and acceptance of real estate in settlement of tax claims. Those who remember the introduction of the 1909 Budget and the fierce controversy in which Mr. Lloyd George, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, was involved, will not be surprised that Section 56 slipped through Parliament and escaped attention, to say nothing of deletion.

The attack on the Budget was mainly on basic principles, so that little or no consideration was given to minor points such as Section 56. It is really true, however, that the law would have availed themselves of the option of offering real property instead of cash to defray death duties but they seem to have been unaware of the right. Be that as it may, only two instances of its exercise are recorded until just lately. One was the passing to the Postmaster-General of four London houses worth in all about \$5,000, and the other was a small rural freehold which was handed over to the County Council of Somerset.

ENCOURAGING THE SURRENDER OF LAND

THE appropriate official Department has now been directed to suggest to trustees and others who find it hard to meet death duty claims that perhaps payment in kind, that is handing over freeholds, would be a preferable course. At the present time negotiations on that basis are in progress regarding two or three large estates, but in other instances the executors are pursuing the ordinary course of realising the property themselves by auction or otherwise, and paying the duties in cash. A preference for this method may be partly due to the difficulty of arriving at a satisfactory idea of the real value of a hereditament. Either the executors or the officials may not agree that accurate valuation has been reached.

In the old type of compensation case, which came to an end in 1921 with the passing of the Acquisition of Land Act, nearly every sort of property was acquired under compulsory powers pursuant to private and other Acts of Parliament. The margin of error in valuation was a wide one, the experts for the claimant taking the best view of the past, present and future of the property, and the promoters' experts going to the other extreme.

Leaders of the Bar, like the late Sir Edward Clarke, were often retained to present the cases to an arbitrator or agent, and they were assisted by certain counsel who specialised in compensation claims, and whose lack of eloquence was immediately compensated by their ingenuity in framing claims or rejoinders. There was nothing which the "experts" were unwilling to appraise. To say how much, on the one hand, or how little on the other, should be paid for Loch Lomond would have given them no trouble. Loch Lomond is named because it is still not generally known that that magnificent property was offered to the Exchequer by the executors of the Duke of Montrose. It was declined with thanks.

There is reason to think that the beneficiaries under a will may often feel far better satisfied by an out-and-out sale than by handing over some valuable estate in settlement of a definite tax demand. It may be argued, too, that tenants are entitled to an opportunity of acquiring their holdings, an opportunity of which they are deprived if the Crown assumes the ownership.

HAMPSHIRE HOME OF SIR JAMES BIRD

PARK PLACE, Wickham, four miles from Farnham on the road to Winchester, was the Hampshire home of the late Sir James Bird, whose name will be ever remembered in connection with the capture of the Spitfires. The Georgian house, enlarged in recent years and most lavishly fitted up, stands in elaborate gardens, and the estate extends in all to 180 acres. The executors have requested Harrods Estate Office and Messrs. Pring and Co. to offer the freehold by auction at an early date. The district is well favoured in a sporting sense, for there is hunting with two packs, the Hamble River is within seven miles and the Meon affords first-rate fishing.

DEMAND FOR RESIDENTIAL FREEHOLDS

IN accordance with his usual custom, Mr. Frank D. James, the manager of Harrods Estate Office, issues a summary of over 30 properties lately sold by them, through their Drempton Road and Haslemere and Byfleet offices. Surrey is represented by 14 or 15 freeholds, such as Monkswood, Hiltmore, near Godalming, a modern house in the Georgian style, in nearly 9 acres, and Ransworth, an extensive freehold at St. George's Hill, Weybridge, with a house that was built about 18 years ago. Hampshire sales include Drokes, a modern house at Beaulieu. From the grounds of 14 acres there is a view of the lake of Wight across the Beaulieu River. There are Kentish freeholds, such as Three Chimneys, Linton, a modernised half-timbered house and grounds, four miles from Maidstone, and White Friars, at Westerham. Oak Tree House, on the Chilterns, at Stoke Mandeville, an extensive manor near Newport Pagnell; as well as properties in other parts of the country. Residential districts may also be mentioned. Sussex sales include 19 acres at Sharpthorne, near Horsted Keynes, known as The Old Manor, an embelished and modernised Tudor house. In looking through the details of most of these properties it will be seen that in nearly every instance emphasis is laid on the extent and perfection of the kitchen gardens, a point that formerly was hardly deemed of any importance. To-day it is deservedly valued.

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White embroidered slipper with decorated with silver sequins. Dress.

THE spectacular evening dresses shown by the Guild of British Creative Designers at the Charity Ball held at the Royal Albert Hall glittered with embroidery at every turn. Most of them were of film star luxury, meant to stand out in a crowd and did not need to conform to the ceiling price, as they were for export only. They intensified the main styling trends of the winter, and certainly made a glamorous shop-window for the new British silks. They are dresses that require to be worn with great poise and elegance, intensely feminine; the schoolgirl look has completely gone.

Magnificent brocaded satins and failles lavishly sequined and beaded were used for bare-shouldered picture dresses with immense gathered skirts over stiffened panniers and crinolines. Moss crepe and silk jersey restaurant and dinner dresses, the height of sophistication, were draped over the hips or had skin-tight hobble skirts, slit in front. They were worn with exotic head-dresses, hats and turbans, and winged satin evening slippers. A diaphanous nylon net evening dress, sea green, with a gathered full skirt and soft



Casual Skirt with large practical pockets... perfectly tailored in herring-bone tweed in lovely autumn shades of brown or green. Hip sizes: 36:38:40:42

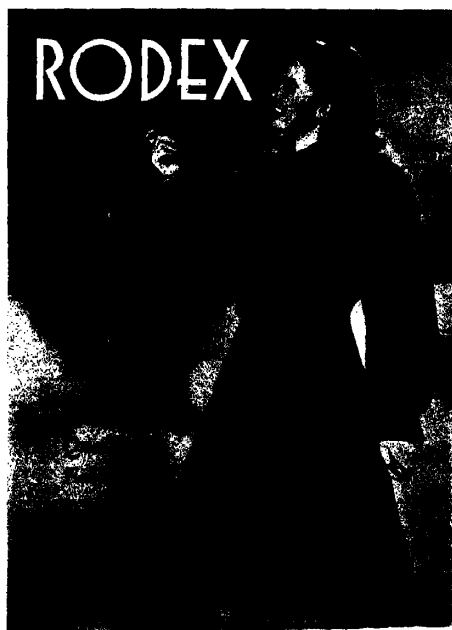
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For Personal Selection only.

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of Knightsbridge

Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd., Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1.

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The "Winchester"
—A good friendly
stand-by

One of many styles in
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throughout the Season.
Camel hair and fine
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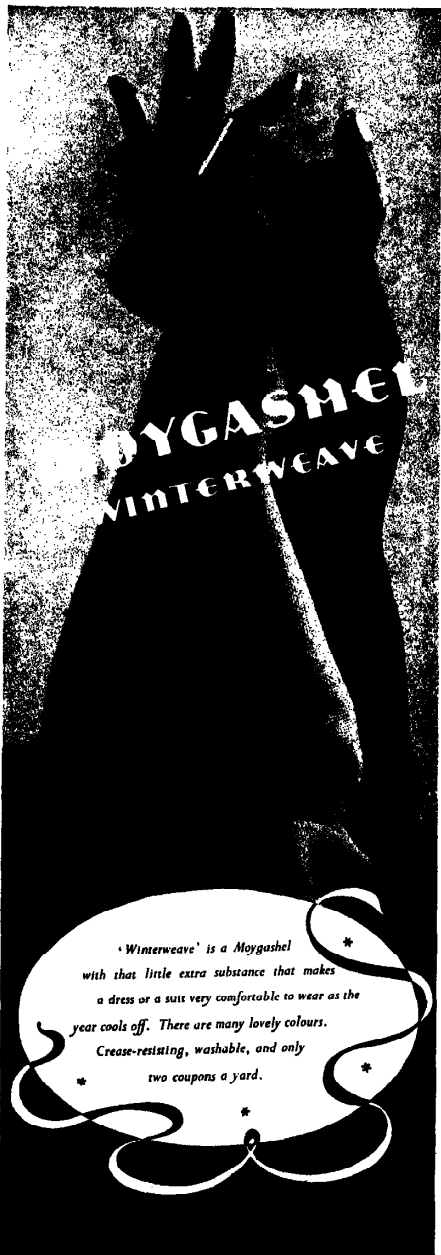
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Mink...



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MOYGASHEL
WINTERWEAVE

* Winterweave 'is a Moygashel
with that little extra substance that makes
a dress or a suit very comfortable to wear as the
year cools off. There are many lovely colours.

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two coupons a yard. *

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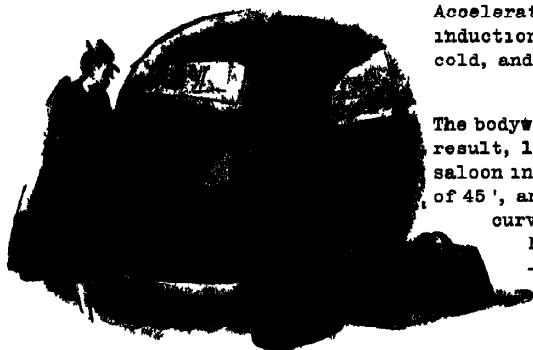
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HIGHLIGHTS OF THE NEW 2½ LITRE

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Dynamic power under the bonnet will cruise at a cool, unconcerned 70 m p h with throttle in reserve. Acceleration outstanding—water-heated induction system gives flying start from cold, and 25% improvement in m p g.



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Foolproof Daimler Fluid Transmission*
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patented Daimler independent front
wheel suspension, high compression
(7 to 1) 6-cylinder engine, 18.02 h p
developing 70 B H P at 4200 revs



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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. C No. 2587

OCTOBER 25, 1946

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY CHECKED 12/8

By direction of Mrs. Rowland Rank.

ALDWICK PLACE, ALDWICK, WEST SUSSEX

Bognor Regis Station (S.R.) $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles

Occupying an unrivalled position on the western outskirts of the town.



Beautiful Gardens including brick and thatched squash court, sunken garden laid out by Mr. P. Morley Herder, hard tennis court, kitchen gardens and greenhouse, ABOUT 13 ACRES.

THE GROUNDS ARE WELL TIMBERED AND HAVE 400 FEET FRONTAGE TO THE SEA.

WITH VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION

For Sale by Auction as a whole in the Hanover Square Estate Room, on Friday, November 8, 1946, at 2.30 p.m.

Solicitors: Messrs. RICHARDS BUTLER & CO., 88, Loadenall Street, E.C.3.

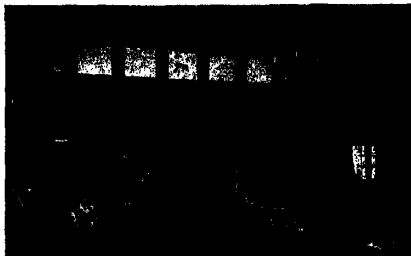
Auctioneers: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, and Messrs. TREGGEAR & SONS, Aldwick Road West, Bognor Regis. Particulars 2/8.

The Residence is built regardless of expense, of brick partly rendered, with a tiled roof, under the direction of the late Mr. Percy W. Meredith and is situated in a woodland setting with actual sea frontage.

The House is surrounded on three sides by a high flint wall and approached by a drive. The appointments are of the best note and quality, and the accommodation consists of 4 reception, 8 principal bed and dressing rooms, boudoir, 5 bathrooms, 6 staff bedrooms and bathroom. Compact offices.

All Main Services. Central Heating.

Garages. Stabling (6 loose boxes). Fitted Gymnasium. 2 Cottages each with 5 rooms with all services.



By direction of K. C. Bond-Smith, Esq.

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A beautiful QUEEN ANNE HOUSE containing lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Main water and electricity. Septic tank drainage. Charming gardens. Two cottages. Large garage. Fine range of farm buildings, housing an attached herd.

First-class pasture and arable land, intersected by a stream.

ABOUT 160 ACRES

For Sale by Auction in the Hanover Square Estate Room on November 8, 1946 at 2.30 p.m. (unless previously sold).

Solicitors: Messrs. DEBENHAM & CO., 22, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Auctioneers: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY. (Particulars 1/-)

By direction of Trustees.

BROOME PARK, BETCHWORTH

2 miles from Reigate. 23 miles from London.

THE FINE GEORGIAN RESIDENCE



Containing 4 reception rooms, billiards room, 16 bed and dressing rooms, nursery, 4 bathrooms. Main water, electricity, gas and drainage. Central heating.

Well-timbered parkland, beautiful gardens, tennis lawns and ornamental lakes.

Two entrance lodges and three cottages. Home Farm let at £100 p.a. In all about 85 ACRES



For Sale by Auction in the Hanover Square Estate Room, on Monday, November 18, 1946, at 2.30 p.m.

Solicitors: Messrs. WILLIAM CHARLES CROCKER, 42, Gracechurch Street, E.C.3.

Auctioneers: Messrs. CLEMENTS & TILLING, 53, Bell Street, Reigate, and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY. (Particulars 1/-)

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Two bed and dressing rooms, 2 bedrooms, 4 reception rooms. Electricity, Central heating. Garage, stabling. Cottage.

1/4 MILE OF TROUT FISHING.

40 ACRES

An attractive modern Country House built in the half-timbered style. Auction of the property (unless privately sold meanwhile) on Thursday, November 21, 1946, at 11 a.m., by Messrs. JACKSON STOPS (Gloucester). Auctioneers' Office: Old Council Chambers, Castle Street, Cirencester (Tel. 334/5). Solicitors: Messrs. NEW & SAUNDERS, Bridge Street, Evesham (Tel. 828).

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WAXWELL FARM HOUSE, PINNER, MIDDLESEX

For Sale, one of the most attractive properties within easy reach of London.



Beautiful Elizabethan Farmhouse dating from 1600, substantially built in red brick with later additions in keeping.

Two bedrooms, fine hall and panelled reception rooms. 4 fitted bathrooms, billiards room.

ALL MAIN SERVICES

Garage for 3 cars. Two cottages.

Charming gardens with cut yew hedges, lawns, flower beds and several useful paddocks. In all about 5 ACRES.

Recommended from personal inspection by the Agents: JACKSON STOPS AND STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, W.1.

THE MANOR HOUSE, CASTLE COMBE, WILTS.

Chippenham 5 miles. Bath 11 miles. ATTRACTIVE STONE-BUILT AND TILED RESIDENCE



recently modernized, containing hall, 4 reception rooms, 10 principal bed and dressing rooms, 4 secondary bedrooms, 4 bathrooms.

Excellent domestic offices. Main water. Modern drainage. Central heating. Own electric light. Telephone. Garage, stabling. Five cottages. Gardens, plantation and orchard, extending to about 18 ACRES.

Trout fishing. River Avon 1 mile (both banks).

TO BE LET UNFURNISHED ON LEASE. RENT £450 PER ANNUM. Further particulars, order to view, etc., apply JACKSON STOPS, Castle Street, Cirencester (Tel. 334/5).

WITH POSSESSION ON COMPLETION.

HULLAVINGTON HOUSE, NR. CHIPPENHAM WILTSHIRE

ATTRACTIVE STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE

Comprising 2 reception rooms, 11 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Main electricity.

Modern drainage. Main water. Central heating.

Excellent cottage. Range of 6 loose boxes and other outbuildings, including garage. Charming gardens, including lawn tennis court. Three paddocks, extending in all to about 12 ACRES.



FOR SALE FREEHOLD. £12,500 OR NEAR OFFER

Apply Joint Agents: Messrs. JACKSON STOPS, Old Council Chambers, Cirencester, or Messrs. R. J. TUCKETT & SON, Tisbury.

HARPOLE HALL, NEAR NORTHAMPTON

GEORGIAN HOUSE OVERLOOKING LAKE

Hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 2 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

COMPANY'S E.L.

CENTRAL HEATING.

LODGE.

PRETTY GROUNDS.



11 ACRES.

FREEHOLD £4,800

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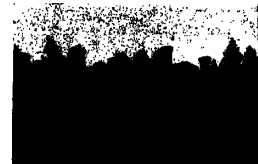
Adjoining a pretty village.

FOR SALE, A DELIGHTFUL OLD TUDOR FARMHOUSE

having later additions and containing hall, 4 reception rooms, 2 sun parlours, 9 bed and 2 dressing rooms, 5 fitted bedrooms. Garage, stabling, etc. All main services.

Picturesque east house, cottage and chauffeur's flat.

Attractive gardens of about 3 ACRES



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AN HISTORIC OLD PROPERTY

By the river, convenient for Oxford and London.



A skilfully restored XVth-CENTURY RESIDENCE

Two bed, 3 bath, hall and 2 reception rooms. Main electricity and water. Latest central heating. Stabling, garage. Two cottages. Bathrooms. Walled garden.

PRICE \$15,000 WITH 7 ACRES

Ready for immediate occupation.

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A FREEHOLD ESTATE WITH HOME FARM

Very conveniently placed for daily access to London by road or rail.

A small GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

Nine bed, 3 bath, hall and 3 reception rooms. Electricity. Main water. Central heating. Stabling, garage. Farm hall's home and cottage. Picturesque grounds with lake.



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Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY beg to announce Particulars of
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By direction of *Lieut.-Colonel E. C. Shirley.*

ON OCTOBER 29, 30 and 31, 1946

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On view Friday and Saturday, October 25 and 26.

Illustrated Catalogues (price 5/- each) from the Auctioneers: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1,
and Messrs. LOCKS & ENGLAND, 166, The Parade, Loughborough Spa.

ON NOVEMBER 5 and 6, 1946

By direction of *Mrs. Mageloe.*

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77, HAMILTON TERRACE, 'N.W.8

including

WILLIAM AND MARY, QUEEN ANNE, GEORGIAN AND LOUIS-QUATORZE FURNITURE

Silver. Ivories. Jade. Furs. Porcelain and China. Cut Glass.

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CHINESE AND PERSIAN CARPETS AND RUGS.

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Modern sized Georgian Residence with long river frontage. In one of the prettiest Thames-side villages within 25 miles by road from London. Golf 1 mile.



For sale, unfurnished, THE LONG LEASE OF THIS LOVELY OLD GEORGIAN HOUSE modernised and brought up to date regardless of expense. Lovely outlook facing south. Long frontage to the River Thames and backwater. The residence is compact and easy to run and has for many years been run by a married couple. Entrance hall, cloakroom and W.C., 3 reception rooms, music room, 4 cylindrical bedrooms (2 with c. running water), with 3 luxuriously fitted bathrooms. Several secondary bedrooms and a fourth bathroom. Complete domestic office with mail's sliding room. Main electric light and power. Main gas. Radiators. Telephone. Garage for 4 cars, etc.



LOVELY OLD-WORLD GROUNDS.

Lawns for tennis. Landing stage and boathouse, in all about 4 TO 5 ACRES

RENT £200 PER YEAR. Premium for lease asked.

Sole Agents: Messrs. NICHOLAS, 1, Station Road, Reading.

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JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK

OXFORD AND CHIPPING NORTON

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ON THE BORDERS OF WARWICKSHIRE

Boundary 4 miles

A FASCINATING, SMALL, MODERNISED, OLD-WORLD VILLAGE HOUSE

Dining-hall, lounge, sitting room, 5 excellent bedrooms, luxurious bathroom. Range of excellent cupboards. Main electricity supplied shortly. Main water. Modern drainage. Lawn lawn.

ABOUT 1 ACRE

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Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, Oxford.

With Vicar's Permission of Lots 1, 2 and 3.

CENTRE OF HEYTHROP HUNT

Oxford 20 miles

A WELL-EQUIPPED COUNTRY HOUSE OR HUNTING BOX

Three sitting rooms, 7 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms. All main services. Telephone. Garage and first-rate stabling. Cottage. Banglow.

IN ALL ABOUT 5 ACRES

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Loughborough 14 miles. Market Harborough 18 miles. Melton 7 miles. Oakham 8 miles.

SALE IN SIX LOTS OF VALUABLE FRESHWOLD AGRICULTURAL PROPERTIES, ETC.

Situated adjacent to the villages of Grafton, Burrough-on-the-Hill, and Somerby.

LOT 1. FRESHWOLD GRANGE FARM. Small House and homestead; nearly 60 ACRES, with vacant possession.

LOT 2. FRESHWOLD FARM, 200 ACRES, let on a yearly tenancy at £647 per annum.

LOT 3. SIX MODERN COTTAGES (in the village of Somerby), some let on yearly tenancies.

LOT 4. FRESHWOLD FARM, 100 ACRES, let on a yearly tenancy at £647 per annum, with vacant possession.

LOT 5. THREE COTTAGES AT SOMERBY.

LOT 6. FRESHWOLD FARM, 100 ACRES, let on a yearly tenancy at £647 per annum, with vacant possession.

To be Sold by Auction by JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, of the Royal Hotel, Loughborough, on Wednesday, November 12, 1946, at 2 p.m. (unless sold privately meanwhile)
Particulars, plans and conditions of sale obtainable from the Auctioneers, as above, 14, King Edward Street, Oxford (Tel. No. 6697/8).



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DURFOLD HALL, DUNSFOLD, NEAR GODALMING

Comprising the Gentleman's Residence of 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 9 bed and dressing rooms, some fitted with washbasins, 3 bathrooms, etc.

CENTRAL HEATING THROUGHOUT.

Glorious views to Hindhead and Leith Hill.

Grass park and paddocks.

Ample buildings with facilities for horse and cattle breeding.



Four excellent cottages, arable land and woodlands extending in all to about

168 ACRES

and eminently suitable for a pedigree cattle or horse breeding establishment.

Vacant Possession (subject to W.A.S.C.'s occupation of arable land). By Auction (unless previously sold) at the London Auction Mart, 125, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4, on Tuesday, November 26, 1946, at 2.30 p.m.

Note:—Messrs. BANKS, KENDALL, TAYLOR & GORRY, 20, North John Street, Liverpool 2. Auctioneers: WALLIN & WALLIS, P.A.L., 140-147, High Street, Godalming (Tel.: Godalming 4307), and HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, London, S.W.1. (Regus 6222)

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Between London and the coast, 1 mile West of South Station, 4 miles E. of Brighton, AN EXCEPTIONAL AND UNIQUE SMALL ULTRA-MODERN COUNTRY RESIDENCE



560 ft. up with marvellous views over South Downs, BULLDOG BANK, WEST HOATHLY

Built just before the war for labour-saving and incorporating every modern convenience. Four bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 reception rooms, Sun lounge and balcony, garage, etc. Central heating. Main water, electric light, and drainage.

SQUARE COURT OF STANDARD SIZE

By Auction at the Haverstock Hotel, Haverstock Heath, on Tuesday next, October 29, 1946, at 2 o'clock p.m. Further particulars from the Auctioneers: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, London, S.W.1 (Regus 6222).

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In secluded and rural surroundings. 14 miles from Town.

A REALLY PLEASING RESIDENCE OF CONVENIENT DESIGN

Large and attractive lounge, entrance hall (25 ft. by 15 ft.), 2 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, excellent office.

CENTRAL HEATING AND C.O.'S MAINS.

Large garage. Cottage. Paddock.

IN ALL 5 ACRES

Charming gardens with ornamental pond, etc.

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HANTS-WILTS BORDERS

9 miles from Salisbury, 10 from Winchester.

THE STUD FARM, NORMAN COURT

West Tytherley

Exceptional Modern Buildings with range of 87 loose boxes. Covered Manège 100 ft. x 50 ft. other buildings.

PAIR OF WELL-BUILT SMALL HOUSES

Excellent well-fenced paddocks in well lighted position with southerly aspect, extending to

106 ACRES

(Further land if required.)

Good Water Supply.

Full particulars from the Agents.



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HANTS VILLAGE

Enjoying seclusion. Convenient for main line station. 50 miles London.

LUXURIOUSLY EQUIPPED SMALL COUNTRY COTTAGE RESIDENCE



"WEST GREEN COTTAGE," NEAR MARTLEY WINTNEY

Comprising 4 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms (one very fine), lounge hall, cloakroom, sitting room, dining room, kitchen and pantry.

ELECTRIC LIGHT, GAS AND WATER. PASTRY GARDEN.

The cottage is fitted with modern conveniences and should appeal to anyone seeking an easily run country home for week-ends or semi-retirement and to enjoy the comforts of a Town Sea.

Also built and dated 8-bedrooms Cottage nearby (would make staff quarters for West Green Cottage).

WITH POSSESSION

AUCTION, OCTOBER 25 NEXT (unless previously sold).

By order of The Public Trustee.

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"FLEET," "GOLDEN ROAD" with principal rooms facing south and having 6 bedrooms, large bathroom, sunny hall, 2 reception rooms, lounge and sun room.

Main services and central heating throughout. Two garages and workshop.

Secluded garden including tennis lawn and orchard, in all about 4 ACRES.

For Sale by Auction at Fleet on Tuesday, October 25, (unless previously sold).

It is to be held at a specially reserved price. Ideal for Country Club or Hunting Home.

SUBSTANTIALLY BUILT COUNTRY RESIDENCES

50 miles of London, 7 miles Dorchester, 5 miles Romilly. The accommodation comprises: 12 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, cottage and entrance hall. Good outbuildings. Pleasant gardens are a feature of the property. Five main-entrance. In all 28 ACRES including 11 ACRES of well-wooded land.

£6,500 FREEHOLD FOR CASH SALE

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NEAR BERKHAMPTSD

Occupying a magnificent position, some 500 feet above sea level commanding splendid views.

An Ideal Property for a School, Institution, Country Club, etc.

AN ATTRACTIVE WELL-BUILT RESIDENCE
in a secluded situation approached by a drive.

Large entrance hall, 4 reception rooms, 20 bedrooms (most having fitted beds, h. & c.), 5 bathrooms, excellent domestic offices with servants' hall.

Main electricity and water. Central heating throughout.

2 COTTAGES.

Stabling, garages, outbuildings.

Beautifully timbered grounds, hard tennis court, walled kitchen garden, grassland, etc.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Sole Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,500)

MAYNARDS HEATH

Occupying an excellent position with extensive view of shops, churches, schools and

A WELL-BUILT MODERN HOUSE

with hall, 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Main electricity, water, gas and central drainage.

Garage, stabling, outbuildings.

Well laid out gardens, kitchen garden, fruit trees, etc., in all

ABOUT 3 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD. VACANT POSSESSION

Sole Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,761)

HENLEY-ON-THAMES

Splendidly situated on high ground and within a short distance of Henley Golf Course.

A SUBSTANTIALLY BUILT MODERN HOUSE

with large hall, 3 reception rooms, 7-8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Main electricity and water. Central heating.

Excellent cottages, garages, outbuildings.

Very attractive well-wooded gardens, double tennis lawn, kitchen garden, orchard,

paddock, etc., in all

ABOUT 2 1/2 ACRES.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD. 28,000

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,750)

WEST SUSSEX

About half a mile from the coast and within easy reach of Itchenor, Chichester and Goodwood.

Delightful Old Georgian Farmhouse

splendidly situated in a secluded position

Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Annex at present used as

gardener's cottage and containing sitting room, 2 bedrooms, bathroom.

Compound's electricity and water. Central heating.

Two Garages, Playway, Outbuildings.

Inexpensive gardens including kitchen garden, etc., in all

ABOUT 1/2 ACRE.

PRICE FREEHOLD 27,000. VACANT POSSESSION

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,760)

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LONDON, W.1

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Greencoat 9191 (2 lines)
Established 1876BETWEEN PRINCES RISBOROUGH AND AYLESBURY
AMIDST UNSPOILT COUNTRY. ADJACENT TO THE CHEQUERS ESTATE

A WELL-BUILT FAMILY RESIDENCE

Ten principal bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, billiards room, studio. Main electric light, power and water. Excellent stabling. Groom's room. Two garages. Two cottages. Charming gardens interested by stream.

ABOUT 25 ACRES



On the lower slope of the wooded Chiltern Hills.

Hunting with the Old Berkshire, Whaddon Chase and South Oxon.

Vacant possession of the house, outbuildings, cottages and grounds on completion.

For Sale privately or by Auction later.

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F. L. MERCER & CO.

Regent 4901

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SUPERB SITUATION ON SURREY HILLS

Easy reach of Walton Heath. One of the loveliest homes within 15 miles London. Suitable as private residence, country club or hotel.

INTERESTING CHARACTER HOUSE (PART 800 YEARS OLD)



Lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, billiards room, 7 principal and 2 smaller bedrooms, studio, 3 bathrooms. Central heating. Main service. Garage. Two superior cottages. Fine squash rackets court.

Delightful grounds.

5 ACRES. FREEHOLD

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SMALL ESTATE IN BEDFORDSHIRE

Easy reach of Luton and Dunstable. 24 miles London. With delightful views overlooking

ELIZABETHAN STYLE RESIDENCE

Oak panelled galleries lounge hall, 3 other reception rooms, 7 bedrooms with fitted wash basins, 2 bathrooms.

Central heating. Electric light. Garage. Cottage.

GARDENS AND

PADDOCKS

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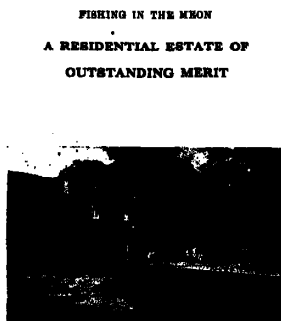


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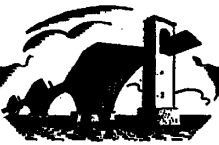
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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. C No. 2597

OCTOBER 25, 1946



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Mrs. Scrymgeour-Wedderburn is the younger daughter of the late Lord Herbert Montagu Douglas Scott and of Lady Herbert Scott. Her marriage to Mr. Henry James Scrymgeour-Wedderburn, brother of her late husband, Lieut.-Colonel David Scrymgeour-Wedderburn, is to take place on Wednesday next.

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HILL FARMS AND COTTAGES

THE final stages of the Hill Farming Bill in the House of Commons showed a welcome Ministerial emphasis upon co-operation between tenants, owners, local authorities and Whitehall as the basis of the Measure, but it also revealed many complexities arising from the difficulty of defining adequately exactly what Hill Farming is. Members from the North of England complained that too little was said about cattle and too much about sheep. The Bill is an improvement Bill, and because the staple of hill farming is sheep-rearing, it is not always realised to what extent hill grazings can be improved by cattle. On this occasion most Scottish Members admitted that the incessant sheep feeding in that country had resulted in much deterioration which an increase in cattle would put right sooner than would anything else. Apparently the Government fears producing a Measure which might be held to apply not only to marginal lands in the hill-farming districts, but to marginal farms with rough grazings on the South Downs, say, or the Brecklands of East Anglia. In any case, the Bill is an experiment, as Mr. R. S. Hudson said, and much as a spirit of co-operation will further its purpose, only time can show what the extent of its benefits will be.

It is, however, tolerably clear that the money spent on improvements will be wasted if it proves to be impossible to increase the head of hill-farm livestock because men cannot be found to look after them. This at once involves the wider question of the provision of better and additional housing accommodation in remote and isolated spots where, in the past, owners and farmers have been accustomed to build dwellings and to let them only to their own employees. The question of the tied cottage is a thorny one and in various parts of the country there are various things to be said on both sides. But the Government's theory that the provision of more and better living accommodation should be entirely the business of the local authorities is completely unrealistic in mountain and hill-farming areas. Its particular application in the Bill is to be found in the Clause which ordains that if an owner accepts a subsidy for reconditioning a cottage, or for erecting a new one, that cottage, once lived in, becomes subject to the Rent Restriction Acts, and the owner is deprived of any kind of certainty that the cottage he has been asked and asked to build or recondition will play its proper part in any scheme of improvement under the Bill. Cottages are wanted at particular spots on particular farms for particular farming necessities; because a particular man—in this case generally a shepherd—can only do his work efficiently from the point chosen. What is the economic

value to the farmer of a cottage which is not occupied by the only person for which it is required? And how can a farmer farm intelligently if his choice of employees is to be decided by the Rent Restriction Acts?

There can be no doubt that better cottages and more money are necessary on most farms in all hill-farming areas if the right kind of employee is to be either retained or attracted. The Bill is a Bill to enable the Government to assist agricultural improvement in such areas by assisting grants to assist in carrying out specific aims on specific farms. Mr. Hudson quoted the case of individual cottages which were in close proximity to several farms as well as to that of the purposes of which they had been built, and asked what security the owner of one of them would have, if once he accepted Government aid in improvement, that his employee would not transfer his labour to one of his neighbours, so that he would be out of all the money he had spent in building or reconditioning the cottage. Faced with such possibilities, not only in their senses, Mr. Hudson suggested, would undertake the work, and the Bill itself would be of little or no value because this essential element of improvement was lacking.

NOSTALGIA

FROM the earth I have been apart too much,
I have been away too long;
Afar-as-I, I need to touch
The soil, to hear wind-song.
Deafened I am by the din of words,
Politest clash, debate—
I have near forgot the talk of birds
The leader of dreams is slain.
Book-print has blinded and blocked my eyes,
Driven heavily from out my brain—
O, to look forth at the hills and skies,
And listen to trees again!
From the earth I have been apart too much,
I have been away too long.

TERESA HOOLEY.

FOUNTAINS ABBEY

THE Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings' considered opinion on the proposed restoration of Fountains Abbey coincides with and reinforces the view taken by the more realistic contributors to the correspondence in *COUNTRY LIFE*. It is pointed out that "owing to the nature and condition of the ruin, rehabilitation would involve so much drastic restoration of an imitative nature that the architectural and historic value of the building would be gravely impaired." To the layman many of the walls look so intact that he thinks that only a roof needs to be put on and the turf removed. But, to take those two points only, no conscientious architect, in the face of modern knowledge of construction, would dare to impose the weight of a roof on those walls, after centuries of percolation by weather, without their being practically re-built. And what is the state of their foundations, subjected for years to water on both sides as well as below? Extensive as are the existing remains, innumerable integral and decorative parts are missing, the nature of many of which is unknown. To replace them would be guesswork, or, worse, faking. Then either the new work will stand out in glaring contrast to the old, or be artificially doctored to harmonise, or the old be furnished up to match the new. Thus, whatever is done, Fountains Abbey as we know it would be destroyed without the possibility of recreating it as the monks knew it. The whole proposal is emotional and impractical. When the Ministry of Works considers this proposal to destroy (the word is used advisedly) the greatest scheduled ancient monument of the Middle Ages, it is to be hoped that due weight will be given to the unequivocal opinion of the acknowledged expert body on the handling of ancient buildings.

A MATTER OF WEIGHT

THE case for withdrawing our silver coinage, just as we lost our gold coinage after the first world war, is unfortunately unanswerable. We are not asked such valid questions, still less coins of the intrinsic value of the metal which can be used towards repaying our debt to

the United States. But if we are thereby saved, to adapt a once-famous phrase, from being "crucified on a cross of silver," most people would prefer, so far as they have been given an opportunity to consider the matter, at least a clean one. According to the Agent General for Ontario, copper-nickel is a generic name for copper-nickel quickly loses its brightness, turns a dirty colour and is easier to counterfeit than pure nickel, which retains its bright, clean appearance. This was not denied in the Commons debate, though the Treasury spokesmen maintained that copper-nickel was no easier to counterfeit than the existing currency metals—which is the name of the game. The existing quantities of nickel are indicated by the Fire insurance, which is made of it and is noticeably clean and bright; whereas our splendid shilling will, it is to be feared, soon have the sickly hue ("Dirty Daltons," one Member prophesied they would be called) of the copper-nickel coinage of impoverished Continental nations. But then, of course, the cost of the silver has been such that Chancellor explained that, owing to its toughness, the use of nickel would necessitate the adaptation of the stamping-machinery at the Mint. But why not? The unmentioned truth of the matter is that all the sixpence-in-the-slot machines would also have to be adapted to take the nickel. What clearer illustration could there be that the nation's coinage is the extent to which machines have become our master?

SMALLHOLDING RENTS

A STORM has blown up in Wiltshire over the action of the Smallholdings Committee of the County Council in asking their tenants to agree to an immediate increase of 10 per cent. in rentals. It seemed at first as though the County Council intended to get rid of those tenants who would not immediately agree to the increase, but it has now been made clear that legal action was not contemplated and the tenants are merely being asked to agree to pay a higher rent. This proposal comes at an awkward time, when all farmers in southern counties are covering the cost of a disastrous harvest, but it is in line with the action of many local authorities who have recently raised the rents of Council houses. No doubt it is true in Wiltshire, as elsewhere, that smallholding estates are being run with very little margin to meet essential repairs and that, with much higher costs of maintenance, there is nothing left to pay for improvements. Many private landowners find themselves in the same position as the Wiltshire County Council, and some have already succeeded in persuading their tenants that it is to their mutual interest to revise rents upwards to an economic figure that will provide for proper maintenance.

TWO MORE OUNCES

EVERY little helps, and the restoration of the sweet ration to its full 16 oz. has doubtless brought a temperate joy to many people who would once have regarded themselves as old enough to know better. Before the days of rationing they declared, and for the most part quite honestly believed, that they had put away such childish things as a liking for sweets. For those who did not disguise their taste they professed the same scorn as did Raina at their first meeting for her chocolate soldier. With the war they either felt a new and strange yearning for sweet things or they were determined to have everything that a niggardly authority allowed them. At any rate a change came over them; they began to take an interest in the beginning of each new month; they dashed to the sweet shop at the earliest opportunity, took a first nibble at their ration even on the way home, and carefully secreted their hoard as soon as they got there. Some day, presumably, they will be able to buy as much as they like, and then, perhaps, like the surfeited confectioner's boy of tradition, they may want no more of it. Those who have lately returned from a holiday in Switzerland report that, after the first ecstasies of day or two the desire for cream tarts and chocolate seemed to die within them. Meanwhile in this country two more ounces are still two ounces and will rejoice many elderly hearts.

LOW TIDE IN THE HUMBER ESTUARY

J. A. Carpenter

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

PRACTICALLY the only item I can write down on the credit side at the close of this, my most unsatisfactory, year in the garden is the very gallant and determined show put up by the last growth one would have expected to withstand the very inclement weather we experienced from April until the end of September. This is the maize which was recently introduced into this country and which actually ripens on the cob so that the corn can be kept in store until the spring when, after crushing by the miller, it is invaluable as a body-building food for small chicks. I obtain any amount of uncollected, but vocal, testimonials from both broody hens and chicks as to the excellence of my crop whenever I scatter the results in front of the coops which are accommodating my future pullets. It is not certain if this maize was evolved in Holland or Germany; in connection with my particular variety there is a mysterious story that the original seeds were stolen from one of Marshal Goering's experimental farms just prior to the war, and this is the third year in which I have grown it with success.

DESPITE the cold in the early spring, the crop on about a quarter of an acre of land was well up by the end of May, and it continued to grow although it only obtained warmth and saw the sun for a few odd hours on infrequent days. When its plants had completed their upward growth in mid-August, with the feathery bloom at the tops and the cobs with lush R.N.V.R. whiskers projecting from the stalks, the first of the gentle summer zephyrs came out of the south-west blowing at 80 m.p.h., and laid the crop as flat as a flounder. Maize is particularly unfitted to withstand anything in the nature of a gale, as the thick heavy stalk ends abruptly at the surface of the soil, and it is maintained in an upright position only by very thin roots, which do not penetrate deeply into the ground. With considerable difficulty the plants were more or less propped up by the employ-

ment of pea-sticks, and began to take an interest in life again when a second summer zephyr, from the north this time, which reached 100 m.p.h. in some parts and apparently 150 m.p.h. in my part, laid it so flat in the opposite direction that this time an interested neighbour commented on my harvesting it so early. Seeing nothing where there had been a five-foot-high growth he did not realise that it was still there, but in a lowly and abased position.

SINCE then it has been subjected to September equinoctial gales, which were nearly as strong as the August zephyrs, tropical cloudbursts, day-long drizzles and fog, but the stout-hearted maize—unlike its grower—has refused to admit defeat, and on rare days when there is a modicum of sun accompanied by a drying wind it is possible to pick well-filled cobs on which the corn in some mysterious fashion has managed to ripen and harden. Without being unduly optimistic—and I am thinking of erasing the word "optimistic" from my dictionary—I think the yield of this year is nearly equal to that of any other year I have seen it grow in. This is all the more remarkable because in the adjoining plot its first cousin, the sweet corn, gave up the unequal struggle in the early days of September.

IT was my fate this year—or my bad management and lack of foresight—to visit my stretch of Dorset chalk-stream the day after the most violent gale so far experienced this autumn. We have had so many I am not certain of the date of its occurrence, but owing to three mighty elms lying across the main road at different parts I was able to see during my digressions much of the by-ways and off-the-

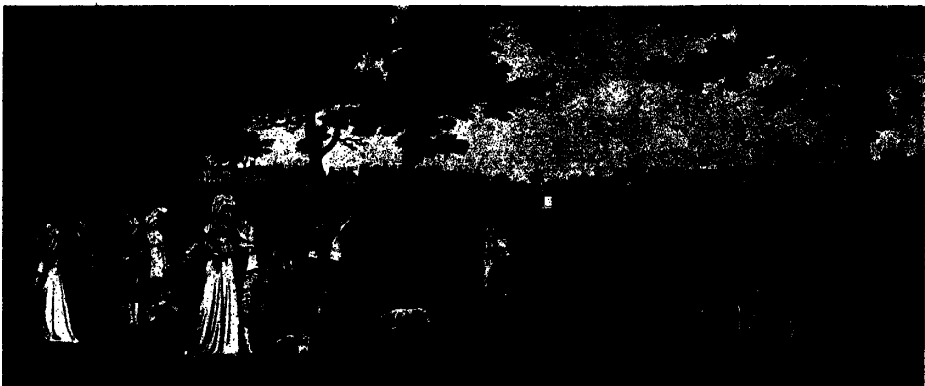
map villages of east Dorset which I had not visited for many years.

On arrival at the river I found the water too high to expect very much and, having driven off the four fishermen who have now established seigniorial rights on the water, as every day in every year since the war started I have seen the same four herons in much the same spots, I began the usual fruitless casting over trout, which were not rising and which had no intention of rising. I have therefore nothing of interest to record except that the violent gale had got right underneath a giant willow, which has been a recognised feature of the water since I fished it first in the days of my carefree youth when, before the advent of Catchment Boards, flies hatched out in clouds in the mornings and late evenings, and there were plenty of one-pound trout to rise to them.

THE tree, which was of enormous size, completely covered with its overhanging branches some twenty-five yards of stream at a spot where there are deep and likely pools, and there were enough artificial flies and casts caught up on the twigs to stock a fishing-tackle shop. This colossal tree had been topped right over away from the river, complete with roots and soil attached, and as the result there was a wall of earth some ten feet high on the far bank, and beneath it a great area of new water of such dimensions that it was almost entitled to the designation of a loch. I should like to be able to record this about the trout of the season in this new stretch of water, but apparently it was of such recent origin that nothing had dared to venture into it, except a few reconnoitring patrols of the ubiquitous salmon parr. I have never been able to understand, or appreciate, why the salmon, which in its extreme youth is the freest and most confident taker of the artificial fly, deteriorates in character as he grows up and becomes the most perrickety of all the fish that swim.

THE GEORGIAN SQUARES OF DUBLIN—I

ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN AND THE ORIGIN OF THE SQUARES. By ELEANOR BUTLER



ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN. BEAUX WALK, 1796. With Van Noet's statue of George II in the middle. (Aquatint by James Malton)

THE Georgian Squares of Dublin are of great interest not only to the architect and the town-planner, but also to anyone who can appreciate the value of restraint in the use of exterior ornament, the dignified effects of the repetition of simple forms, or the delicate refinement of mouldings, the richness of stucco work, or the infinite variety in the treatment of hall doors. But the sole interest of the Squares does not lie in their architectural merits, or even in principles of town-planning, but rather in that they represent a stage of development of a city which has left its mark upon so many great men,

and formed a background in the eighteenth century to a brilliant society.

Dublin, the second city of the Empire, not in size or in population but in precedence, bears all the marks of a capital, and in no way compares with the mediocrity of many English provincial towns: for its architectural qualities it ranks among the finest Renaissance cities of Europe.

The city began to expand outside its walls in the sixteenth century, when rich men built houses on Hogger, now College, Green, and Trinity College was established, thus bringing into being the focal points of later Dublin.

Under the viceroyalty of "The Great" Duke of Ormonde, Dublin's population reached 40,000. Five bridges were built across the River Liffey, and streets were laid out along the quays. In 1683 St. Stephen's Green, the first of the Dublin Squares, was laid out for building. After the Battle of the Boyne and the victory of King William, Dutch influence crept in. Houses, including the earliest ones on the south side of St. Stephen's Green, had curved gables, known in Dublin to this day as "Dutch Billies," and bricks were said to have been imported from Holland.

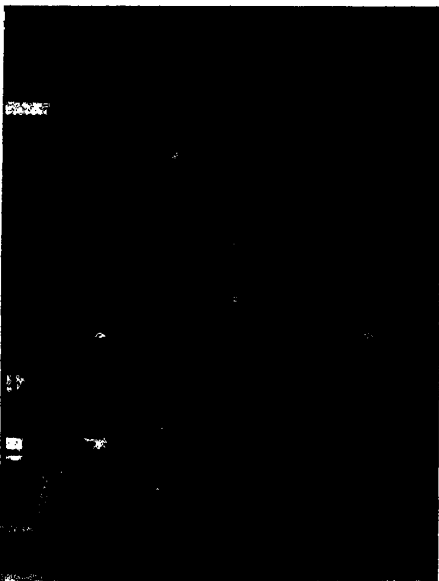
With the erection of the bridges across the Liffey, Dublin spread northwards, and by 1725 the building of houses and streets on an ambitious scale had commenced. Palatial mansions were built in Henrietta Street and Dominick Street, Belsin Street, etc. The north side became the fashionable quarter. People began to desire a view, and by the middle of the century

the slopes to the north of the river and towards the sea were covered with elegant streets, and two more Squares—Rutland Square, begun in 1750, and Mountjoy Square, 1780—were built.

At the same time another fashionable residential quarter began to spring up on the south side: in 1745 the Duke of Leinster commenced his new house in Kildare Street with its spacious lawns at the back, forming the western end of Merrion Square. When asked by a friend whether he would not find it lonely living so far away from fashionable society, he replied, "Where I go they will follow me." In this he proved to be right, for within a few years Merrion Square was completed, and the fine adjoining streets such as Merrion Street, Fly Place, Molesworth Street and Mount Street were built: from then on the trend of fashionable Dublin has been southwards.

The eighteenth century was the "Golden Age" of architecture in Dublin, and especially the latter half. During this period there was a conscious awakening of a spirit of nationality among the Anglo-Irish, who, spurred on by the writings of Dean Swift, began to think of themselves as a nation that should be free. In 1729 the new Parliament House was erected on College Green, and the stately buildings designed by Gandon, Sir William Chambers, Cassels, Cooley, Ivory and Johnston followed. Trade flourished, the rise in land values increased the wealth of the nobility and gentry, the members of the House of Lords and the "great commoners" of Ireland vied with each other in the building of magnificent town houses. The zenith was reached in the last twenty years of the century in the time of what is commonly called Grattan's Parliament.

With the passing of the Act of Union in 1800 the importance of Dublin began to wane. Rank and fashion were succeeded by the professions, but by 1800 many of the important streets and houses had degenerated from boarding-house to slum. On the south side of the city the decay was less rapid: Merrion Square and Fitzwilliam Square (the last of the Squares, only completed about 1825) continued to maintain their dignity. The establishment of an independent Government in 1822 brought about further social changes. To-day the wheel of fortune has turned full circle, and many of the houses in Merrion Square and the adjoining streets, once the residences of the great landlords of Ireland, are now the offices of Government departments, such as the Irish Land Commission (who divided up the land), the Co-operative Society and the Electricity Supply Board. Slum houses are being recon-



A TYPICAL DOORWAY IN MERRION SQUARE

ditioned and their 18th-century façades preserved; legal powers are being exercised to control the dividing up of houses into flats; and a new purpose has been found for the great mansions, such as Leinster House (now the seat of Government), Charlemont House (now a Municipal Art Gallery) and Clanwilliam House (now part of the University Union Buildings).

With the self-confidence gained by 25 years of independent government, there is an awakening of a sense of national pride in our architectural inheritance, and a growing appreciation of the contribution of the Anglo-Irish tradition in the arts: it is now recognised that our Georgian City is possessed of æsthetic qualities which are essentially Irish.

In town-planning Dublin was well to the fore, and as the eighteenth century advanced public authority and private enterprise vied with each other in beautifying the city. The Irish Parliament set up the Wide Streets Commissioners in 1787. No fewer than sixteen Acts of Parliament were passed to enable them to carry out their task, and under their guidance Dublin acquired its present air of spaciousness and



CLANWILLIAM HOUSE AND NO. 86, ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN



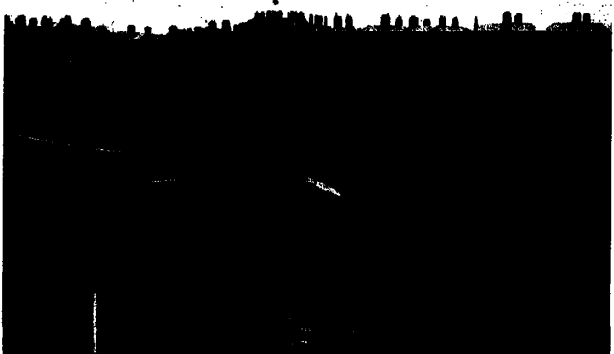
A LATE 18TH-CENTURY LAY-OUT.
St. George's Crescent and Church, by Richard Johnston

dignity. In 1761 a plan for the development of the estate of Viscount Fitzwilliam of Merrion on the south side, now the Pembroke Estate, was passed by the Commissioners, and the building of Merrion Square and the adjoining streets, and subsequently of Fitzwilliam Square, was carried out. While Grattan's Parliament was clamouring for freedom, it still found time to make grants for the improvement of the city.

The Squares are five in number: St. Stephen's Green, Rutland Square, Merrion Square, Mountjoy Square and Fitzwilliam Square.

St. Stephen's Green, said to be the largest square in Europe, was the first to be laid out. It takes its name from the old adjoining Church of St. Stephen, long since demolished. It is shown on Sir William Petty's *Down Survey* map of Dublin of 1685 as consisting of about 60 acres of unenclosed marshy common land, the property of the Dublin Corporation. In 1688, the municipal treasury having been exhausted, the Corporation decided to lay out a portion of the Green for building in order to augment their yearly revenue.

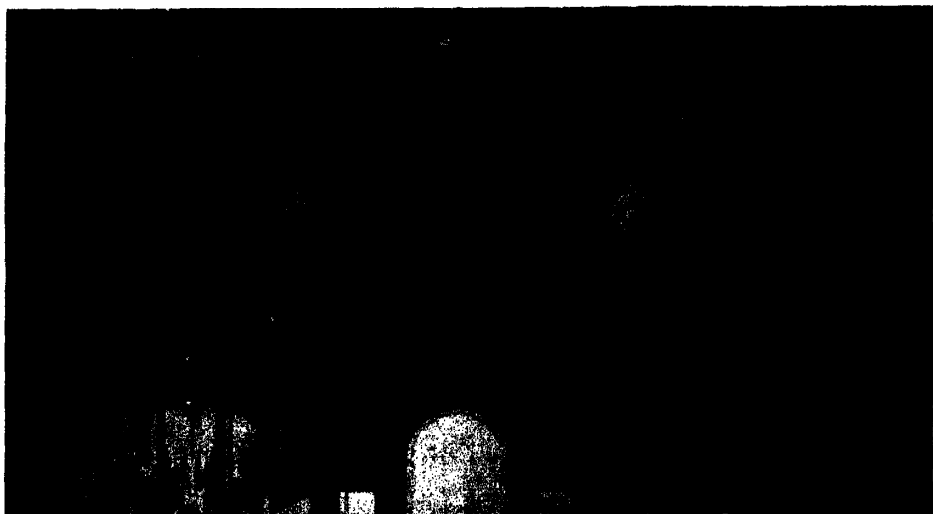
Accordingly, about 27 acres were marked out to be preserved as open space for the use of the citizens, and around this 30 acres for building, divided into strips of approximately 60 feet wide and varying in depth. Members of the



MERRION SQUARE FROM AN UPPER WINDOW



FITZWILLIAM SQUARE—THE LATEST TO BE BUILT



STAIRCASE HALL, 86, ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN; STUCCO WORK PROBABLY BY ROBERT WEST

Corporation and others drew lots for these sites, and those who were successful were given a fee-farm grant and had to pay a ground rent of one penny per square foot on the north, east and west sides, and one halfpenny for those on the south side. A further condition was that each holder of a lot had to plant six sycamore trees along the Green. The Green was further planted with trees and surrounded by a stone wall, inside which a ditch was dug to drain the swampy ground. In 1752, apprehensive of the danger to passers-by, the Lord Mayor forbade the

shooting of snipe in the Green, and in the same year it was decided to put up a statue of George II, by Van Nost; it was erected in 1758.

In the eighteenth century the walk along the north side—Beaux Walk—was the fashionable promenade. In 1880 the Square was opened to the citizens as a public park, and charmingly laid out at the expense of Lord Ardilaun.

According to Roque's map of 1756 the south side was then complete. Many of the original houses have been replaced or altered at

various dates, especially those on the north side, but the majority were built between 1744 and 1771, and are still in a good state of preservation. They contain many fine examples of stucco work, beautiful marble mantelpieces, mahogany staircases and painted ceilings. In exterior architectural treatment the east side presents the most unified effect, for the houses are all built of a warm red brick and have wide flights of steps and imposing hall doors, though they vary in height and in width.

On the south side the building line is very broken, and the houses are more varied in date and design. Several of the more important have stone fronts. Of these perhaps the most interesting is No. 85, Clanwilliam House.

The house was originally built for Hugh Montgomery, and it was subsequently owned by Richard Chapel Whaley, Lady Bangor, the Clanwilliam family, George La Touche and others.

The interior contains a fine mahogany staircase, and some magnificent plasterwork by the Francini brothers, Italian stuccodores who worked in Dublin. The walls of the small study on the ground floor are enriched with panels of the Muses, swags, putti, and shell motifs, while the saloon on the first floor has an elaborate coved ceiling decorated with oval panels depicting allegorical subjects, linked together by garlands and swags, and floating cherubs.

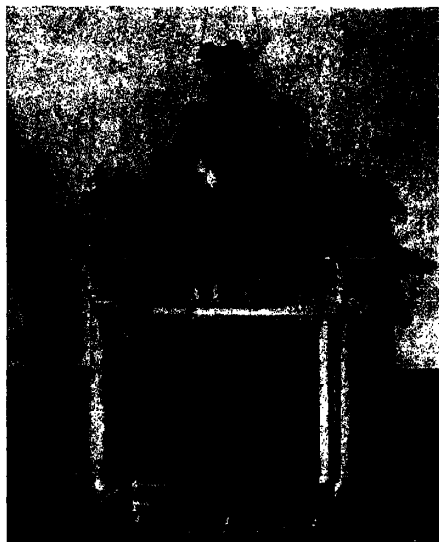
No. 86, the adjoining house, also stone-fronted, is the largest mansion on this side of



CLANWILLIAM HOUSE, 1740. CEILING OF SALOON, BY THE FRANCINI BROTHERS



CLANWILLIAM HOUSE. STUDY. Stuccoes of the
Musees by the Francini brothers



ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN. Typical Georgian chimney-
piece, circa. 1765

the Square. Begun about 1785, it was built by Richard Chapel Whaley: his son, the famous "Buck Whaley," afterwards lived here. The architect was most probably Robert West, master-builder and stuccodore, who was working in Dublin about this time, and whose own house in Dominick Street it closely resembles in its interior decoration. The walls and ceilings of the principal rooms are profusely decorated with Rococo stucco.

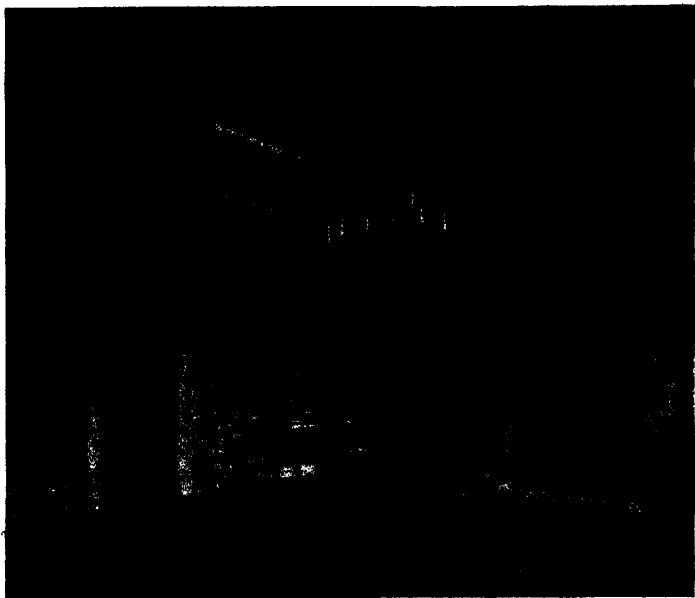
In the eighteenth century the most important house on the south side was No. 80, that of Dr. Clayton, Bishop of Killala, and afterwards of Cork and Ross. It was designed by Cassels and built about 1730. In later years it came into the possession of Lord Mountcashel, and was eventually acquired by Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, and together with No. 81 incorporated in the present Iveagh House, now the Office of the Department of External Affairs.

Mrs. Delany, friend of Swift, describing this house in her memoirs, tells us that "the apartments are handsome, and furnished with gold-coloured damask; virtues, busts, and pictures that the Bishop brought with him from Italy."

To-day the west side of the Square has ceased to be residential, and the houses are converted into indifferent shops; the only building of architectural interest is the Royal College of Surgeons built in 1825-27. This side was known as French Walk because many of the houses were originally owned by Huguenot families — the Berangers, De Blosset de Loches, Le Fanus, Le Touches, Soubrons, etc. At one time

the principal entrance-gate was there: the more magnificent houses included those of Archbishop Syngé, the Earls of Abercorn, etc. Richard Cassels, the architect, acquired sites

and built several houses. In an older house on the site of the present Nos. 124 and 125 Robert Emmet, poet and patriot, was born.
(To be concluded)



No. 80, ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN, IVEAGH HOUSE.
Designed for the Bishop of Killala by Cassels, 1730

FRENCH TAPESTRIES IN PARIS

By G. F. WINGFIELD DIGBY

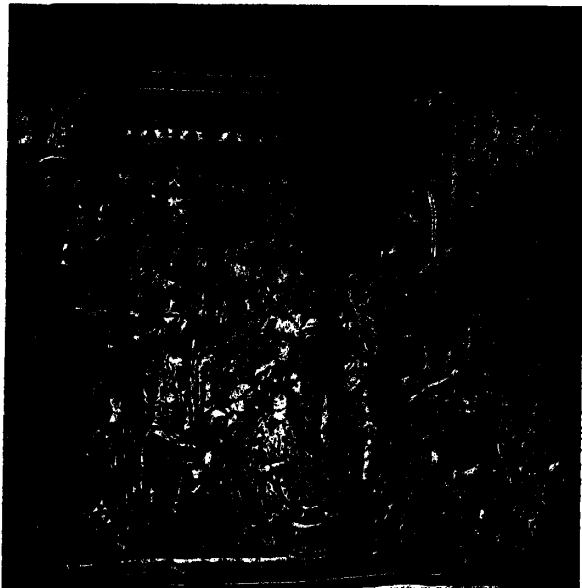
AT two quite different epochs in history a French locality has been used by the principal European languages as a synonym for tapestry: Arras in the Middle Ages, and Gobelines from the reign of Louis XIV to the present. But it is not easy at all periods to define what can strictly be called French.

During the fifteenth century down to 1477 much of the best tapestry weaving was done in the lands of the Dukes of Burgundy, parts of which after that date became again French, such as Arras, Beaune and Dijon, while other parts, such as Tournai, and Brussels, came under the Empire as the Circle of Burgundy (Netherlands). It was one or two decades later that Flemish centres, particularly Brussels, developed a very definite style, while the weavers of France maintained through the centuries, except for a brief period, their own strongly defined character.

The exhibition of French tapestries held this summer in Paris was one of the most imposing shows of its kind ever brought together. It was possible to see in one building not only a representative series from the fourteenth century down to the present day, but also many of the most famous sets from the Paris collections side by side with those from churches and museums in various parts of France.

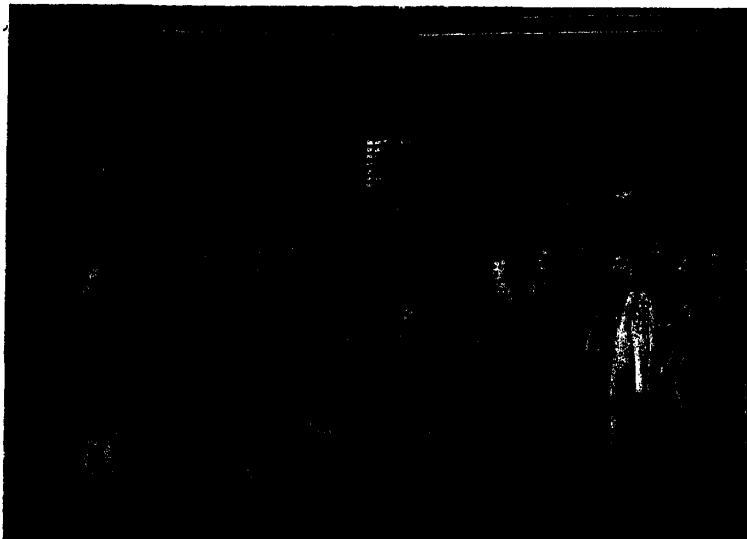
Of the famous 14th-century tapestries of the Apocalypse from Angers no fewer than fifteen pieces were shown, covering the walls of a large gallery. The origins of this set are fully documented; it was woven for Louis of Anjou, brother of Charles V of France, by Nicolas Bataille at Paris beginning in about 1375; the court painter Hennequin de Bruges prepared the cartoons, using a number of manuscript illuminations, one of which, from the Bibliothèque Nationale, was on view with the tapestries. Seventy of the original ninety-odd scenes have survived a hazardous history and were bought back for the Cathedral in the nineteenth century for 300 francs.

The looms of Arras were represented by pieces from two main sets of mid-15th-century date; the *History of Clovis* from Rheims; and the *Life of St. Peter*, shared between the Beauvais and Cluny museums. The former is in the grand style used for the large hangings of the period designed to cover great mural surfaces; packed with figures and incidents, not even the smallest space is deprived of



PORTION OF TAPESTRY FROM THE HISTORY OF CLOVIS
Woven at Arras, mid-fifteenth century. Rheims Cathedral

Giraudon



LOUIS XIV'S MEETING WITH PHILIP IV OF SPAIN IN THE ILE DES FAISANS
From the *Histoire du Roi* set. Gobelines; 1665. Musée des Gobelines

Giraudon

interest, while any part of the tapestry can be viewed more or less independently of the rest. Nor is the effect marred by folds incurred in the hanging. Of the same period are the tapestries ordered for the Hospice de Beaune by its founder Nicolas Rolin, chancellor of Burgundy. These were designed to hang in the chapel of the Hospice and to cover the beds of the sick on feast days; they have been in the Hospice ever since.

For the second half of the fifteenth century the *Legend of St. Stephen*, in twelve long and narrow pieces in the manner used for hanging in the choir of cathedrals, in this case that of Auxerre, was specially noteworthy. The *Bal des Sauvages* from Saumur records that curious "rage" of the time for dressing up as "wild men" clad in hairy skins; it was on such an occasion, when a fire broke out, that Charles VI nearly lost his life.

The last years of the fifteenth century saw a relaxation of the severer style of the preceding period, and a tendency to gay and more lyrical effects, and to pastoral

scenes. This was the time of the lovely and captivating *mille feuilles* tapestries of the Touraine school, which till the nineteenth century were mostly preserved in the châteaux along the borders of the Loire, the district where they are thought to have been made. Among the most famous of these sets are the *Vie Seigneuriale*, *Noble Pastorale* and *Concerta*. The most wonderful of all is the set of six tapestries preserved in the Cluny, the celebrated *Dame à la Licorne*; the subject is the five senses interpreted in an enigmatic way, the sixth hanging being dedicated to *Monsieur d'Amour*. The set came from the Château de Boussac, where it was seen by Georges Sand. Also belonging to this period must be mentioned the magnificent set of the *Vie de la Vierge* from Rheims.

The sixteenth century was the great period of the Brussels weavers, but in France, with the passing of the first two decades, her one really sterile period as regards tapestry set in. Despite the factory inaugurated by François I at Fontainebleau, which furnished the palace with hangings appropriate to Primaticcio's decorative schemes, there were virtually nothing but local workshops producing very minor works. A vigorous attempt to revive French tapestry was made under Henry IV; Flemish weavers were installed on favourable terms in Paris, in particular Comans and de la Planchette at the Faubourg St. Marcel, which together with the atelier of the Hôpital de la Trinité and that of the Louvre, produced first-rate works, although in a style which was fundamentally Flemish. One of the most popular sets of this period was the *History of Ariadne*; eight large pieces from this, their aggressive forms and loud colours enclosed in the elaborate "cartouche" frames of the Baroque manner, were on view. This was the period when Charles I was founding his factory at Mortlake. But whereas the latter, despite the extreme excellence of its work, was to succumb soon after the Civil War, a very different fate awaited the French workshops.

Between 1662 and 1667 the Paris looms were brought together at the Gobelins as the Royal Manufacture. Lebrun, who had been linked with the Surintendant Fouquet's enterprise at Mancy, was put in charge of the factory and lavished his decorative talent for nearly thirty years on a whole series of designs for the Gobelins weavers. As set after set came from the Gobelins looms, each stamped with the hallmark of the new taste, brilliant and grandiose in the manner that the Court demanded and skilfully lavished with every material and technical device, it was clear that France had once more recovered pre-eminence in this field of textile art.

It is not perhaps always realised that much of the best work of the designers of this period, including Lebrun, has survived in its most splendid form as tapestry; and the same is true of Boucher and others in the eighteenth century. If such sets as the *History of Alexander* or the *Histoire du Roi* appear rather overpowering in the scale of their design and the brilliant strength of their colouring, it must be remembered that they were conceived as backgrounds to Court life where silk dress and jewellery were keyed to the highest pitch. Perhaps the most enjoyable sets are those of the seasons or months or *Maisons Royales*, and the truest qualities of sensibility and draughtsmanship must be looked for in the borders, which are in themselves remarkable works of art.

Beauvais was established as a Royal Manufacture in 1664. Three of its greatest products were the Bérain *Grotesques* of the Béhague period, (1680-94). Boucher's *History of Psyche* (mid-

eighteenth century) and Huet's *Pastorale* (1780s).

In recent years a modern school of tapestry design has sprung from the initiative of Madame Cottolli, who experimented with the translation into tapestry of conceptions of Braque, Henry-Matisse, Rouault and Dufy. Some notable artists began to design cartoons for the ateliers of Tabard and others at Aubusson and Felletin. Among these Jean Lurçat, Marcel Gromaire and

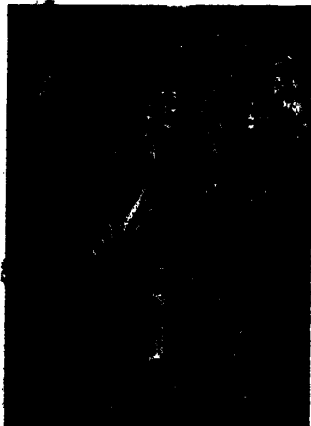
Marcel Saint-Saëns have achieved particularly striking results; basing their abstract or imaginative effects on intensity and contrast of colour-values, and using only a very restricted scale of tones, they claim to have returned to the principles of the medieval tapestry tradition. Although sometimes excessively harsh in colour many of these hangings attain new and highly arresting effects, particularly those of Lurçat.



TAPESTRY FROM THE DAME À LA LICORNE SET
Touraine school, about 1510. Cluny Museum



CONTEMPORARY TAPESTRY DESIGNED BY MARCEL GROMAIRE AND
EXECUTED AT FELLETIN-AUBUSSON
Woven in wool, about 12 warp threads to the inch



CONTEMPORARY TAPESTRY DESIGNED
BY JEAN LURÇAT AND EXECUTED AT
AUBUSSON

GWEN JOHN

By DENYS SUTTON

WHAT is so exasperating, yet so enviable, about women, is the way in which, despite their traditional contrariness, they are so often right in their first judgments about people and things. It is this ability to discern the undercurrents of behaviour which makes them such competent novelists. They have, it is true, rarely, if ever, rivalled the great masters of fiction in those broad, panoramic novels, suggestive of the many facets and complexities of life. But in the lesser, more minute, departments of the novel, they have achieved, especially in this country, much that is perfect.

On occasion, they may be romantically inclined but, fundamentally, they are undoubtedly realists, not in the sense that Zola or Sardou feel the need to expose the baseness of humanity, but from a simple, provocative desire to call a spade a spade. They hate to be deceived.

Systematisation and application have often vitiated the spontaneity of the feminine approach to life. The dearth of women painters in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries may perhaps be accounted for by their dislike of the discipline imposed by the Grand Manner.

The output of artists such as Judith Leyster, Artemesia Gentileschi or, even, Madame Vigée-Lebrun, seems negligible when compared with the corresponding achievement of women in literature. But with the emergence of Romanticism and the advent of Impressionism, women felt free to paint as they wished. The enthusiastic amateur water-colourist made her appearance, choosing, as the readers of Henry James and the admirers of Ruth Draper have doubtless observed, the environs of Florence as her special headquarters. In a more serious vein, Berthe Morisot or Mary Cassatt indicated that they could be as rigidly professional as their male counterparts. To-day, indeed, the woman painter occasions no surprise, and in our

own century some of our most talented artists have been women.

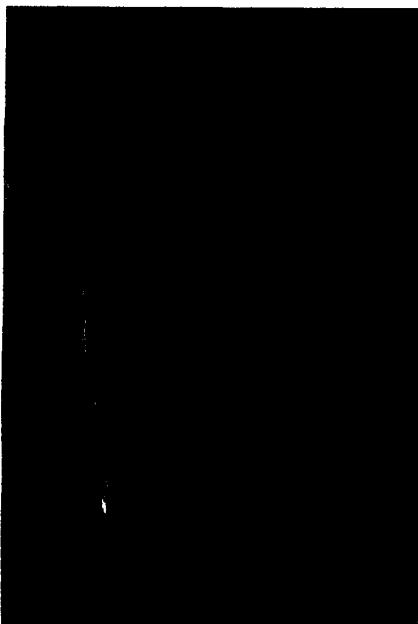
Few artists have so completely characterised the virtues of the feminine approach to painting as the late Gwen John, a memorial exhibition of whose works has been held at Messrs. Matthiesen's Galleries in Bond Street. She was in many ways an enigmatic figure whose paintings in her lifetime were appreciated by only a small initiated circle. She is said to have painted much, but to have destroyed a large part of her production. Of her life, which was mainly spent in France, little is known and it is to be hoped that her brother, Mr. Augustus John, will expand his short introduction to the catalogue of this exhibition into a fuller account of his sister.

Born in Pembrokehire in about 1876, she attended the Slade School like so many of her generation. She worked for a time in Whistler's studio in Paris, where she acquired her neatness of treatment and her sense of the artist's vocation. Her life in Paris at this period seems to have been interesting and full. She was not in isolation and made stimulating friendships. She sat to Rodin, whose letters to her show an affectionate solicitude for her known indifference to personal comfort. She served, indeed, as the model for the colonial figure holding a medallion of Whistler which Rodin had designed as the memorial of this artist commissioned by the Society of Painters, Sculptors and Gravers, but which was rejected in favour of a replica of the *Bourgeois de Calais*.

Her friendship with Rodin's secretary, Rilke, was deep and understanding, and some of her own tender water-colours recall the sensibility of Rilke's descriptions of Paris. Finally, she was for long an ardent disciple of Jacques Maritain and a friend of his niece, Mademoiselle Oumanoff. She became a Catholic and, through them, formed part of the Neo-Thomist movement centred on Meudon.

The depth of her religious experience and a hint of the crises it occasioned are revealed in the few extracts from her correspondence and speculations printed by Mr. John. "She may," he writes, "have derived some moments of peace, consolation, and even ecstasy, besides much agony of soul, from the religion which she had adopted and practised with such fervour, but the discovery that religious people can be just as stupid, insensitive and vulgar as anybody else was inevitable and tragic."

The exact nature of the crises does not transpire, but she left the Neo-Thomist circle and settled in an out-house in Meudon, continu-



A YOUNG WOMAN



A NUN SEATED AT A TABLE

ing to paint and to cherish her beloved cats. She paid a few visits to England which were complicated by the quarantine regulations relating to her pets, and spent much time by the sea in Brittany. She died on a visit to Dieppe on September 13, 1939.

She seems to have left only a few paintings but a large number of water-colours and drawings. They show her to have been right outside the dominant artistic movements of our time: they contain no trace of the revolution effected by Cézanne, the triumphant colouring of the Fauves, the intellectualism of the Cubist personal and private—they reflect the reactions of an exquisite sensibility to the emotions of her own restricted life and experience.

The simplicity, the neatness of her art, swept and garnished like some convent cell, recalls the chaste and simple poetry of Christina Rossetti. There is, indeed, something akin to Pre-Raphaelitism in her approach. Yet she had passion and vigour. Sentimentality is avoided and her portrait of a young girl seated suggests more the passionate upsurge of the metaphysical poets. Not that her art is complicated. It resolves itself into a succession of images caught by an original, penetrating and sensitive eye, in which the colours, as one writer has felicitously remarked, seem to bleed away.

For all its delicacy, its femininity, her art was not wishy-washy. It was exact, devoid of self-consciousness, simple through knowledge not naivete. "Do not," she said, "be vague or wavering. Impose your style. Let it be simple and strong." Her art was just that. She was not afraid to show her feelings.

Some of her works contain an element of pathos, of melancholy, a patient resignation to suffering which recall Picasso of the Blue Period, Modigliani and Klee's Kollwitz. Yet her paintings are not all marked by wistfulness and sadness. In some of her water-colours or in the self-portrait painted in Paris, the colours have the sharp, joyous quality of the early Vuillard. For all its limitations, her art will continue to enchant. She lifted the veil on a tiny corner of experience, and what she saw she painted with honesty and vision.

READER'S HOUSE, LUDLOW, SHROPSHIRE

Given its present form by Thomas Kaye, later Town Preacher, in 1608-11, incorporating portions of the early mediæval Church Hall and School House. After 1712 it became the official residence of the Town Reader.

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

ONE of the most picturesque buildings in the ancient town of Ludlow (illustrated last December) is that known as the Reader's House tucked away on the east side of the churchyard of St Laurence's great church. The most prominent feature of the house is the tall black and white porch jutting into the lane from a massive wall of rubble masonry pierced by little latticed windows. The plum brickwork of a late 17th century range adjoining and forming the back premises of the Bull Inn makes a further contribution of colour and texture to the venerable group.

The stonework of the Reader's House is obviously much more ancient than 1618, the date carved on the porch and the time after the Reformation when the offices of Preacher and Reader were established out of the revenues of the wealthy Palmers Guild. That Guild—centred in a College of Priests of which part of the 14th century premises is now the Cottage Hospital (Fig 9) on the opposite side of the churchyard—virtually ran the mediæval town. The Corporation developed out of it and took over the Guildhall in Mill Street. The Guild founded the Grammar School and maintained a hospital replaced eventually by the



1—THE FRONT TO THE CHURCHYARD

2—LOOKING SOUTH TO WARDS THE CHANCEL OF ST LAURENCE'S CHURCH

Georgian Hosiers Hospital (Fig 10) just west of St Laurence's in College Street. After its dissolution the State did in this case apply its considerable revenues to maintaining and developing social services in the town among them the additional offices of the Preacher and Reader. A Charter of 1542 explained

that our said town of Ludlow as very populous and filled with many families so that one Minister alone is not able to attend duly such multitudes therefore there should be chosen one discreet able and fit person learned in holy writ a man famous for innocence and integrity of life to expound the Scripture and be called the Preacher and another assistant to the Rector called the Reader or Lecturer.

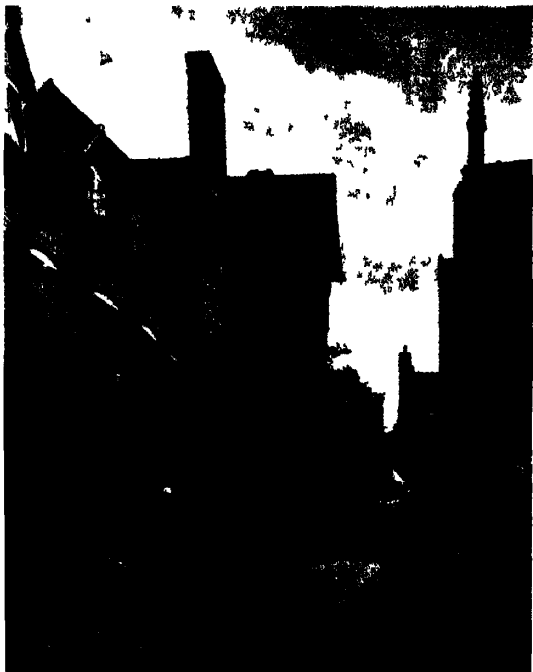
A house for the Preacher was built in 1618—a timber framed gabled house in Old Street illustrated December 28 1945—largely at the expense of Thomas Kaye B.D. the holder of that office 1611-21. It has hitherto been perplexing why then Thomas Kaye's name occurs with the date 1611 on the porch of the Reader's House as well although he never held that post. A document recently unearthed by Mr Thomas Midgley, and kindly communicated to me by him now sheds some light on the question. But before pursuing Kaye's connection with the house in the churchyard its previous history must be sketched.

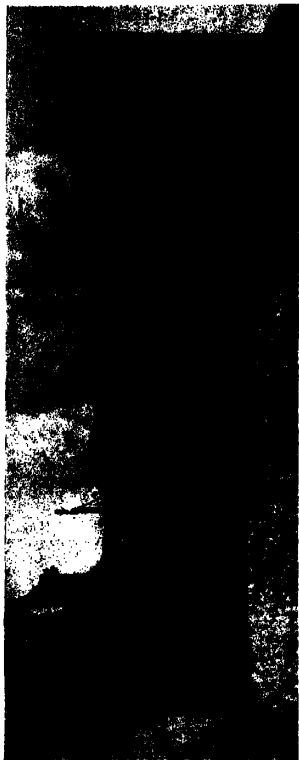
At that time it was known as the School House having recently been occupied by one Hooke who taught his scholars there and much earlier by the Palmers Grammar School which before the Reformation occupied the tenement in the Church yard called the School House.

The late Henry T. Weyman—the novelist Stanley Weyman's brother—whose notes *Ludlow in Bygone Days* (1913) contain the results of much patient research was able to identify this school house in the church yard with the Church House to which there are references in the records going much further back. In 1343 a deed refers specifically to the place called the Church Sale on this site. The word sale is an old term for hall sale common at the time and Church Hall was probably the original name of this house.

Very few if any authentic mediæval examples of a church house or hall have survived. It was used for the social gatherings of a parish as a store house for the property of the church as a convenient place for teaching the young and for holding church ales and other parish gatherings. For those purposes there seems generally to have been a large room with a fireplace for preparing the feasts besides cellars for storage if not other rooms for the other purposes. In fact the mediæval church hall seems to have shared many of the uses and character of its modern equivalent the parish hall.

The masonry and foundations of the Reader's House





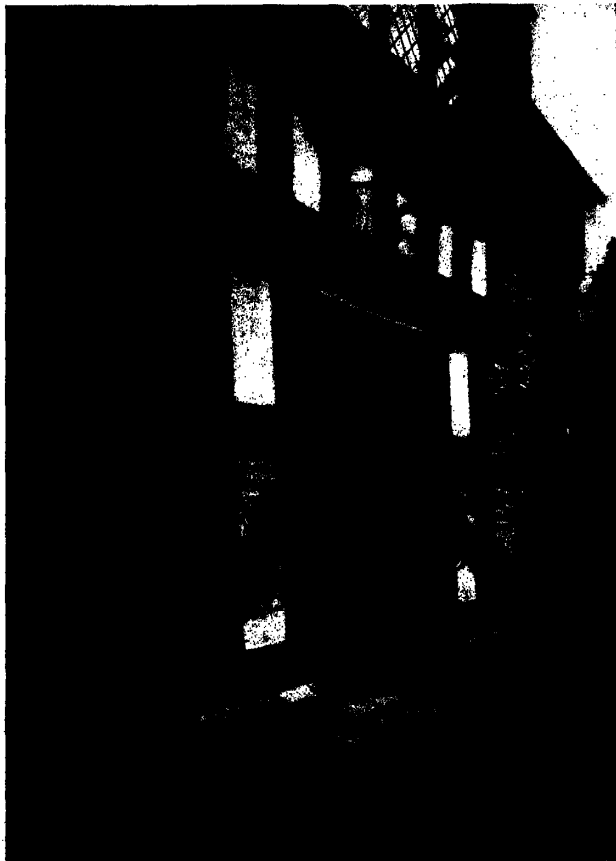
(Left)

3.—THE PORCH
ADDED BY
THOMAS KAYE
IN 1611



(Right)

4.—THE BLACK
AND WHITE
EAST FRONT and
ST. LAURENCE'S
CHURCH



are obviously very old, and may probably date as far back as the thirteenth century. St. Laurence's Church itself was reconstructed in 1199 and the Church House may have been built not many years afterwards. In some recent repairs there was discovered in the thickness of a wall a title deed, of which the date must, from its contents, be about 1220. It might have been put there long afterwards, but there would have been less reason to do so than at the time when its provisions were new and relevant. Judging from what survives—the west side (Fig. 1), the north end, and the stone foundations—of the whole rectangular building, it was probably a hall, with an existing cellar beneath, and a kitchen in the north end to the left of the entry (where a hearth and oven survive).

Some time, probably soon after 1600, the east side seems to have collapsed, or threatened to, when it was replaced by the timber framing seen in Fig. 4 and the whole was remodelled as a dwelling-house with the insertion of the two upper floors and a new roof, and the porch was added to the front. The Corporation Books contain a minute that seems to date this reconstruction to July, 1608: "It is ordered that the Church wardens shall with all convenient speed repair the School House within the Churchyard wherein Richard Hooke now teacheth his scholars." In the following year it was ordered that this house, where Hooke "lately kept School," be reserved in future for the Parish.

5.—A MASTERPIECE OF LUDLOW CARPENTRY. THE PORCH



6.—THE GALLERY OVER THE PORCH

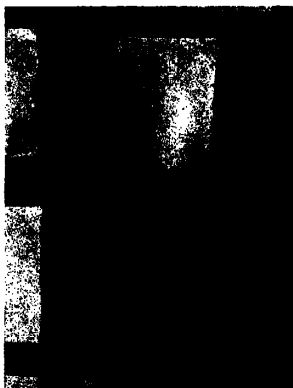


7.—THE PANELLED ROOM ON THE FIRST FLOOR

It is now that Thomas Kaye comes on the scene. In a letter to the Corporation, undated but evidently after 1621, when he ceased to be Preacher, he reminded them that during the time he was their Preacher he had laid out between £11 and £12 (besides the £10 which he gave towards the building) on Preacher's House. Yet "your petitioner never had any benefit from the Preacher's House" and therefore presses either for the money to be expended (and presumably the building completed); or for a renewal and extension of his lease "of his house in the Churchyard, whereof some few years are spent," and which "he hath new builded to his great charge."

What seems to have happened is that in 1608 Kaye, who was also Chaplain to the Council of the Marches, relieved the Corporation of the expense of repairing the Church House by doing so himself and taking a lease of it for his own use. Then, ten years later, he contributed to the cost of building a future Preacher's House which, however, took longer than he expected so that he remained in the churchyard house.

The interior has changed very little in



8.—WATTLE AND DAUB STRUCTURE

the interval. New floors and parti-walls were inserted by Kaye, the walls framed in timber as massively as the new east side. In one place the plaster facing is removed to show the wattle and daub filling (Fig. 8)—what the Churchwardens' Accounts of 1547 refer to as "rods to wind 2 walls in the Church House" (though that work was no doubt replaced by Kaye's alterations). From the porch a passage leads through to the staircase, repeated on the floor above as a gallery leading to the window over the porch (Fig. 6). The large south room has contemporary wainscot and a slightly enriched ceiling (Fig. 7).

The house was not appropriated to the Reader till later, that official's residence being meanwhile "a chamber over the Almshouse Chapel" (taken down when Hosiers Hospital was built in 1738). In 1712 the Corporation Minute Book refers to the purchase of "the house in the churchyard for the use of the assistant to the rector of this town, and that the said house be appropriated to that purpose, the assistant to keep the same in repair." It is now in the hands of Trustees of Municipal Charities and carefully maintained in the occupation of a hand loom establishment.



9.—COLLEGE STREET.



(Right) 10.—HOSIERS HOSPITAL (1738) AT THE OTHER END OF COLLEGE STREET

A GOLDEN EAGLE CENSUS

By LESLIE H. BROWN

MUCH has been written recently on the increase of birds and beasts of prey during the war. Among others, the golden eagle is said to have grown in numbers in many parts of the Scottish Highlands. I have seen no precise figures put forward in support of statements on such an increase, which do not conform with the results of my own investigations.

In the spring of this year I made a reasonably accurate population survey of the golden eagle in two large blocks of mountains. These were the whole Cairngorm range and an area bounded roughly by a line drawn from Ballater through Braemar, Glenishee and Glen Clova back to Ballater. This latter area I call Clova-Lochnagar. Within the two areas I found and examined nearly every eagle's nest there is—not a difficult matter once you know how. As a result I am able to state positively that, far from increasing, the golden eagle has decreased very markedly in these districts during the war years.

My information on the past status of the

year. Moreover, when I was surveying this part of the area I saw not a single eagle where, in 1938, I saw them daily. Later information indicates that I missed another pair, which succeeded in rearing an eaglet. Even so, one eagle reared by six or seven pairs is pretty poor.

A small proportion of the decrease can be attributed to lumbering operations. One of the Cairngorm pairs which regularly bred in the old pines of the Caledonian forest has been disturbed in this way. Only one of their nests survived, and though they visited it they did not breed in it, and hence I call them a doubtful pair. All the rest of the decrease can be attributed, in my opinion, to illegal interference, either by egg-collectors, or through trapping and killing by one means or another.



A GOLDEN EAGLE AT ITS EYRIE

of egg-collectors do not account for the disappearance of pairs of eagles from particular localities, nor for the general decrease despite an adequate number of young birds reared in past years. I say adequate because I believe that forty young birds reared within the last decade would be quite enough to replace any of the old birds that died from natural causes within that period. I have no doubt that in some areas the eagles have been done away with by gamekeepers, or possibly by shepherds.

I have never yet met a gamekeeper in the Eastern Highlands who betrayed any active desire to protect the eagle. Some are tolerant, saying that "they do no particular harm on the high ground." Others—more numerous in my experience—are actively hostile. In Clova-Lochnagar, when I was studying the eagle in 1938, one gamekeeper seemed very disappointed when I said I did not intend to "lift the eggs."

It has been suggested to me that shortage of food, particularly blue hares, might account for the decrease in the eagles. This was a point I had in mind throughout my survey, and I came to the conclusion that there was little evidence to support the idea. There was a shortage of blue hares over the whole of the area I surveyed, while the sharpest reductions in the eagle population have occurred in comparatively localised regions. Further, the shortage of blue hares could be nowhere more acute than it is in the territory of one of the pairs that reared a young bird this year.

It may be argued, why preserve the eagle at all? No one with any knowledge of the subject would suggest that it is a bird entirely beneficial to everybody. It kills grouse, and is said to kill lambs, though reliable evidence from ornithologists upon the latter point is very scanty. But it is the grandest bird left to breed with us, and it has been given legal protection



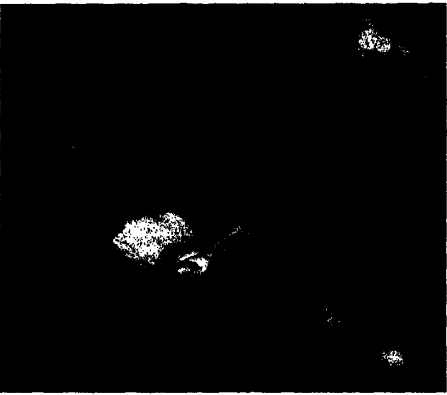
THE REMOTE GLENS WHERE THE EAGLE BREEDS

eagle in the two regions is drawn partly from other naturalists and partly from my own knowledge, and I am particularly indebted to Mr. Seton Gordon and to Mr. D. Netherstone-Thompson. All the information available indicates that there were, say fifteen years ago, nine pairs of eagles in the Cairngorms, and six in Clova-Lochnagar. There may have been others, but fifteen pairs means a pair to every thirty square miles of hill, and the occupation of almost all available breeding-sites.

In the Cairngorms there are now six active pairs of eagles and two doubtful pairs, while in Clova-Lochnagar the six pairs which I knew in the area in 1938 have now been reduced to two active and two doubtful pairs. In other words, over the two areas combined, about one-third of the total population of adult eagles has disappeared within the last fifteen years. The decrease has been less sharp in the Cairngorms than in Clova-Lochnagar, where it amounts to about half the number of adult eagles present in 1938. In the latter area the two remaining active pairs of which I know, and one of the doubtful pairs, are in the Balmoral ground. Of the three pairs of which I knew in the southern part of Clova-Lochnagar one doubtful pair remains. These pairs had between them twelve eyries, only one of which has been visited this

The egg-collector undoubtedly takes heavy toll. Of the eight active pairs which I located five were robbed of their eggs, including both the remaining pairs in Clova-Lochnagar. Of the three others, two reared one young bird each, and the third had added eggs. Were it not for egg-collectors all the pairs should have reared a total of at least seven or eight young birds between them. The evidence of past years indicates that this has been an abnormally bad year in this respect. Last year, I believe, at least five eaglets left the nests, and I should estimate the total number of eaglets reared within the area in the last decade at about forty.

The depredations



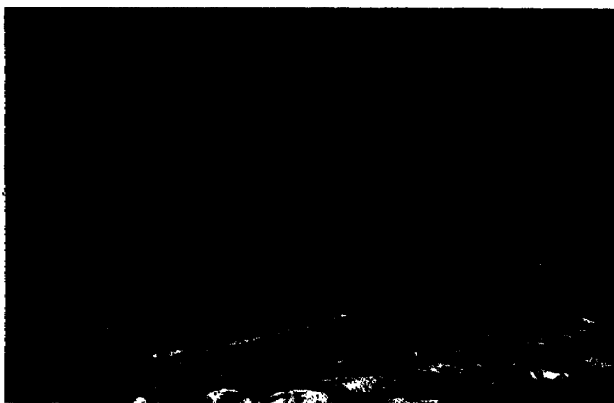
A NEST IN THE CAIRNGORMS IN WHICH AN EAGLET ABOUT A FORTNIGHT OLD WAS FOUND THIS YEAR

for that reason. All people who love the hills—and they are many—seem to wish to see the eagle preserved. I feel that any sportsman worth the name would voice the same wish.

At the present rate of decrease it must disappear from the Eastern Highlands in about thirty years. All evidence that I have points to the likelihood of a similar state of affairs in the high country adjoining the areas I surveyed. The white-tailed eagle and the osprey have already been exterminated in this country in the interests of game preservation. The golden eagle should not be allowed to go the same way.

I believe that much could be done to prevent it. The egg-collector could be frustrated by marking the eggs with an indelible stain and so rendering them useless as cabinet specimens. The eagle does not desert her eggs when this is done—I marked a clutch myself and the bird was still sitting a month later. Prevention of illegal killing is more difficult. Landowners should give definite orders that protected birds, including the eagle, are to be left alone.

I feel also that if more people took an interest in the eagle and knew more about it persons who would otherwise kill the birds with impunity might be deterred for fear of being caught in the act. The Association of Bird-Watchers and Wardens and the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds are actively interested in the matter and the eagles may in future enjoy more immunity from interference.



A NEST IN THE OLD CALEDONIAN FOREST. SOME EYRIES IN PINES HAVE BEEN CUT DOWN DURING THE WAR YEARS

LEAVING IT ALONE A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

"WHY not leave it alone?" is said to have been Lord Melbourne's invariable answer to the proposals of the more advanced of his supporters. It is an admirable sentiment, saving a vast deal of trouble, and I was lately both pleased and interested to read something uncommonly like it from the pen of a highly distinguished personage of our own day, Henry Cotton. I have not the passage before me, but he was sitting in the changes at Hoylake (this was before his great victory there) and, while full of admiration, could not help wishing that our courses would be left alone, so that we could better compare the achievements on them of champions of different generations. "I like your conversation much, I think it's very pretty," I exclaimed in Sam's words to the gentleman in blue at the Swarry, and thought how enchanting it would be if we could still play over the Old Course at St. Andrews, as it was when Allan Robertson did his famous 79 there, with Mr. Bethune of Blebo. And then I reflected that golf has gone through so many stages of transition and the ball has taken to going so much farther and people have come to hit it so much harder that this was, after all, only a beautiful and impossible dream.

There are two main motives for the external changes on our courses. One, and that the chief, is the attempt to keep up with ever longer hitting and to make the course a worthy battlefield for giants. It is a motive which sometimes carries reformers too violently off their feet. The other is the search for abstract perfection, not necessarily in point of length but of interest. Often, of course, the two motives are united. I know no course where this restless search for the very best possible has been more steadily pursued, at any rate of recent years, than at Hoylake. The Royal Liverpool Club has always had a great course, but it has never been content to rest on its ancient fame, and, though an almost bigoted conservative, I would never deny that when, some time back now, Mr. Colt made a number of sweeping changes there he made a very fine job of it, and the Hoylake of to-day is a better, more testing and more interesting course than that played on at the end of the last century. The Alps and the Royal, as he made them, will remain, I trust for ever, as monuments to his skill, and if I say that personally I would have left the Far hole as it was, as an eminently characteristic Hoylake hole, that is, I dare say, only because, like Mr. Handicapper, "I love everything that's old."

I name Hoylake first because it was the text

of Cotton's two-line sermon, but after that, when making a flying visit in my mind's eye to other great courses, I can think only of a single one that is still much as it was when I first knew it. That one is St. Andrews. There, it is true, the tees have gone farther and farther back for championship purposes, but the general design of the course is, save for a few and insignificant bunker here and there, almost exactly as it was when I first played there hard on fifty years ago. That is partly due, no doubt, to geographical causes; there is no room for changes, and personally I think that is something to thank Heaven for; if there had been, nobody knows what some beneficent iconoclast might not have done. Partly also it is due to sentiment. Nobody can pretend, for example, that the eighth, the first of the two short holes, with its whole parish of green to play into, is a great hole. I do not doubt that any architect, worthy the name, could by a process of "tightening up," make it far more difficult and more interesting, but no sacrilegious hands have been allowed to be laid upon it, and I trust they never will.

With that single exception what a lot of changes I have seen to great courses in my comparatively brief golfing life! Sandwich is a very different course and, I admit, a much better one than when I played in my first university match. Those who originally designed it were too clearly in love with blind shots into hollows, and so the old tenth green and the old seventeenth had to go, and their two supplacers make very fine holes indeed. The old fifth hole had to go for another reason, that it had grown too short and so caused a block on the course, and that change in turn led to the ruin of the old Maiden, which, whether intrinsically good or bad, was imposing and awe-inspiring, whereas its successor is almost paltry. There can be no gain, I suppose, without a little loss, and the general gain is great.

Then there is Westward Ho!, which unquestionably took on a new grandeur through Mr. Herbert Fowler's alterations, and Muirfield gained immensely from the taking in of the new country of sandhills beyond the walls. Frantwick has changed relatively little. The old "senior court" hole after the Himalayas has vanished unlamented, and the new short hole after the inward Himalayas is a good hole. In all these cases the changes have been beyond doubt for the better, and yet I do feel regrets now and then over the old holes, simply because they were old. Alas! that one cannot eat one's cake and have it.

Here and there are courses which may be

said to have had a new greatness thrust upon them. I have no manner of doubt that Rye, as it is to-day or as it is going to be when one or two fresh holes are completed, is a finer course than it was. I have equally no doubt that those changes would never have been made if they had not been forced upon us by the summer rush of cars along the once lonely road to Camber beach. We should have been perfectly happy to "leave it alone." Our new splendour has been attained in our conservative teeth, and at least we have the melancholy satisfaction of still being able to see the old greens now derelict by the roadside and remember our old shots to them.

I know one course which, having been deliberately changed, was as deliberately changed back again, and that is Aberdovey. It was stretched almost to infinity by too well-meaning enthusiasts, and then at the behest, not of the old and feeble but of the young and lusty, had a good many superfluous yards lopped off it and was restored to its old familiar form. That is doubtless the exception to prove the rule that the march of progress cannot be stayed. Nevertheless, I have a faint hope that the day may come when the driving of champions will be stabilised and then perhaps our courses may for a while at least remain as they are.

At the present moment it is not, oddly enough, the good holes that are safe from the former's hand. There will always be some "immense and brooding spirit" to think that he can make them better still and by his eloquence he will carry a reluctant but sheep-like green committee with him. The hole that no zealot ventures to touch is generally one which, judged by any accepted standards of architecture, is a thoroughly bad one. It has probably been there a long time; legends cluster thickly round it; the members have grown fond of it, remembering perhaps with an unpeakable thrill how in their novitiate they first parried the bunker, and they will see it changed only across their dead bodies.

I remember once to have accompanied a distinguished architect, in the capacity of *exquisite curio*, round a course of which I knew every blade of grass. There was one hole, a blind one, of a type which I knew him to detest, and I was afraid lest he should want to reform it out of existence and I should be lynched by the members for his crimes. I need not have been anxious. That architect knew his business and how far he dare go. He gave the hole one withering glance and left it alone, and I am glad to say it is there to this day.

OUTLOOK FOR TREE PLANTING

By D. T. MacFIE

GARDENERS are nowadays beset by so many problems that it seems almost outrageous to write in optimistic vein. But there is every reason to do so. The present shortage of practically everything cannot continue for more than a few years, and there is nothing to stop us from making plans for future operations.

It is quite often a good thing to be forced to hasten slowly. With tree planting it is usually a blessing in disguise. It may be only human to be impatient, but impatience allied to tree planting invariably leads to going for the quickest possible results, which quite inevitably ends in hopeless overcrowding. How saddening it is in later years to cut out good trees so that those remaining may have room to reach maturity: how disappointing to find, as one always will, that overcrowding has had its inescapable effect on those that remain.

Tree planting is landscape gardening in the truest sense of that much mis-used term. As with all landscape work, one must have or acquire the imagination and the knowledge to visualise the mature effect when operations are still in the planning stage. It can be argued that trees, like other plants, are capable of adapting themselves to conditions and that the gardener can do much to assist them by pruning. That is true. But I for one do not agree that a tree so grown can ever compare in grace and beauty with a specimen planted where it can develop its natural habit and full stature. Pruning knives and saws are necessary evils, but they are evils none the less as far as the great majority of garden trees is concerned. A visit to any garden where young trees have been left entirely to their own devices for the last six years will provide any proof that might be needed of this statement. Not a few enthusiasts have been astonished to find how ill-advised many of their pre-war pruning excursions were.

It is easy to say that one should not plant a tree without seeing a mature specimen or a near relation of similar stature. It is not quite so easy to do, although the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew and Edinburgh, the Royal Horticultural Society's Garden at Wisley, Surrey, and the numerous gardens open throughout the country in aid of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing do offer unrivalled opportunities for studying individual trees, and for noting particularly successful groupings.



A VIEW ACROSS THE LAKE AT SHEFFIELD PARK, ILLUSTRATING THE WIDE VARIETY OF TREES AND THE WISDOM OF RESTRAINT IN THE PLANTING OF CONIFERS

One can profit, too—although the thought may seem uncharitable—from the obvious mistakes of others.

When thinking of garden trees it is only natural to find one's mind lingering on cherries, chestnuts and others which have spectacular floral beauty to distinguish them. But it is, I am convinced, a great mistake to be led away too much by even such perfection. Not for one moment would I deny or detract from the breath-taking loveliness of a grove of cherry trees in spring, or the magnificence of a chestnut bedecked with its showy panicles over all its massive spread. But these flowers are with us for only a few short weeks and there are

twelve months in every year. Throughout every one, trees planted with due consideration to their grouping, and chosen with regard to their beauty of habit, foliage, fruit, bark and form, will provide pictures of unflinching attraction.

Habit and foliage should, I think, be the first consideration. The form and silhouette of mature groupings distinguish a garden as can nothing else. Straightaway in considering habit one is led into seemingly endless ramifications. Some trees are spreading. Some are columnar. Even spreading species have fastigate forms. Others again are pendulous. These are only the broadest classifications, for no two are identical in growth.

Foliage falls naturally into the two main categories of evergreen and deciduous, though it is a glorious disregard of botanical classification to lump the conifers with other evergreens. One thing I would say with regard to evergreens, and to conifers in particular. Beware of over-planting them. A garden in which they are over-numerous has a depressingly funereal effect. For contrast they are both lovely and invaluable, but I should always use them so—and sparingly.

Spectacular flowering trees, i.e. the cherries, almonds, peaches, crabs, the snowy magnolias and others which deck themselves in sheets of colour, and those which paint the autumn days with hues of red and yellow, are also the more attractive for a setting which enhances their individual beauty. One can so easily have a surfeit of even the loveliest. With all the wealth that there is to choose from, it is tragic that it should happen.

With the notable exception of the birches, trees with striking barks are singularly ignored. But there are many from which to choose. Their beauty is most in evidence at the time when it is most appreciated—in the winter months. But here again there is need for restraint in the planting. Just one or two isolated specimens so often do more to charm the eye than does a host, to appreciate which is beyond the senses.

Here is a list of some of my own favourites among the deciduous trees. What I have termed background trees are those which form the tapestry against which smaller, and in some cases more spectacular, specimens are the better appreciated.



THE JUNE BERRY, *AMELANCHIER CANADENSIS*, BEDECKED IN ITS WHITE APRIL BLOSSOM. THE FOLIAGE DIES IN WARM TONES OF RED AND YELLOW

Background Trees

Acer platanoides, the Norway maple, a very fine, quick-growing species which yellows well in autumn. Its variety *Heidenbachii* sees the season out in tones of purplish-red.

Ranulus hippocastanum, the horse chestnut, one of the most spectacular of flowering trees, of noble proportions and year-round beauty. *Ailanthus glandulosa*, the tree of Heaven, familiar to many as a street tree. It will reach 90 feet and more. Always plant female trees. Flowers of the males have an unpleasant smell.

Betula verrucosa, the silver birch of many varieties. A tree for every garden.

Fagus sylvatica, the beech, and its variety *purpurea*, the purple beech with its colour forms.

Juglans nigra, the black walnut of North America, and a very handsome tree.

Liriodendron tulipifera, the tulip tree, a most imposing specimen with distinctive foliage and handsome flowers.

Platanus orientalis, the Oriental plane. To my mind a much more graceful tree than its probable offspring, the London plane. No one who has seen the magnificent "chenar" tree avenues near the head of the Dahi lake in Kashmir will disagree on this point.

Quercus pedunculata, the English oak, a tree to plant for future generations, but to plant none the less.

Rubus pseudacacia, the false acacia and a lovely tree in foliage and in flower. Not a tree for a windproof garden. Its branches are brittle.

Tilia petiolaris, the silver lime, of beautiful weeping habit.

These are all large trees. The shortest of them will reach 60 feet. The largest will exceed a hundred. For the most part their spread is proportionate to their height, though in this

respect there is much divergence in the genera and in the species.

Spectacular Trees

Smaller, and for the most part more spectacular, trees, for which I must always find room, are:—

Acer glabrum, graceful as all maples are and finding the season in shades of rich red and orange. From the manner in which its brownish-orange bark peels off in flakes, disclosing the brightly coloured newer bark, it has derived its name of "peeling maple."

Acer pennsylvanicum, the snake bark maple. A tree which never fails to arouse comment by reason of its conspicuously white striped bark.

Aesculus carnea, the red horse chestnut, a smaller tree than the *A. hippocastanum* but of very graceful form. The variety *Briotii* is the most richly coloured form.

Amelanchier canadensis, the Juneberry, and a lovely small tree which in April bedecked itself in snowy white. In autumn the foliage turns to a soft, glowing red.

Catalpa bignonioides, the Indian bean, of magnificent beauty, with ten-inch panicles of white flowers spotted yellow and purple. The variety *aurora* is one of the best yellow foliage trees.

Cercis Siliquastrum, the judas tree, with purple post-like flowers in May. It is still too rarely seen, though an old inhabitant of English gardens.

Halesia carolina, the snowdrop tree of North America. In this country a small tree of rather spreading habit but lovely in May when bedecked with its white flowers.

Laburnum alpinum, the Scotch laburnum, with its yellow racemes fifteen inches and more in length. The golden-foliated serenade is almost startling in its intensity of colouring.

Liquidambar styraciflua, the sweet gum, with seven-lobed maple-like leaves, the foliage changing in autumn to vivid red and orange. *Quercus coccinea*, the scarlet oak of autumn which will often retain its vivid leaves until well into December.

Salix alba var. *vitellina pendula*, a hybrid weeping willow of most graceful habit and having the additional attraction of bright yellow bark. To my mind the most beautiful of all the willows.

Sorbus discolor, a lovely mountain ash from China with magnificent autumn colour and berries which are usually milky-white but may have shades of pink, yellow or orange.

The omissions from so short a list are so obvious as to be glaring. In the case of the cherries, peaches, almonds, crab, magnolias and other vast families, they are deliberate. No one would ever forget them when planning fresh plantings and such is a study in itself.

It may well be that fresh plantings are not the most pressing problems. If so, one is fortunate. Nursery stocks are sadly depleted. Most of the better-known species and varieties are available but in very limited quantity and at very high prices. There is no doubt that when supply once again catches up with demand tree planting will be a less expensive hobby.

Where there has been six years of enforced neglect, a good deal of undergrowth, including many seedling seedlings which are now hard some young saplings, has naturally sprung up. In deciding whether or not to grub the saplings, one must again be guided by knowledge of the mature effect. They are, of course, perfectly good to transplant, but one must always remember that a great many of the coloured varieties, and also those of distinctive habit, do not come true from seed. They must be propagated vegetatively.

HILLSIDE PEASANTS

By J. B. DROUGHT

COVERT shooting is often sneered at as artificial sport. So to a great extent it is under conditions of mass production. The strategy of shooting pheasants reared under an intensive system consists solely in the skill with which keepers and beaters combine to put as many birds as possible over as many guns as can be fitted in. Sometimes that skill is not conspicuously applied, and then—well, if the birds come over high, so much the better; if they do not, the "barn door fowl" shots have a field day. Not all of us enjoy that kind of shooting.

For some time to come, in any case, we shall not get the chance. When the ban on rearing pheasants will be lifted no one knows; how long wild birds deprived of adventitious aids will keep their end up is still more problematic. Much depends, of course, on environment; more still on their keeping, because since first the Euston system was devised to the increase of the pheasant and not the partridge birth-rate, as so many people think, there have always been big properties on which, with reasonable encouragement, wild birds have multiplied exceedingly.

...

Generally, though, we humbler folk are thankful for small mercies, counting a bag of 50 birds as marking a red-letter day, especially where, as in my own part of the country, pheasants are chiefly remarkable for their athleticism.

Bred on the fringes of the Downs, they don't bother themselves about Euston or any other systems, but they do know how to sprint. Pheasants that dwell in these hillside coverts are by no means amenable to persuasion. Their lives run not on the regular lines of their pen-pal relatives at Midla Hall. With them it is not a case of from covert to cornfield and back again. Their "daily round and common task" is to hunt for food wherever hunting may not be too bad, and thus the urge is to a vagrant life. When they are wanted they are not there, or if they are, quick as thought they will be lagging if for the adjoining parish unless their pursuers possess a subtlety to match their own.

That is at once the fun and the vexation of hillside shooting.

At the first time through the coverts there is a fascination quite unconnected with high birds and hot corners. When you take your stand in a quiet ride, you have a chance of observing at close quarters a very varied woodland population. Often in the summer you may have heard its sounds: the tapping of the woodpecker, the screech of the jay, the night call of a vixen.

Now, with the fall of the leaf, many secrets are unveiled and, if you keep still, you will not fail to observe that the woods are most absurdly busy. They spring to life with the first tap-tap in the distance of the beater's sticks. There comes a screech of wrath and, quick as thought, a jay flutters up above the hazel and dips as quickly again into covert. From away back a lone pheasant rises, to fall a victim to the gun walking with the beaters.

This is a signal for consternation among the smaller woodland tribes. The tits and wrens pay little heed, but chaffinches and blackbirds streak off in all directions, and jays and magpies become very much alive to approaching danger. Their scoldings become intense, but no birds are more wide awake to the art of self-preservation; they are out and back over the beaters' heads before you have noticed their disappearance.

...

Now comes the real business of the day, to which the antics of the smaller feathered creatures is the prologue. It is now the antics of the pheasant you must watch—and closely—if you would kill him well and cleanly. And here is your first chance, as you watch a young cock of 100 yards here head steady for you, heightening all the way, and you make ready for a real skier doing a good 60. At an angle of 45 degrees you swing and, taking it clean in the neck, he folds his wings and crashes to earth a good 20 yards behind. These are the shots worth waiting for, that send you home with a glow of satisfaction. But there are others more difficult still, as, for instance, on the steeper

slopes, from which you catch only a momentary glimpse of your birds as they hurtle curving through the trees into the valley.

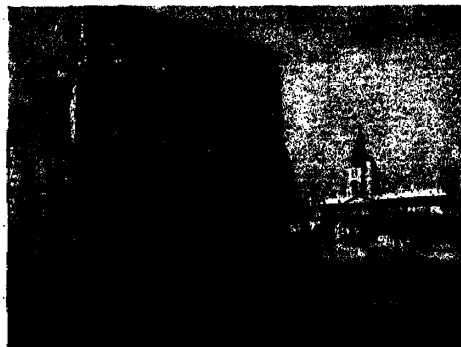
But listen again. There is a pit-pat of footsteps on the carpet of dried leaves, and a very old cock, ink-black in the shadows, pops out of covert and stands for a moment irresolute. He cocks his head to listen, but the beaters are pretty close up and he bustles back again. Forward and along the covert's edge is his best chance, for he has played this game many a time and knows full well that discretion is the better part of valour. For a second he stands facing you in the sunshine in all the glory of his autumn plumage, but, though you are well concealed and move not an eyelid, he scents your presence (or maybe your pipe!). In a flash he is under a bramble and legging it through the beating line. Seconds afterwards comes a chorus of "back," but there is no answering gun, and once again the old rascal's strategy has saved his neck.

...

One last picture of a veteran of the old guard. The beaters are right up, and out he comes to the covert's edge. But rise? Not he—he knows a trick worth two of that. For, with a cool impertinence which argues his conviction that he is sacred on the ground, he legs it hell for leather along the boundary ditch within range of six 12-bores and three sitting dogs. Where the ditch meets a little copse, he slips in as pretty as you please, with a chorle that has in it something of derision.

These birds are not the "big, painted, clucking fowls" of Kipling's *Paramecia*. When once too often they have tricked you all ends up, you will miss the agreeable way with Patrick Clemen, the "after a cock pheasant has heard the stuff go swish behind him and swish again; after he has been shot at once or twice; after he has discovered that the golden-hearted purveyor of the Indian corn has, after all, got feet of clay, he is just as artful a dodger as is a fourth-season fox, who will be, at once, wary and waking 'an' he hear but a bride gate bang to."

CORRESPONDENCE



IN AMIENS TO-DAY
THE RENAISSANCE FAÇADE OF LA MAISON DU SAGITTAIRE AND (right) THE BELFRY
See letter: Among the Ruins of Amiens

GREY SQUIRREL SWIMMING

SIR.—On September 12, while bird watching on the Yeo reservoir at Blagdon, I saw a grey squirrel swimming. When first seen it was about 50 yards from the shore and was heading for some reeds but was making very little progress, as there was a fresh head wind blowing. It was just keeping afloat by means of its tail. At last, however, it reached the reeds and got stuck in them, making no attempt to free itself. I waded in, picked the animal up and put it on dry land. It was not only too exhausted to move off, but made no attempt to bite me.

Perhaps I should have administered a *coup de grâce* there and then, but having witnessed its great effort I had not the heart to do so. I left it for ten minutes to see what would happen, but still it did not try to escape but just continued to pant and shiver. At this stage I left it and resumed bird watching, returning two hours later to find the squirrel gone.

The only explanation I can offer is that it had fallen from a tree into the water. This is unlikely, however, as the nearest water-side trees were about two hundred yards across wind and on the other side of the peninsula from where I first saw the animal. In it possible, then, that this small animal could have swum from the opposite side of the reservoir, at this point about five hundred yards away?

The whole incident interests me very much, and I should like to know if it is usual for a grey squirrel to swim from chocho or, indeed, at all.—*DAVID A. WAIN, Hurley Hill, Whitechapel, Bristol, Gloucestershire.*

[The red squirrel can swim well and has often been reported doing so, but we are not aware of any accounts of the grey squirrel taking to the water.—ED.]

DO GREY AND RED SQUIRRELS MATE?

SIR.—With reference to the cross-breeding of red and grey squirrels, and to the letter upon this subject in your issue of September 27. I have had the opportunity of watching a particular animal at very close quarters. The head and feet are bright red, the body and tail being grey. Similar animals are reported by the water-buffets here. They seem to be tamer than the red squirrels, so it should be unnecessary to shoot what may be a party.

It would be interesting to find out if the alleged cross-breeding results

from selection or from the fruits of victory. If anyone wishes to study this subject I can give details of locality.—*R. HAWORTH-BROTH, Superintendent Water Bailiff, Uisk, Monmouthshire.*

AN "UNEMPLOYED" NOTICE

SIR.—Towards the end of the last century, nearly all the inhabitants of the village of Marcham, near Abingdon, Berkshire, were directly connected with agriculture, and although there were only about 200 in the village, there always were between thirty and forty out of work.

In those days the plight of unemployed agricultural labourers was desperate, and to draw attention to the matter the inhabitants used to record the number out of work in whitewash on a brick wall in the centre of the village.

The figures used to read "38 out of work" and were painted some ten feet from the ground so that the farmers and others who passed through could not fail to see.

The arrival of a threshing machine at a nearby farm usually reduced the number to about thirty, but during the greater part of the year the figure did not vary more than one or two.

Needless to say, in a village of that size, whenever someone climbed the ladder and made an alteration, everybody knew who it was who had got work, or had lost his job.

It would be interesting to know whether any other village adopted this method of making known the number unemployed in the latter half of the last century.—*J. E. LLOYD, Mounthill, Bagley Wood, Kemington, Oxford*

AMONG THE RUINS OF AMIENS

SIR.—Many people still prevented or deterred from going abroad owing to the difficulties and restrictions imposed on travel must have anxiously wondered how some of their favourite cities and towns which they visited before the war look to-day. I enclose two photographs taken in Amiens. This city, which survived the first

world war with scarcely any damage, was not so fortunate in the second, although the cathedral again escaped with only minor injury.

Nearly all the damage to the city was done during the German onslaught in the summer of 1940. But through much was irretrievably lost, it has been found possible to save for future repair and reconstruction some of the historic monuments. The celebrated Maison du Sagittaire, with its Renaissance façade dated 1668 and carved friezes and spandrels, was seriously damaged, but, thanks to the way in which it has been temporarily shored up, it is hoped that in time it will be possible to restore it. On the right of the photograph the late Gothic church of St. Germain is seen. It did not escape uninjured and has been given a temporary roof, but the shell is intact.

The second photograph shows what remains of the old belfry, above which used to rise a tall 18th-century steeple.—*C. L. LONDON, S.W.1.*

AN ENIGMATIC ROOF

BOSS

SIR.—Is it possible the three figures shown in your illustration (October 11) represent the members of the Trinity, Father, Son and (the winged figure) the Holy Spirit?

If we accept this interpretation it would account for the acute attention of the man mentioned as "open mouthed."—*HUBERT C. VISICK, 58, Leckhampton Road, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire.*

A TIGER CUB PET

SIR.—The enclosed two photographs are of a pet tiger cub which I had in India. He was found in a starving condition in the jungle a week after his mother had been shot in a beat. He soon settled down to domestic life, played with the dogs, shared their food, and was my constant companion. He was full of fun, never lost his temper, and was always most humble and apologetic when he knew he had done wrong. We fed him on porridge, milk and raw eggs, with a daily dose of cod liver oil.

We were able to keep him until he was nearly a year old. Then he unfortunately killed a turkey hen, and now that he had once tasted blood, we felt it advisable to send him away to a zoological any further accidents occurred.

The accompanying photographs were taken when he was about four months old.—*FRANCES STEWART, Sheppards Farm, Finchampstead, Berkshire.*



AT HOME WITH THE DOGS

See letter: A Tiger Cub Pet



THE PET TIGER

See letter: A Tiger Cub Pet

LATE HOUSE-MARTINS

Sir,—Referring to Mr. Dixon-Spaul's report of a late swift, in your issue of October 11, it may interest readers to hear that this morning, October 13, in the space of a few minutes I saw five or six house-martins in flight at close range.—E. C. SMITH, *Hepburn, Ocken, Isle of Man.*

DOVECOTE STILL IN USE

Sir,—Dovecotes, first introduced into this country by the Normans, and reaching the zenith of their popularity in the seventeenth century, may often still be seen to-day, some of them delightful survivals of manorial privilege. It is much more rare, however, to see one still used for the purposes of its original construction.

At South Stoke, on the Oxfordshire bank of the Thames, there is what I



THE DOVECOTE AT SOUTH STOKES, WITH HOUSING FOR 2,000 BIRDS. (Right) INSIDE THE DOVECOTE

See letter: A Dovecote Still In Use

is rather unusual you may consider it of sufficient interest to reproduce in your paper. The photograph shows a buzzard, approximately four weeks old. Beside it was an adult egg.

—DAVID A. QUINN, *Loughborough, Leicestershire.*

[In view of recent correspondence concerning the buzzard, we have pleasure in publishing this portrait of a promising youngster, and hope that its schoolboy photographer will at some future time be able to portray the old birds.—ED.]

A STRANGE CUSTOM

Sir,—Every year a strange ceremony is performed at William Glanville's tomb in Wotton churchyard, Surrey. William Glanville was a nephew of John Evelyn, the diarist, and in 1717 left by will a sum of money each year for five poor boys of Wotton who, on the anniversary of his death, should assemble in the churchyard and, resting their hands on his tomb, recite the Creed, the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments, read the 15th chapter of 1 Corinthians and write two verses from the same chapter. Each of the five boys receives 40s., and in addition £10 each is given to the two best performers to apprentice them to a trade.—J. D. R., *Darlington, Co. Durham.*

FOUNTAINS ABBEY

Sir,—The architectural and historical problems arising out of the treatment of Fountains Abbey are not unusual, but the issues are unique—embracing fine architecture symbolic of an historic event of great significance.

Presuming it is decided not to demolish the Abbey, there are only two possible ways in which the problem may be approached. Either the Abbey remains precisely as it stands or it is physically restored and spiritually resurrected. The logic or mode of approach to these latter should be the same whatever decisions are taken

with regard to the larger issues of a national or sectional character, if the Abbey itself is the subject under consideration.

If it is decided to preserve the Abbey as it stands, then let us accept it as a monument to the subject of which it was itself created, with its now unique but quite accidental charm and beauty. Alternatively, any restoration must be approached without fears of past mistakes, and, if it is to be sincere, it must be complete, if the spiritual values are to be kept alive through the past association of ideas.

Merely to "complete" the building—in the three dimensional sense—with different materials rationally used, but

appears that, during the reign of the ancient Kulakoddu Maharajan of Kandy (once Ceylon's historic capital), there lived a large number of these *poothams* under his control. With their gigantic help, the king seems not only to have built palaces out of rocks, but to have constructed large tanks or reservoirs. The appearance of these creatures was believed to be not unlike human beings, though some state that they could assume different shapes and forms. But their hair, it would appear, was curly, and their fingers and toes short and crooked, though they



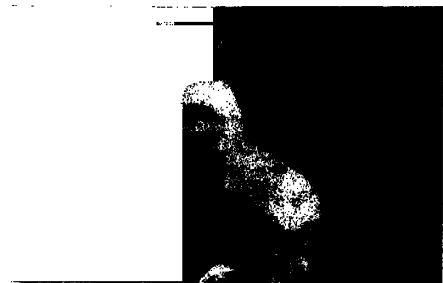
THE TOMB OF WILLIAM GLANVILLE AT WOTTON, SURREY

See letter: A Strange Custom

think must be one of the largest brick-built coots extant in the country. Said to be 600 years old, it has accommodation for the housing of 2,000 birds. Pigeons rise in clouds as one approaches it. On going inside, the substantial building appears to quiver as agitated wings seek the exit. The birds are not kept for their original purpose of supplying fresh meat for the manor during the winter months, but merely to be decorative, lending a carefree existence with no housing problems to worry them.—A. ELCOMB, *Woking, Surrey.*

BABY BUZZARD

Sir,—While at school at Blundell's, near Tiverton, last summer term, I took the enclosed photograph. As it



A FOUR-WEEK-OLD BUZZARD

See letter: Baby Buzzard



CHARMS TO SCARE AWAY "POOTHAMS" FROM THE PADDY-FIELDS IN CEYLON

See letter: Built by Goblins

in isolation, would be structurally unsound and aesthetically risky. The symbolic nature of the Abbey would be all the more difficult to appreciate, and conflict of interest between monumental value and structural expediency would certainly arise.—GEOFFREY BRENDON, *Devon.*

"NO SHORTAGE OF SWALLOWS"

Sir,—I would like to reassure Mr. Hardy of Bishop's Waltham, who here have so many swallow holes, and that they were in great numbers on September 29, and some still here on October 11. I suggest that a shortage may be due to the fact that Bishop's Waltham being a cathedral, and that new ones are shy at building in new places.—M. STAFFORD COOKE, *Havant, Hampshire.*

BUILT BY GOBLINS

Sir,—Not a few of our village folk in Ceylon still believe that, just as every rock or tree is inhabited by malevolent spirits which can be appeased to do good, many an irrigation "tank" which waters the ricefields during drought is watched by *poothams* or goblins which can work evil if not placated or duped. About this I have written in a previous letter.

How these monsters became paddy-pitiless is worth narrating. It

possessed monstrous bodies and super-human strength.

According to folk-legend they worked at night-time, and disappeared during the day. As soon as they returned to their lodging after hard labour, they expected their food to be kept ready for them, voracious eaters as they were. With their help, the rural legend states, the king built many tanks with rocks and stone. Kantalai and Minneriya Tanks in Ceylon, for instance, in which the Raja took particular interest, are said to have been constructed in this way, and country folk believe that there are *poothams* still guarding these tanks.

It appears that the king afterwards found that the feeding of these monsters with gargantuan appetites was no easy matter. So, to get rid of them, he ordered them to bring ashore, one night, a moss-covered tree which had been previously sunk in secret by his ordinary servants. In response to this royal command, the *poothams* tried their best to beach the slimy tree, but found it too slippery to handle. So, fearing punishment, they bolted to the distant hills never to face the king again, and, making the mountain their abode, took to stealing paddy, unseen by mortal eyes. That is why peasants resort to charms to thwart their mischief.

In my photograph an inverted

ghent, flags and (on the left) a bow are seen set up on a grain-besp to scare the monsters away.—S. V. O. SOMANADER, *Bulbucos, Ceylon*.

VILLAGE MEMORIES

Sir,—I thought you might be interested in this old photograph, taken some fifty years ago, of a happy village institution, the annual Sunday school outing, all in their best and riding in decorated wagons. This comes from Suffolk, and bears about the flavour of a joyous occasion, with straining horses—plus sweat and stickolm tar—drawing the old raved wagons, while the church and/or chapel looks on, in the persons of the young folk gathered round the signpost.—ALLAN JONSON, *Busecamp Cottage, 21, Crown Dale, S.E.19*.

THE BELL-RINGERS' GOTCH

Sir,—I send you a photograph of an old bell-ringer's gotch, or loving jug with three handles, to be seen in Beccles Church, Suffolk. It was made by a local potter, Samuel Stringfellow, in 1827, and presented to the ringers by J. Pettman. It has a high glass, and bears this jingle:

*When I am filled with liquor strong,
Each man drink once, and then
drink long.*

*Drink not too much to cloud your
heads.*

Last you forget to make the bobs.

—J., *Beccles, Suffolk*.



"EACH MAN DRINK ONCE, AND THEN DRINK LONG"

See letter: *The Bell-ringers' Gotch*

THE DESTRUCTION OF PROTECTED BIRDS

Sir,—The wild life of a country is a cherished asset of the people as a whole, but it will become a wasting asset if stricter means are not taken to perpetuate its rarer forms. The law endeavours to protect our birds and particularly the species which are limited in range and diminished in numbers. In this it is not always successful; but the flouting of the law involving destruction of irreplaceable national property suggests a state of mind which must be abhorrent to every decent citizen.

A statement has recently been published that during the past three years some dozens of specimens of Scottish and Central European crested tits have been prepared for research purposes. The Scottish Wild Life Conservation Committee, who are advising the Scottish National Parks Committee on the steps necessary for the preservation of wild life in Scotland, is deeply concerned at the illegal destruction of the Scottish crested tit, the eggs of which are protected by law and which itself may not be legally taken or killed at any time throughout the year. It is a rare bird confined to a small area of the Scottish Highlands, and it has already suffered much from collectors.

That the birds were killed for research purposes is irrelevant, for the



THE SUNDAY SCHOOL OUTING FIFTY YEARS AGO

See letter: *Village Memories*

present law allows of no relaxation for such purposes, and every ornithologist knows that the collection of soft parts can be best observed only in the living bird.

The Scottish Committee draws attention to this case in the hope that, for the sake of the wild life, witnesses of such illegalities may not hesitate to come forward, and in the further hope that before long the laws protecting wild life may be consolidated and revised and more effective machinery for their enforcement may be adopted.—J. D. RAMSAY, *Chairman, Scottish National Parks Committee*; JAMES RYCAUT, *Chairman, Scottish Wild Life Conservation Committee*.

[The fate of another bird in the Scottish Highlands, the golden eagle, is discussed in an article on page 767. E.H.]

WANTED, HARES' AND RABBITS' EARS

Sir,—We are carrying out a survey of the population in Great Britain of harvest mites, whose irritating bite is no doubt familiar to many people. Related species of mites in South-East Asia carry the disease of scrub typhus, which caused more deaths than any other disease during the campaigns in Burma and the Pacific. This investigation is designed to provide a basis for the study of the disease-bearing species in other countries.

The British harvest mite carries no disease. It lives principally on rabbits and hares, and can be seen especially on the ears as minute orange or lilac yellow specks attached to the skin. We should be most grateful if we could be sent the ears of wild rabbits and hares, together with the names of the locality in which they were caught (if

possible parish and field or similar map reference). Even if there seem to be no harvest mites in a certain district, we should still be very pleased to receive ears from there, as the absence of harvest mites from a given area will tell us as much about their requirements as records from areas in which they are very numerous. It is essential that the ears should be cut off close to the head, since there is a small pocket in the base of the ear in which harvest mites seem to congregate. The ears when cut off should be dispatched to the address below within two days. If they are well wrapped up in paper they may be sent in an ordinary envelope.

Help in this way will be invaluable in enabling us to understand the factors governing the way of life and distribution of the scrub typhus mites.—W. S. RICHARDS, *Rothamsted Experimental Station, Harpenden, Hertfordshire*.

AN INFORMATIVE MILESTONE

Sir,—It is not without a tinge of regret that the country lover watches the gradual passing of the old-fashioned milestone and its supersession by the more modern and, from the motoring point of view, more convenient sign-post. The unclosed snapshot shows one which stands on the top of the hill which overlooks Winchester from the east. As the inscription points out, it is only a short distance from the old Market or Butter Cross which stands in the heart of the city.—E. V. TAYLOR (The Rev.), *Dean Close School, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire*.

THE MASS OF ST. GREGORY

Sir,—A favourite subject of medieval art was the Mass of St. Gregory, but

it may not be generally known that a few representations of it occur in some of our churches, having survived the iconoclasm of the Romanists and Puritans. St. Gregory, fourth Doctor of the Church, was the Pope who sent St. Augustine to Britain. There are no fewer than thirty-two churches in England dedicated to him. No doubt his *Non Angli sed Angeli* touched the hearts of those who, in the following centuries, built and dedicated our churches. Tradition tells that on one occasion while St. Gregory was saying Mass, someone present threw doubt on the Real Presence. In response to a prayer of the saint there was suddenly a vision of Christ himself who descended on the altar surrounded by the emblems of his Passion.

In medieval art from the fourteenth century onwards we find this miracle represented in various forms, some more pleasing than others. Sometimes the Saviour is seen on the altar or just above it; more rarely he is suspended in the air supported by angels. He is usually portrayed with hands outstretched, perhaps to draw attention to the Stigmata. The emblems of the Passion are much in evidence, not only in the background pieces of silver. Illumination lends itself well to this subject; many artists used it, and Albrecht Dürer executed a woodcut of it. In the National Gallery there is a magnificent Flemish painting of the Mass of St. Gregory.

At Paignton in South Devon the



ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE WAYFARER

See letter: *An Informative Milestone*

Mass of St. Gregory occurs in the splendid Kirkham chantry tomb (c.1500). Under richly carved canopies and pedestals the Kirkham knight and his lady lie carved in stone, one on each side of the tomb giving access to the chantry chapel. The Mass of St. Gregory is carved on a panel above the feet of the knight. In this sculpture we see the saint at the altar with his servers, someone who looks like a cardinal, and a bishop. The figure of the Saviour has been mutilated, as have the heads of the angels above, but the other figures are intact, and many of the emblems of the Passion are plainly visible. Another carving of the Mass of St. Gregory survives in the church at St. John's Chantry in Hampshire.—DONOVAN LAMONT DRAKE, *Fretilian, Llanelw Major, Glamorgan*.

DOGS AND D.D.T.

Sir,—I was interested to read in *Country Life* of September 27, Lt.-Col. R. G. Coates's letter on dogs and D.D.T.

I, too, have used D.D.T. many times on my one-year-old pointer dog, and never have I had a bad experience. Quite to the contrary, the effect was very satisfactory.

Last year, in Linsburg's transition camp (Germany) where I worked as nurse, I used that powder too, and always with a most excellent result.—C. VAN HOOZEN (Miss), *Gei Sollei, Le Zoute, Belgium*.



THE KIRKHAM CHANTRY TOMBS AT FAIGNTON

See letter: *The Mass of St. Gregory*



THE PANEL OF THE MASS OF ST. GREGORY



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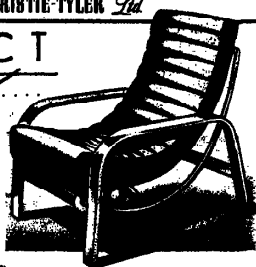


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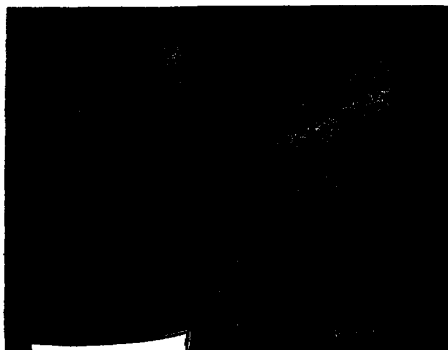
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NEW BOOKS

ANALYSIS OF THE NOVEL

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

MISS PHYLLIS BENTLEY has written a pamphlet of but 11 pages that seems to me to be of great interest and importance, even — alike to the reader and the writer of fiction. It is called *Some Observations On the Art of Narrative* (Home and Van Thal, 5s.), and in it Miss Bentley tries, with remarkable success I think, to show us just what it is that a novelist does in order to attract and to gain the interest of his readers. By this I do not mean what he does in the way of devising a "plot," of selecting interesting characters and setting them in interesting situations; I mean what he does in the way of using words as the tools of his trade.

THREE STRANDS

I suppose I should be ashamed to confess that I have not read Percy Lubbock's *The Craft of Fiction*. Anyway, I have not read it, and I do not know how far Miss Bentley's analysis goes beyond what Lubbock's did. But I must say this: that, having myself written some hundreds of thousands of words of fiction, using always the conventional and traditional method, I had never been consciously aware of the threefold nature of fictional narrative which Miss Bentley elaborates.

I speak of the conventional and traditional method, and by that I mean the method used by almost every novelist from Fielding to Virginia Woolf. With Mrs. Woolf, as Miss Bentley recognises, there was a break in the tradition, and of this more will be said later.

The three strands which Miss Bentley is able to disentangle from every traditional novel are what she calls description, scene and summary. These may here and there blend into one another, but they are what makes every novel.

SCENE AND DESCRIPTION

"Description" hardly needs definition. It merges into "scene" when a human being appears. There need be no pause, no hiatus, between the one and the other. Miss Bentley gives us this from *Jane Eyre*: "The moon was set, and it was very dark; Bosse carried a lantern, whose light glanced on wet steps and gravel road." Up to the semi-colon, the passage is description, once Bosse appears, it is a scene. This is a brief and telling instance. The good novelist knows how to merge description and scene with the maximum of effect, and no reader of fiction needs to be told how wearying some writers can be when they allow description to run away with them. To compare the fiction writer to the theatre: description can be likened to the stage, which may represent a moor or a kitchen, a battlefield or a railway dining-car, or a city office or a snowed mountain, but, whatever it may represent may, by its very appearance, "describe" — we do not want to wait too long for "scene" to begin with the coming of the actor. I think the most masterly combination of scene and description in English fiction is Dickens's account of the storm in *David Copperfield*.

The third and last ingredient of which Miss Bentley takes account is what she calls "summary." She gives

us another example from *Jane Eyre*: "We appeared to travel over hundreds of miles. . . . We passed through several towns, and in one, a very large one, the coach stopped; the horses were taken out, and the passengers alighted to dine. I was carried into an inn." Up to the word "towns," this is summary; thenceforward it passes into "scene."

This narrative medium, compounded of nothing but description, scene and summary, gives the novelist, however indirectly he may use it, the power to comment on the tale that is unfolding. There is no space here to give examples from Miss Bentley of how this may be done — crudely by early novelists, more and more subtly by later ones; until finally the right of comment, in however indirect a fashion, was abdicated by Virginia Woolf and her successors. It was Mrs. Woolf's opinion and practice that fiction should be "scene" only: no description, no summary, no comment. A novel should be nothing but a record of "specific moments" as they fell upon a specific receptive consciousness. In short, a novelist must not shape a narrative as a potter shapes clay; he must record the fluctuating stream of impression through a mind.

READERS' PREFERENCE

Some may think that Miss Bentley exaggerates when she says that this amounts to nothing less than "the history of the change in the English social attitude." A study of the situation might well illuminate the sociology of 250 years of the English world. I think myself that this is the truth — up to a point. And the point is this: that I do not think the accession to the ranks of the Dorothy Richardson-Virginia Woolf-James Joyce school of fiction-writing is numerous enough or powerful enough to permit us to deduce from it that there has been any profound "change in the English social attitude." I am convinced that (leaving out of account the vast army that reads nothing but dope fiction) ninety-nine readers in a hundred still prefer the shaped narrative which could not exist without giving the novelist his power to comment on human life.

In these columns, when reviewing books by and about Virginia Woolf, I have said more than once why I think most readers content to see attitude expressed in the famous last sentence of *Vanity Fair*: the attitude which admits that the novelist is a puppet-master who shapes the game according to his own will. I shall say it again.

MORAL VALUES

Whatever the cynical or the light-minded may say about it, there is in most hearts, however dim and overlaid it may be, a consciousness of, an acceptance of, moral values. There is a belief that, however hard it may be to justify a faith in values as one looks around this wicked world, values do exist and are operative. What makes it difficult to hold this belief is that, often enough, they do not appear to be operative within a given life or even within the life of a few generations. We may believe that wickedness will

in the long run meet its doom, but we see the wicked flourish. We may believe that "pride goeth before a fall and a haughty spirit before destruction," but we see the proud man take his pride unhumbled to the grave and the haughty live and die unrebuked. Most of us are so historically-minded enough to know that, in the long run—which may be centuries while our feeble minds can think only in decades—the mills of God do grind exceeding small. There may be a long gap between the greedy rape of the soil and the dust-bowl, but it is a gap filled none the less with moral as well as physical inevitability.

This is a great truth about life, but it is not a truth whose operation can, as a rule, be observed in the course of a single life. But the novelist, so long as he is permitted to be a shaper and not a mere observer, can make it be observed in the course of a little time. By doing some violence to the actual probable course of things, he can reduce cosmic events to a size which allows great operations contrasted to a span. Against normal probability, he can, if he pleases, show "arise victorious, villainy vanquished," and the greater the novelist the less this will seem to be against normal probability, and the more his book will satisfy something that is deep and valid in us.

THE NEW TECHNIQUE

Miss Bentley wonders whether the new technique of fiction will "remain a branch only, or will the whole tree-trunk bend in that direction?" For myself, I see small evidence of its doing so. Used by a brilliant and indecent mind like Virginia Woolf's, it was capable of enchanting results; but I shudder to think of the banality and boredom that could come from its use by a mind whose own reaction to what she called "atoms of consciousness" was less brilliant than her own. An "atom of consciousness," after all, is its shape and texture and shade from what goes out to receive it. Not many receiving sets have the butterfly antennae of Mrs. Woolf's.

"Or," asks Miss Bentley—"and this is perhaps more probable and more desirable—the brilliant new conception of recording life through moments of consciousness be added to, merged with, the former technique, enriching both?"

I do not see how this can happen. The point lies in that phrase "recording-ly." Is the novelist a recorder or, as I have suggested he should be at his best, a shaper, a creator? The difference seems to me to be that which lies between the sculptor working his clay or marble into the similitude of his vision and those who seek "natural objects"—a stone of curious form, a stick amusingly contorted—and in the contemplation of these find their satisfaction.

THE FUTURE

The very brilliance of Mrs. Woolf's wayward and vagrant success is bound—perhaps to their undoing—to give her imitators. Let those of them who have a tenth of her equipment be welcomed as enrichers of our experience; but it is my guess that, for the most part, the future of the novel lies with the traditionalists. That is not to say that it will not see change, but the change will be growth from a root whose validity is attested by the expert harvesters of chance have sprung to beautify its boughs.

I agree with Miss Bentley that the traditional equipment of the novelist is "a highly civilized tool." Its

advantage over the tool of the new method is that it permits even a novelist whose equipment is not brilliant to do at any rate a tolerable job of work. The new method, as I have suggested, is utterly dependent for its success on the quality of mind that uses it; and the availability of the product to the public is dependent on the number of minds qualified to receive it. These are not many. It may be arguable that, few as they are, these are all we need concern ourselves with. For me, I am not so eclectic as all that. I can hardly imagine what "atoms of consciousness" had ever impinged—to take a case at random—on the mind of Conan Doyle. As it is, I am prepared to thank him for some excellent yarns.

NEW POEMS

IT is customary for reviewers to greet a first collection of verse with the faint praise implied in the adjective "promising"; that might have been the epithet to apply to the contents of *Against the Sun* (Fortune Press, 6s.) had Mr. James Walker left out of it his later poems and particularly those included in the first section, "In the Desert." These are mature work, witness *Portrait and Background*, with its exquisite presentation of the boy:

*Delightful and brave with happiness,
Whom laughter cooled the sun, and
sunk like water
Our parching spirit; one whose
strength was shade;
Yet who was warm and kindness
and comfort:
Who brought the freelight and the
fields of home
Into the desert's alien evening silence;
Whom death did not separate from
Since life was all his theme, the
singing blood.*

Libyan Cove and L'ayan Valley will surely live among the essential beauty that has been pressed out of human hearts by the weight of war.

This is not to say that the rest of the book, which includes that gem *Avonlea*, is negligible; very far from it. Readers of Cowper's *Lives* must remember Mr. Walker as one whose gift it is to draw in verse the loveliness of England. His earlier work proved him a singer worthy of an audience, his later work proves him a poet and one whom those who care for the future of English letters may find of more than present interest. S.

A NEGRO VIEW OF AFRICA

ESLANDA GOODE ROBESON has already written a notable book about her famous husband—*Paul Robeson, Actor*. Some years ago she began to study for a doctor's degree in anthropology, and as part of her field work decided to go to Africa to investigate the truth of the story that the African mind is "primitive" and not to be understood without long years of study. The results of this enterprise include a new book, *African Journey* (Gollancz, 6s.) in which Mrs. Robeson gives a vivid description of her travels through South Africa, Kenya, Uganda and the Congo. She visited places as far apart spiritually as the notorious Jerry Street district of Cape Town, the Negro College of Alice, the compounds of the Jo'burg mines, and the courts of native kings.

Mrs. Robeson answers the problem she set out to solve by her description of the thoughtfulness and intelligence, and the political awareness which she reports among educated Negroes everywhere. It is quite clear that white visitors can have had her privileges or experiences. In the native huts of Uganda, it is to be noted, she found a far higher standard of living than the mainstay of Negroes enjoy in the "civilized" areas of the South African Union. W. E. B.

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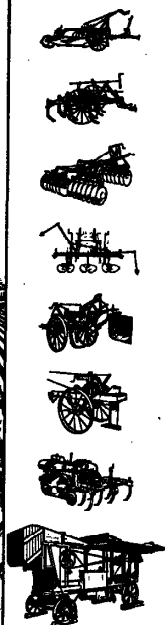
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FARMING NOTES

ARREARS OF FARM WORK

NORTH-EAST winds in October dried the soil quickly so that farmers could press ahead with the autumn ploughing and cultivations which were in arrears. The ground did not work down too kindly, and some of the winter oats and wheats have gone into a seed bed that is more clumpy than tith. The disc harrows have done good work in breaking down the clods, but the ground set hard so quickly that the drill has left a good deal of the seed hardly covered. The drying winds have certainly helped the corn crops, and even the tops of ricks, which were sodden by rain before that could be put on, have dried out nicely. Drying winds, however, will bring about sprouting of wheat into a millable sample. There is plenty of use for the non-millable wheat in the country at large, although some farmers who have no poultry will find themselves embarrassed by an abundance of feed that the millers will not take because the sample shows more than 25 per cent. of sprouted grain. The farmer who wants to use such wheat for livestock feeding must get the consent of the local wheat committee. Otherwise, technically, he may find himself in trouble. The usual common-sense practice is to allow the farmer to keep the non-millable wheat for use on his own farm if he has enough livestock to convert it into eggs or meat.

Dressing Corn

A WORD of warning to those who are using seed corn for their own growing may be timely. Out of the mess of this harvest I managed to save in good order a 10-acre field of wheat sown from seed that came straight from one of the seed firms. We threshed this last week and it yielded 7 quarters to the acre, which was satisfactory. I sowed the grain to a neighbour who has up-to-date plant, asking him to dress it for me with one of the mercurial preparations that prevent the spread of fungus disease. He did so for me but gave me a warning that the moisture content was fully 18 per cent. and that it was not safe to keep dressed corn showing more than 18 per cent. moisture, as the germination might be affected. In my own case I have pushed ahead with the sowing of this wheat and, according to the best advice I can get, all should be well, provided that the dressed corn does not stand about too long before it goes into the ground.

Lock of Hands

BEFORE half the potatoes in my district have been lifted, many of the Germans are the way home under the repatriation scheme. Fortunately we managed to get ten Germans to help to lift our twenty acres and that I am now behind no more. But the labour office of the local committee tells me that he is hard pressed now to find the extra hands which farmers want for their potato-lifting. With cultivations so much behind the calendar no farmer likes to hold up wheat sowing by putting too many of his regular men on to the potatoes. With the disappearance of the Germans the presence of a camp of Poles and their Italian wives becomes the more obvious, and my neighbours are asking when they will be sent out to work and earn their keep. Every pair of hands is valuable now and in Poland they are accustomed to handling both potatoes and beet. As we shall be short of extra labour next year and afterwards, I am glad to hear that the Ministry of Agriculture and the British Sugar Beet Corporation have arranged for this

week a demonstration of sugar-beet harvesters in West Saxony. So far the virtues of sugar-beet lifters have been more impressive on paper than in the field, but we can hope that this demonstration will do much to show us machines that can do this tiresome job satisfactorily and economically.

Late Hay

SOME quite useful hay was put together in the second week of October. I do not say that it will have the full virtue of June hay, but it will be worth feeding to the dairy cows. How long, I wonder, is it since hay-making in the Southern Counties was so late as to last in this season? October haymaking is nothing extraordinary in the West of Scotland where they always reckon to put their hay in cocks with a good top to keep out the rain while the herbage is drying off. But this October hay in the Southern Counties was cut only ten days before it was carried. The clover on the young ley had grown up so strongly in the damp conditions of August and September that it really needed cutting for the sake of the ley as well as in the chance of making some useful hay.

Calf Rearing

MOST calves in this country get more than 40 gallons of fresh milk to start them off in life. This is the Ministry of Agriculture's estimate, and our official advisers think that it is too much. They think that a calf gives full co-operation it is possible with the help of approved starters to use as little as 25-30 gallons of whole milk up to the time of weaning. "In my experience, allowing calves to suckle makes the best job under the care of a skilled calf-rearer who knows how to make one calf foster four calves at a time. I like to stick as closely as possible to Nature in the calf's early days and then turn over to dry feeding after a month or a little longer. Gruntled calves often betray their upbringing. But it is the man or woman in charge of the calf rather than the type of feeding that really matters. Of course, in these days when every pint of milk is wanted for the human stomach, we must do our best to bring up the calves on as little milk as possible, but I still say let the cow give it to them in Nature's way."

Cropping Controls

ALTHOUGH Mr. Tom Williams has recognised that many farmers will not now be able to plant the full acreage of autumn wheat which they have been used to do by the Agricultural Committees, and he has allowed the revision of such cropping directions where the farmer applies to his County Council, the Ministry is still prosecuting farmers who transgress the cropping control orders. One of these is the Buckwheat and Canary Seed (Control of Cultivation) Order. The farmer who wants to grow canary seed must get a licence from his Committee. A Lincolnshire farmer was recently fined £1,500 with four months imprisonment for various offences in connection with growing approximately 7 acres of canary seed without a permit. The Ministry explains that canary seed is little use except for feeding to geese and birds, and it requires for its cultivation land in good condition and labour and machinery which could be used for other human food crops. I do not know what the market price of canary seed may be, but, judging by the fine inflicted in this case, it must be astronomically high. CINCINNATUS.

Introducing Milk Quiz

No. 1

Q. What are the principles of good machine milking?

A. To extract the bulk quantities of the milk as quickly as possible. Speed of operation is essential for obtaining maximum yields. That is why cows, being creatures of habit, have to be trained accordingly and always kept up to "concert pitch". The animal should be made to realise from the very start that the unit is applied solely to draw her milk quickly and not just to act as a soothing cat-massage.

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ESTATE MARKET

U.S.S.R. BUYS KENTISH ESTATE

THE Trade Delegation of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics at Russia (U.S.S.R.) has purchased the mansion and 80 acres of Seacroft Heath, Hawkhurst, on the Kent and Sussex border. The vendors are the Land and Mortgage Investment Company, which had just bought the property and the rest of the 830 acres of the estate from Viscount Gooch. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley effected the sale of the whole property, and Mr. James G. W. Barker acted throughout for the Company. The mansion is to become a hotel for the families of the Russian staff.

Viscount Gooch held Seacroft Heath for some years. The mansion was built in 1871, and replaced one that was put up 200 years ago by John Grey, who was, according to local histories, "head of the Hawkhurst gang of smugglers."

DEER FOREST AND GROUSE MOORS SOLD

THE deer forest of East Rhidaroach, 10,000 acres in Wester Ross with grouse moor and trout and salmon fishing, has been sold. The agent, Mr. C. W. Ingram, has also sold the eastern part of the estate of Arndilly, about 2,700 acres, close to Braigach, Banffshire. This estate, including the house, known as Mansfield, with fishing in the Fiddich, was bought by a client of Mr. W. G. Miller.

STONE FROM OLD CASTLE
DONHEAD LODGE, near Shaftesbury, an early 18th-century house incorporating stone taken from the Old Wardour Castle, has been sold with 10 acres, by Messrs. James Knight and Rutley. The latter firm has disposed of an estate of 88 acres at Bosconfield, to a client of Messrs. Hetherington and Secret, it is Wilton Place, and the house was designed in 1823, by Mr. M. S. Ward.

A recent note regarding an estate near Criccieth should have stated that the price realised for the lake and adjacent land was £2,700, not £22,700.

HOTEL PROPERTY

FROM time to time, indeed very often, correspondents ask "Can I buy a moderately sized hotel, what is the probable cost, and what are the prospects?" As a rule it transpires that the enquirers have had no experience in conducting hotels, and that their available capital is much too small to afford any likelihood of success. Hotel-keeping is a very substantial business, and even for those with experience and command of substantial funds. In the prevailing conditions it is harder than ever, and a good many hotels are coming into the market. The holder under this year, remembering the much increased tariffs, may suppose that it is a remunerative business, but he hardly realises the difficulty of getting equipment and its high cost, and the greatly enhanced expense of staffing any establishment. Everywhere the larger hotels have been requisitioned, and a single well-known company still has four of its large hotels out of its control owing to requisition. These are the Hotel Metropole at Blackpool, the Empire Hotel at Bath, the Grosvenor Hotel in outer London and the South-Western Hotel, Southampton. Two hotels that have been freed from requisition this year are the Grand at Scarborough, the Grand at Brighton, and the work of reconditioning them for reopening involves an outlay far exceeding the sum allowed as compensation. The Valley of the

Rocks Hotel, at Lynton, has been disposed of at a loss, and a loss has been made by the sale of the Granville Hotel, Ramsgate. The last-named was severely damaged by a bomb. In giving the details above set forth concerning their hotels, Messrs. Spiers and Ford emphasise the obstacles which bureaucratic control of labour, materials and commodities oppose to hotel-keepers who wish to renovate their establishments and provide satisfactory service.

REQUISITIONED PREMISES UNUSED

A PECULIARITY of the position is that the authorities, though retaining a hold on them for one reason or another or no reason at all, seem to have no use for them. The amount of accommodation still subject to the blighting influence of requisition is surprisingly large, and the necessity for retaining it is apparently small or non-existent. What then is the explanation of the continuing deprivation of the owners' rights to the immediate return to them of what they have mostly surrendered under the compulsion of the war? Are the premises? Very largely the continuance of requisitioning is attributable not to any further need for the premises for the purposes for which they were originally seized, but to an official arrangement that what was taken for a special purpose may, now that that purpose has been fully met and done with, be, as it were, hawked about from one Department to another, with a view to the possibility that some sort of fresh official use can be found for the premises. The transfer of premises in that way involves an indefinite tenure of property in a way that technically, at any rate, deprives an owner of an element of his fundamental rights over it.

TENURE OR PURCHASE?

IT may be suggested that if the fresh uses that may be found for premises are really essential the proper course would be to exercise powers of compulsory purchase. The proprietors would thereby ascertain the finality of their interest in the property, and would have a certain amount of capital for other purposes. But this is not a completely satisfactory expedient, inasmuch as a good many owners are averse to parting with their property; they want to resume occupation of it, and well they know that the effect of official Orders and the arbitrary artificiality of the basis of valuation may mean an actual and substantial loss to them. The pre-war principle of compensation for compulsory purchase was payment of the value as between a willing vendor and a willing purchaser. There was no question of what was the assumed value at a certain date, or of adjusting the valuation by the addition of a prescribed percentage.

Apart from the foregoing considerations there is another, the fact that if a property is surrendered the use, or often more accurately the misuse of it, during occupation must necessitate an outlay in reinstatement far exceeding whatever payment may be received by the owner. Another considerable cause of loss lies in the deterioration of furniture that was hurriedly removed from premises at the time of requisitioning. Enemy action and fire have made inroads in the furniture and equipment of premises. No compensation can ever fully cover the loss by breakage and other damage.

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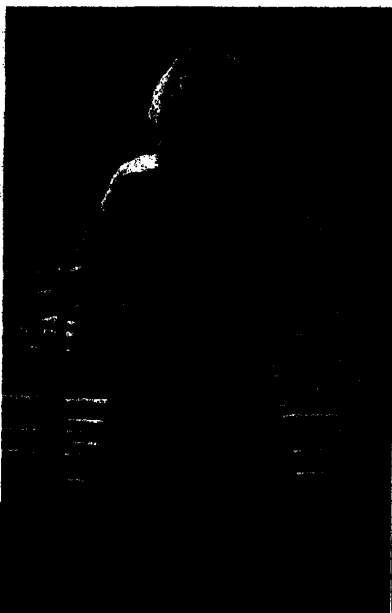
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WINTER TWEEDS

(Below) A jacket and dress in golden beige Scotch tweed neatly padded on pocket and waist. Lady Levy from the Ben Marché



Jaeger's tweed slashed in blue, plum and cream with a band that drags down and makes a cowl collar.

PHOTOGRAPH: ANTHONY BUCKLEY

Beige homespun tweed saddle-stitched in black. Note the skirt collar and cummerbund to jacket. Sylvia Mills



detail on pocket and lapel. A new designer, Sylvia Mills, is cutting her tweeds to fit like a glove without a centre seam at the back and with smooth, apparently seamless fronts. She darts the waist to give the nipped look, moulds the whole jacket sleekly by more darts and inset bands. Jaeger likes smooth herring-bone tweeds in glorious shades of mustard and tangerine for town tweed suits that have the cutaway petal fronts on jacket and skirt usually reserved for faccloth and velours. Their cummerbund tweed skirts are novel, gay-looking and very easy to wear.

Tweed coats are exuberant in colour and line, nipped at the waist, full of unpressed pleats, sometimes with sloping shoulders and billowing raglan sleeves, sometimes hooded. There is a lot of back interest—deep box or inverted pleats are held in by a half belt, a flaring back will hang like a cape from a brief yoke, cowl and fichu collars break the slender lines of tweeds that mould the figure. Colours are bright—mustard and canary yellow, terracotta and tangerine, violet for the solid colours; blue, plum, candy pink and chestnut combined for checks or leaf greens, with coral and yellow. The moulded coats with fichu and cowl collars are often in muted shades of pink and clear bracken brown, misty blue, a peachy pink, a lavender grey and the shade for which each designer has his own name—winter white, oyster, off-white, mushroom.

The Jaeger collection glows with colour, and tweeds are used in some dashing new ways. A check evening skirt, wide and circular, is swept up to one side and held on the hips like the riding habits worn by sloping heroines in the old comedies. It is shown with Jaeger's new woolen jumper, revolutionary in design, with a seam running over the shoulder and along the top of the

PHOTOGRAPH: ANTHONY BUCKLEY

TWEEDS remain streamlined when they are suits—nothing else really ever looks smart—but the severe up-and-down silhouette is broken in various subtle ways, by revers that merge into a yoke or pockets, by padding under the hip-pockets, by a gentle slope on raglan sleeves. Jackets are longer and nipped at the waist very slightly following the prevailing line of the winter silhouette. Skirts are longer, gored or straight and wrap around. The unpressed pleats and the bunched effects have vanished; padding on the shoulders has been reduced and the top-heavy look of the wide squared shoulder banished or replaced by the lumber jacket sleeve, the sleeve that is set in with a square underneath to give ease of movement and a seam running right along the top, or the plain sleeve put in with nearest indication of padding.

Attractive suits in rough homespuns are saddle-stitched with a rounded curve to the bottom of the jacket and straight skirt, as Creed shows them in pale pastels or in shadow stripes with a lot of



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DAI... ON... STR... GLASGOW... CI

(Left) Sports suit from Lilly, white with green, yellow and red trimmings

three-quarter dolman sleeve. Sleeves and neckline are bordered with a narrow band of webbing to hold them trimly to neck and arm, and it is a jumper that can be worn by day with suits, or for dinner and look chic. Another exciting item in the Jaeger collection is the cape shaped like a Bedouin's worn over a tweed suit. Jackets are cut with loose easy armholes obtained by a square inlet under the arm or zig-zag seaming running down either side to the waistline. Shoulder seams continue along over the tops of the sleeve to the wrist.

THE sports clothes are equally interesting. Smooth-surfaced tweeds in a self-herring-bone weave make splendid golfing outfits composed of lumber jackets and gored skirts that button down the front with a fly fastening. These lumber jacket tops are worn over cashmere or fine woollen, round-necked sweaters, navy under chambray yellow, or Jaeger's favourite winter combination of canary yellow with terra-cotta. The outfit could not be more practical, or becoming. For shooting, there is a wonderful brown tweed Norfolk jacket with nigger suede yoke and pockets. For winter sports, duster-checked waterproof hooded jackets are shown over waterproofed ski trousers in gabardine or tweed. Hooded sweaters in ribbed cashmere and brushed wool lumber jackets are designed primarily for winter sports and are equally useful in the country here.

Tweed appeared for Jaeger housecoats—housecoats designed with tops cut like the dolman sweater only crossing over in front and showing a modest bare V at the throat, and skirts wide, gored and checked. A dazling mustard yellow tweed top,

Revelation plinkin bag with a green Swastika changed in plinkin and adjustable handle

(Right) Remotest reversed hat buttons lined with sheepskin and studded with gold. Details

soft and fine as swansdown, is shown with a skirt checked in burnished brown and green. A black housecoat in a woollen that looks like a jersey but is actually a crêpe has the back composed of four gathered panels of brilliant colours set in from the waist. The colours are tangerine, begonia pink, ice blue and lime, and the sleeves are lined and turned back with the same four exotic shades. Slacks, cardigan jackets, waistcoats, shorts and skirts are tailored alikely in Bedford cord all to match and make an interchangeable outfit for outdoors, or dining indoors in cold weather. At the Jaeger Show, held to celebrate the reopening of their blitzed shop in Sloane Street, this outfit was terra-cotta, worn with a canary yellow sweater, a lovely warm-looking winter combination.

The useful odd tweed skirts are sun-ray pleated (so that there is nothing to be bulky over the crucial line from waist to hips) and smartest when they are checked in mixed colours. Tweed lumber jackets are good for the country; so are three-quarter length tweed jackets, newest when the pockets are inset into the side seams, the sleeves raglan and the fronts fastening with a double row of buttons to a turn-down collar.

P. JONES REVIEWS.

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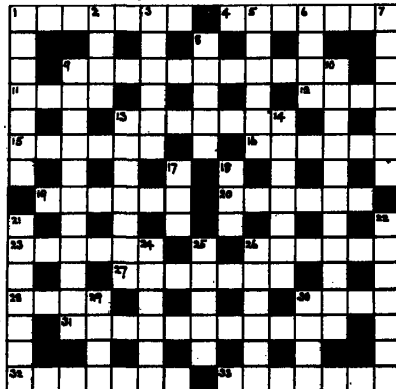
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CROSSWORD No. 874

Two guesses will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 874, Country Life, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.1" not later than the first post on Thursday, October 31, 1946.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name _____
(Mr., Mrs., etc.)
Address _____

SOLUTION TO No. 872. The winner of this Crossword, the close of which appeared on the issue of October 15, will be announced next week.

CROSS—1, Fairford; 2, Casual; 3, Rudeness; 10, Spotty; 11, Stallions; 12, Batted; 13, Left-handed; 14, Gossip; 15, Marriage; 16, Apollo; 17, Stranger; 18, Saver; 19, French.

DOWN—1, Forest; 2, Indian; 3, Finale; 4, Responding; 5, Apple-pie; 6, Untaught; 7, Loyalist; 8, Covenanters; 9, Elephant; 10, Oshoort; 11, Thriller; 12, Drunk; 13, Hong Kong; 14, Moscow.

ACROSS

- 1 and 4. Are we to assume firm behaviour? (7, 7)
5. It was the wheels (11)
- 11 and 12. Sober lively (4, 4)
13. Balance (anagr.) (7)
14. "Yet did I never breathe its pure—"
15. "I'll be a Chairman speak out loud and bold"—Kest (8)
16. Often the only means of entry (8)
17. Virgin snow (8)
18. Poetic situation of 8 (8)
19. Who led a change? Perhaps the wolf did (6)
20. The ship for which an entrance fee usually has to be paid (6)
21. Bedtime barling (7)
- 22 and 23. A summons from the Pope? (4, 4)
24. Has it a population of bootcases? (11)
- 25 and 26. Full house at the congress (7, 7)

DOWN

1. What too many cars do to the arterial roads (7)
2. It was the thing for Hamlet (4)
3. There's no threading it on the Embankment (6)
4. "Laid—"
in body and become a living soul"—Wordsworth (6)
5. Cape or part of one (4)
6. It was mentioned in a hill (7)
7. Like an American in the Far East (8)
8. Keeping their creases or not showing any? (4, 4)
9. It provides music from the wings (11)
10. Dangler (anagr.) (7)
11. I'm green from the diet (7)
- 12 and 13. For a man without regular employment (8, 5)
14. Surely not a sign of defection in the camel (8, 4)
15. Fine words in a root formation (7)
16. It is handy for the nicks (6)
17. There are no pies for him in the Potteries (8)
18. Sounds a mixed kind of club (8)
19. What the oven do at baking time (4)
20. High and by (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 872 is

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